

WEST INDIES  
DWARD ISLANDS  
DEMERA

2000



DIARY LETTERS

*By Mrs. M. W. Chapman*

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*Faithfully yours,*

*For the whole wide world,*

*MRS. M. W. KNAPP.*

# DIARY LETTERS

## A Missionay Trip through the West Indies and to South America

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MRS. M. W. KNAPP

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*"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields,  
for they are white already to harvest"*

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GOD'S REVIVALIST OFFICE  
Ringgold, Young and Channing Streets  
CINCINNATI, OHIO



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## PREFACE

These simple, homey, Diary Letters have been written under many difficulties—on trains, in depots; aboard steamers, sloops, sailing vessels, on the seashore, by roadsides, with many interruptions, often sent off without correction. When one day Brother Finch startled me with the request that they be put in book form, I was reluctant even to consider it, but after much prayer and reflection, I decided if God could use them to awaken His people to a deeper interest in His work in these islands and the neglected continent of South America, that I would consent. So the Letters have been corrected, revised, and illustrated.

I am greatly indebted to Brother Finch, whose untiring kindness in traveling over the entire field, and valuable information, with that of the other missionaries, has helped to make these diaries possible and interesting.

If, through the reading, some are led to give their lives to the field, and others their means to carry on the work, I shall feel abundantly repaid. The proceeds of the sale go to the work in the West Indies and South America.

We are grateful beyond expression to the REVIVALIST Family, and friends everywhere, whose prayers lifted and carried us through so graciously.

To our Heavenly Father, whose beautiful care, protection, strength and guidance enabled us to carry out the trip and return, be the glory and praise forever.

MRS. M. W. KNAPP.

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## DEDICATION

To Him who gave His life a ransom for many: To the millions in South America and the West Indies who still sit in "darkness and the shadow of death," who do not know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, this book is prayerfully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR

October, 1918



## INTRODUCTION

When Sister Knapp's Diary Letters began appearing in the REVIVALIST, we did not realize how all-embracing they would come to be, and how in a sense they would form a handbook or manual of the Islands and missionary work among them and South America, but as they were published from week to week, we began to realize how God could use them in permanent form.

When we first spoke of the matter, Sister Knapp strenuously objected, as the letters had been written for the paper only, but finally we persuaded her that God could use them in book form. With this thought in view, Sister Knapp finally consented, and now, as the book goes out, it is freighted by prayer, and with the expectation that God will use it, not only to bless the West Indies and the work in South America, but make it a Messenger to arouse the real missionary spirit in every saint for every field.

Then these Diary Letters give us information of the missionaries, their different fields, and show how God plans, goes before, protects, and answers prayer today, just as much as He did for the children of Israel long ago.

One of the most interesting things was to see how the native folk looked at, touched, sang, prayed for and thanked God for Sister Knapp. They called her the "Sweet Lady," "Smiling Lady," "Pleasant Lady," and some "the Jolly Lady." —jolly meaning fat.

One precious little saint could not keep her hands off Sister Knapp.

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They would do everything in their power to make her comfortable, and show their thanks and appreciation for her godly words and presence.

The men who carried her up the cliffs at Saba did it as carefully as if she were an angel.

In church one night a woman prayed for every missionary by name, except Sister Knapp, until it seemed she had forgotten her, when just at the close she prayed *specially* for "*The Mother*." Then a volume of prayer burst from the whole church, with Amens from every corner. (They had heard Brother Slater speak of her being as "a mother" to the students as God's Bible School.)

Sister Knapp traveled on steamers, automobiles, street cars, buggies, old eastern railroads, steam launches, schooners, sloops, open sail boats and row boats; in peril by land and by sea, in strong winds and calms, smooth seas and rough; was tossed and pitched by great waves until almost paralyzed with fear; slept on beds with springs and with none, in chairs on the deck of a schooner and a sloop; was bitten by flees, bugs and mosquitos. It was not flowery beds of ease. However, with a cheerful spirit, she fully enjoyed all the pleasant, and patiently endured the unpleasant. All this to bless and encourage the missionaries, native workers and saints, and to give you information concerning this great GOLDEN DOOR, wide open for full salvation missionary work.

We believe this trip will mean more for the spreading of holiness than any yet taken. Sister Knapp has now looked upon the field "white unto harvest," and returns to you with a burdened heart, determined to help carry out our Lord's commission found in Matthew 9:38:

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

All for Jesus, R. C. FINCH.

## GOD SPEED THE MISSIONARIES

REV. JOHN F. KNAPP

(Written for the Farewell Service of the  
out-going missionaries to the West Indies,  
at God's Bible School, December 1917.)

*God speed His soldiers to be foremost in the fight;  
Push fearless and courageous in the battle for the right;  
Oh, cheer and light their pathway in the depths of heathen  
night.*

*God speed His soldiers on!*

*God speed His workers as they take the Foreign Road,  
To live the Gospel story, to bear the Savior's load;  
Oh, break the way before them in the fire and in the flood;  
God speed His workers on!*

*God speed His preachers o'er the far and restless tide;  
They have a mighty message of a Savior crucified—  
To bring the world redemption was the cause for which He  
died.*

*God speed His preachers on!*

*God speed His heralds who His precious message bear,  
Of love and full salvation freely with the world to share,  
To guide and guard and keep them, burden all our hearts in  
prayer.*

*God speed His heralds on!*



## CHAPTER I

### LEAVE TAKING

*Saturday, December 29*

This morning we have again left one of the most precious spots on earth to us,—with its tender associations—more dear than ever.

How consciously real God dwells there, and how restful He is making hearts as we leave all in His wonderful care.

Between 6 and 7 A. M. we went to Chapel services, added a few words of testimony, and received the farewell handshakes and tokens of the students and workers. Their faces and voices were full of tender love and prayer. We received so many "God bless you's," and assurances of prayer, that we are truly blessed through and through. In fact, we seem to be literally borne on prayer. Everything about the trip has been *so committed* that God seems to have gone ahead as an *advance agent*, and we feel strengthened, encouraged, uplifted, girded, fortressed, shielded, surrounded, and the only way we know how to express it, as we told the students, is, "Shut in with God."

"Shut in with God in the secret place,  
There in the Spirit beholding His face,  
Gaining new power to run in the race,  
I love to be shut in with God."

There is a deep, deep rest in my spirit, with nothing to mar, and a peace and quietness that is indescribable! There seems to be one solid plank of prayer all the way through, and such safety in going with God. He is truly our refuge.

Brother and Sister Standley and family, with Lucy, saw me to the depot, and on board train. Each need has been thought of, and there is no lack. We so clearly recognized God's leadings that not a tear was shed, only a few heart tugs. How beautiful the grace of God to match every occasion! Baby Bessie preferred to go along, but even she did not cry when carried off. And so we parted from our little darling.

It is a beautiful day, the world wrapped in a mantle of fresh snow, but we are singing,

“Whiter than snow, the beautiful snow,  
I'll tell the world wherever I go,  
That Jesus has washed me whiter than snow.”

The weeks and days of preparation and other work have been so strenuous that we have felt quite worn, and the day of perfect quiet on the train is a luxury. We have often wondered why the missionaries were always so rushed to the last, but we understand now, for in spite of every forethought and planning to have at least two weeks free, we had only a portion of one day. We have a feeling of sympathy for the missionaries we never experienced before.

Our first farewell was at the Bible School. It was a gracious all-day service, fruitful in the deepening of missionary interest, and in a financial way. The whole day was packed full of blessing! Other reporters will tell you of this.

We want to write you in a most informal way, just as if writing home, anticipating all your questions, informing you of all you desire to know, looking at everything through your eyes, and as much as possible, making you feel you were along.

“What is the object of your trip?”

“To visit each Mission Station, inspect the work, encourage the missionaries, and give those at home a clearer insight into

the needs and privileges of that branch of the great harvest field."

"How long do you expect to remain?"

"We do not know how long the Lord will lead, but it is the desire of our hearts to be back in Cincinnati by April 1."

Brother Finch is planning the meetings, and thinks it can be made in that length of time. We feel clear it is all the time we can give away from the School. Our temporary absence places an extra burden on the others who are now overloaded.

It is almost worth a trip to cheer the missionaries. Brother Slater writes: "Are you really coming, or is it someone's dream? It is almost to good to be true." Sister Blyden feels she could almost swim to the steamer to get us, and the others are equally glad.

WILKINSBURG, PA., *December 31*

Arrived at Pittsburg Saturday night, three hours late, but like Pollyanna, we were "so glad" it was not six hours, and that we did not have to ride on the Sabbath. Eastern time is one hour ahead, and was 9:30, too late to make the desired connection and reach the evening meeting. It was bitterly cold, and we, a stranger in a strange city, but we had not an ounce of care, and to our delight, when we walked into the station, there was Brother Mitchell who had jumped onto an in-coming Wilkinsburg train to meet us, and between 11 and 12 we were safe in a warm bed, in a kind home.

The other missionaries had preceded us here, having first held a service at Huntington, W. Va. They report a most blessed time with Brother Woods and his flock. Pastor Moberly and his people planned a Missionary Convention from Friday to Sunday, and from results, are more than satisfied. This is a missionary church, supporting eighteen native

missionaries, and helping on all lines. They take up an offering for missions every quarter, try to have some missionary present, and keep the fire burning. The people are trained to give, and it comes without effort or begging.

Brother and Sister King, with Brother Finch, held the Friday night service. Brother Schoombie on Saturday night, and the people were blessed and edified. There was an all-day service on the Sabbath, with a well-filled house in the afternoon and at night, all taking part more or less. Brothers Finch, Schoombie and King gave ringing, *burning* messages that stirred the people, while Sister King and the writer, in our quieter ways, helped on with song, etc. We never met a more sympathetic, responsive audience. It was one great day, brimful of interest. The pastor and people were jubilant over the offering. They place these offerings as the Lord leads them, and expect to remember the West Indies generously. Brother Finch was made rejoicingly happy over the gift of a sidecar motorcycle for South America, a clarionet and violin, and Sister King with a beautiful guitar. We left these good people this morning, happy in giving our best. They could not say enough in appreciation of these Spirit-filled missionaries.

It is still cold, but Pittsburg does not feel the pinch from cold as our Western States do, though we saw one church with this sign on it: "Church closed; no heat." Monongahela River is frozen over and we saw barges loaded with tons of coal between its frozen banks.

Our next stop was at McKeesport, about eighteen miles from Pittsburg. This, as well as Pittsburg, is a city of hills, and it was an interesting sight to see the party climbing one of these steep hills through the snow and ice, loaded with grips, suit cases and musical instruments. We were warmly welcomed by the Neffs, whose two daughters and one son were at School. How delightful and restful to be in this

dear home! We sleep, rest, and enjoy their fellowship, until time for evening service. It is to be a Watch Night service which begins at 8 o'clock. This is one of the Apostolic churches of Pennsylvania, of which Brother Saneholtz is pastor. They gave us a royal welcome, and we each spoke, and the time was well taken up until 12. There was a double quartet, two solos by the Neff sisters, while the party sang, "The Master's Call." This is also a missionary church, supporting two workers. A good-sized audience remained to the close, and as the old year was dying, a number of souls came to the altar. They are starting a revival, with a burden for this city of 45,000. It was a pleasure to meet seven or eight old students here. Brother and Sister Green (Helen Ryan), of the Nazarene Church, are not far away.

Tired? We are all feeling the loss of sleep, and are also realizing the answer to the prayers of those who are holding us close to God, and we feel renewed in strength as these strenuous days go by. He does prove "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

*January 1, 1918*

Happy New Year to our big REVIVALIST Family! We say goodby to the Old Year. It has been good to us. How we have learned to know God through the special extra trial and discipline it has brought.

"I see not a step before me  
As I tread another year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping,  
The future His mercy shall clear;  
And what looks dark in the distance,  
Will brighten as I draw near."

The past has been beautiful in Him, and the future is glorious as we look ahead, resting and trusting alone in God.

January 2

We retired at 1:30 A. M. yesterday, and were off at 10 o'clock to reach Johnstown on our next stop. After a few exciting delays, and thankful for a late train, we were off at 12:30, with no time for dinner. We were to have a meeting with Brother McGarvey. He is pastor of the Christian Missionary Alliance Church, and is building up a good work. The REVIVALIST Family from Connemaugh and other places, came to meet us. Brother McGarvey and wife were students at the Bible School sixteen years ago, and it was a genuine pleasure to break bread in their home, and hold a service with them. This was a precious time. How the faces shone as the needs were presented, and messages given in song, etc. It was like home to be there.

As trains are delayed, and for fear of not making connection at Baltimore for Denton, if we waited until morning, we are on a night train, leaving at 12. These lines are penned at 2 A. M. with windows frozen white, a snow outside, and the train crowded. No berths could be secured.

January 2, 9 A. M. (*Nearing Baltimore.*)

As we were making our last entry last night, two unoccupied berths were reported to us and we hastened to secure a little sleep. We had not been warm all day, and discovering only one blanket, we hastily rang for the porter and asked for more covering. "Sorry, ma'am, all taken." We did not dare undress, so got in, shoes and all. It took us sometime to get warm enough to sleep, but finally had a few hours real rest, and are praising God for this. Owing to a misunderstanding, we all had walked two miles out of our way looking for the parsonage and church. As we were trudging along almost single file, with fingers tingling and ears feeling an unpleasant sensation, some boys passed, calling out, "Ho,

a whole orchestra itself!" Another tramp, and we found our home. We are telling you these things so you will see all sides, and not think we are getting along "on flowery beds of ease." We were all day in reaching our destination at Johnstown, with mistakes and delays, but amply repaid with the blessing the people received. We have been tested before and are a happy company. We are going to any inconvenience to make appointments and not disappoint those looking for us.

We borrowed Anna Mae Neff to go with us as far as Johnstown. She was a great blessing in song. She feels the desire to go with such an intensity that, had she her passport, we might easily have induced her to accompany us.

Must hurry this first letter off to Cincinnati. It has been largely written on moving trains.

## PRAYER

*The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy*

*That day, and wondered "How?"*

*A plowman, singing at his work, had prayed*

*"Lord, help them now!"*

*Away in foreign lands they wondered "How?"*

*Their simple word had power?*

*At home, the Christians two or three had met*

*To pray an hour!*

*Yes, we are always wondering, wondering "How?"*

*Because we do not see*

*Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away*

*On bended knee!*

## CHAPTER II

### THREE BLESSED SERVICES

BALTIMORE, *January 2*

We were scheduled to arrive here at 8 o'clock, but instead it was 11. Inquiring about the boat and the time of leaving, we found to our surprise that the Chesapeake Bay was frozen over and no boats running. We had not supposed such a large body of water would freeze, but so it was, and many were having a frolicsome time skating upon it.

The question was, What were we to do? It looks as if we have extra difficulties to overcome at every turn. The agent said there was no way to get to Denton that night, but we insist we must be there. After much inquiry we found we could go in a round-about way, which was much better than not going at all. In going we had planned on securing a room in a hotel and getting some sleep, but arriving at 11, there was only time to eat a light lunch and at the same time get what rest we could in a crowded depot, write a letter, and off at 1:55. We telegraphed the pastor and committed all to God.

One very pleasant surprise at Baltimore was the meeting with Rev. A. C. Zepp, who was also waiting for a train. His glowing testimony of freedom from care and joy in the Lord was an inspiration. His book, which will shortly come from the press, "The Lordship of Jesus," will unquestionably be a blessing and help in the establishment of the holiness people.

DENTON, MD., *January 3*

We arrived here about 7 o'clock last night. Our train was so crowded that many stood up. We were compelled for sometime to stand in the vestibule, where it snowed on us, and snow under our feet, but finally we wormed ourselves inside the train. Sister King and myself were standing in the aisle trying to hold our balance in the swaying train, when such a weariness came over our fagged and tired bodies that we looked up and said, "Lord, Thou knowest how tired we are; if it pleases Thee, let someone offer us a seat," and *instantly* two men arose and offered us their places. "Thou thinkest, Lord, of me." Our hearts were filled with gratitude, and we realized afresh such a sweet sense of His care. We were compelled to change trains, and again we secured seats, but there was no fire and we were chilled through and through. The windows of the car were frozen over, and although cold and completely tired out, we were a happy company, finding something continually to be thankful for. After leaving the train, we were supposed to take an auto-bus for an eight-mile ride across country, but the 'bus was so crowded that an extra auto was put on the line. We crowded in with grips, violin, guitars, etc., and before we could get much colder or suffer greater inconvenience, we arrived in Denton. The kind friends there released us from the night service, and after refreshments we retired. Our hostess had a long block of wood, heated well, in each bed, and how we did enjoy the warmth! Did you ever hear of heating a bed by the wood process? Between warm blankets, lying on a feather-bed, and our improvised heater, we surely found the warmest place we had had in two days, and how good it was! Thank God, He has kept us, and none of us are sick.

January 4

It is a bright, beautiful, sunshiny winter's day. A fresh fall of snow. After our night's rest, we feel like new people, and are ready for the day. They laughingly tell us it is warmer, but the thermometer still registers below zero. However, we have not a care, as the longest end of our journey in the cold weather is over. This is the Mid-winter Convention of Maryland and the Eastern District of the Apostolic Holiness Church. The brethren kindly gave the Missionary party both the morning and afternoon services. Brother Olsen, one of our old Bible School boys, is the District Superintendent, while the pastor in whose church the convention is held, Brother Helsby, and his wife, and some eight or nine others, have been students at the School, too, so we feel especially at home. How graciously they welcomed us, and how we enjoy being here! Brothers Schoombie and Finch had the morning service, Brother Finch giving a synopsis of the work in the West Indies and South America. He especially mentioned the Mission Stations and the places visited where we hope, in the future, to be able to open stations. These talks are always very interesting, and we hope in our letters, as we visit from one point to another, to give you a glimpse—and as broad a glimpse as possible, of each place as we see it in reality. Brother Finch told the friends here of the need of a mimeograph, tires for the Ford, and a pony, and they gave the money for the first two, giving us in cash nearly \$200. Praise God! Although the audiences were splendid, they were not what would have been had the weather moderated some. For miles around the people had planned to be present, coming in their autos, etc., but the auto radiators were frozen, the roads almost impassable, and thus many were hindered. How sorry we were to have them miss the day of good things!

P. M.—Early in the afternoon Brothers Schoombie and Finch left us, Brother Finch to return to Cincinnati for his family, as it is too much for Sister Finch to travel alone to New York with the five children. Brother Schoombie was to see the British Ambassador at Washington, as he has not yet been given permission to leave America. (Brother Schoombie is under the jurisdiction of the British Ambassador, as he has never taken out naturalization papers in America, and it looks as if he will not be allowed to leave this country, unless he goes directly to Africa.) Although these brethren were gone, yet there was no lagging in the interest of the afternoon meeting. Brother King poured out his soul, and God did bless. He is anointed of the Lord, and the people hear him gladly. The writer sang the farewell song, adding a few words which were kindly received. Sister King, who is an able stenographer and bookkeeper, calls herself the "gap filler." She has a blessed testimony of the Lord's leadings, but in this service let the others take the time. As I said before, the morning and afternoon were given to the missionary party, but I do not want to forget the night meeting. The service opened with a precious testimony meeting, and then we three sang, "The New Jerusalem." Before we closed the people were so blessed they could not contain themselves, and there was such rejoicing that we were unable to hear each other sing. Let us give you one verse and get blessed yourself:

"I hear the golden harps of God, the land appears in view,  
The land from which I never more shall roam;  
I see the King of Glory, whose grace has brought me through,  
Hallelujah! almost home."

It was truly refreshing to see those tried saints get their cup of joy to overflowing. You have watched little children in perfect glee over some good thing coming to them. Well,

those big children had a glimpse of that City just ahead, and they gave way to hilarious joy over the prospect. Surely the "joy of the Lord" is the strength of His people.

"Oh, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing,  
For the way is growing bright, and our souls are on the wing,  
We are going by and by, to the palace of the King.

Glory to God! Hallelujah!"

Brother King gave the story of his conversion and entire sanctification. We feel sure the friends here sanction and amen the Foreign Missionary Board in sending out this young couple. We closed this glad day, feeling that it was good to be here.

WILMINGTON, DEL., *January 5*

On our way here we had a warm train with plenty of room. When the conductor came for our tickets, we asked what time we would reach Wilmington, but were told, "Do not know; every train today is from twenty minutes to four hours late." The trouble would be when we changed cars, but to our delight, when we got off of the first train our other train was there waiting, and this called for an extra note of praise from us all. We had committed our time of arrival to Him, so we had a little love feast. We arrived in Wilmington in time for a hot supper at Brother and Sister Dougherty's, where we found Brother Schoombie, having returned from Washington. He reported that he would not be allowed to go with us, and also understood that our permission to leave the country would not be granted until the British Ambassador heard from the Governor of the Islands, permitting us to land there. How did we feel in the face of these apparently insurmountable difficulties? Not a care! Our faith is in God who controls the universe. Of course you wonder why this permission was not attended to before

we left Cincinnati, but before we knew that this was a necessity, our passage on the steamer had been engaged, and the appointments for meetings made. We could only apply for American passports three weeks before the date of sailing, and this permission from the British Ambassador had to be obtained after that, and although we hurried it through as fast as possible, we did not receive same. But the Lord had so clearly and definitely led in every detail that we felt we were to go ahead with all the pre-arranged meetings, and so started, and have been blessed every step of the way. After hearing Brother Schoombie's report, we wired Brother Finch, urging him to secure said permission as quickly as possible, and then went right ahead with the meetings, trusting God for the outcome. Our meeting here is in the Sunday Breakfast Mission. This Mission is open the year around, and doing a splendid work for God. They gave us a generous offering. Sister Dougherty is one of our first teachers in the Bible School, but now has a home of her own, and three lovely children. It is always a rest to us to visit Brother and Sister Dougherty. Brother Schoombie left us at 9:30 for Northville, N. Y. The intense cold has tied up, to a great extent, the traffic and train service, and the suffering is intense. Wilmington is the center of ammunition plants and shipbuilding, one plant alone employing 15,000 men. People far removed can scarcely realize the magnitude of the war as those living in these Eastern States can. It has never come home to me so closely as now. God grant it shall soon be over.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 7*

Here we are back from Glassboro, N. J. On leaving Wilmington, to reach Glassboro, we took two trains, a subway, a ferry crossing the beautiful Delaware, and then an electric

car. The river was gorged with ice, and we could hear the ferryboat crunching and plowing through. Iceboats have cut a passage, or the ferry would not be able to cross the river at all. While en route, we saw perhaps a dozen children, boys and girls, each with a sack, picking up lumps of coal along the track. They even crawled under standing trains to get a stray lump. Our train coming here was packed, and we had no seats. We prayed, and again the Lord answered. One of our soldier boys arose and offered us his place. The friends at Glassboro had planned three services, holding the regular meeting missionary services in the afternoon. Here as elsewhere, we found old students, and were most kindly entertained in the home of Sister Anna Hunter. Some of the friends came twenty-five or thirty miles in their autos to the meeting, and the Lord blessed as we sang and gave His messages. At Glassboro we found our letters from home, and how good it was to hear from that loved place. "Homesick?" Not a bit, as we have learned in "whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content," but we should have been more than delighted to have called up Cincinnati and talked as long as we felt like it; but our faith and rest in God was intensified, and the satisfaction deepened that we were in His will, and this held us steady and unmoved. In getting into the depot at Philadelphia, we stepped on to some moving stairs, and were borne clear to the top without any effort whatever on our part; all we had to do was to stay on the stairs. How like the promises! When we trust in Him we are lifted up to unthought-of heights. While here we tried to call up Brother William Shelor and give him greeting; also, Brother and Sister Bona Fleming, who are assisting Brother Shelor in a meeting, but as they had no telephone we contented ourselves with a postal.

## NEW YORK, January 7

The Home where we have always stayed while in New York was crowded, so we took rooms in another Home nearer the depot and pier. We called up the steamship office and learned that our steamer would sail on Wednesday. It has rained, sleeted, and ice is everywhere, so that it is very hard to get around. There is very little heat in our rooms, and we are cold most of the time. There is much suffering in New York. One little baby froze to death in its crib, while a chauffeur was frozen sitting in the car waiting for some one. On our arrival in New York we expected to have a telegram from Brother Finch as to their arrival, but found nothing. "Let not your heart be troubled." When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? Brother Schoombie arrived from Northville, reporting a blessed time in the missionary meetings there. He had gone 300 miles north of New York, and told of snow and ice everywhere. Although our hearts are grieved over the reports of suffering and death, yet we do praise God that He is keeping us well under all conditions. The coal situation has been alleviated some, although when writing this letter, fifty-four schools are still unopened. So many of the gas pipes bursted that many of the people have had to go back to our great grandparents' method of lighting—candles. New York is a great cosmopolitan city, and is now claiming a population of five million. The foreign element is tremendous—Russians, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Scandinavians, Germans, Austrians, Persians,—in fact, people of every clime. We were on a streetcar yesterday, the conductor of which was a foreign woman; the restaurant where we ate our supper was manned by a Greek, and at one time during our stay here we met so many foreigners that we actually became lonesome for an American, and found ourselves peering into the faces of the passers-by to find one.

NEW YORK, *January 8*

The *Parima*, the ship on which we were booked to sail, has been delayed a day, and possibly longer. We consider this providential, as we have not our permits yet to land in the Islands. We went to meet two of the trains from Cincinnati, but the Finch family were not on either, and no word from them. Brother and Sister King spent the day shopping, getting the mimeograph, supplies, etc.

JANUARY 9

Awakening at 4:30, before anyone in the place was astir, we looked definitely to the Lord, and He encouraged our hearts, gave us so blessedly the following:

“When Israel out of bondage came,  
The sea before them lay.  
The Lord reached down His mighty hand,  
And rolled the sea away.  
“Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's will,  
As the billows dash and spray,  
With a conqueror's tread we will push ahead,  
He'll roll the sea away.”

This was Amanda Smith's battlecry, and it has a new glory in it for us today. Brother and Sister Finch and family, with Sister King's mother, Mrs. DeCamp, arrived this morning. They had stopped at Washington to have a personal interview with the British Ambassador. The promise was, we might go on if a cablegram was received from the Governor of the Islands giving his consent for our entrance; so we are patiently waiting. Brother and Sister Finch were tempted to feel that it was presumption to come on without this permission, but God lifted the pressure, and they had the assurance they would go through, but we may not be able to go on this vessel. If we miss our steamer, the *Parima*, we can get away in ten days on another ship, as the permits will

surely be here by that time. We all met in a precious prayer-meeting and spread the whole matter out before God, and then definitely committed it to Him. We are now so committed that we haven't a care. If it is His will for us to go on the *Parima*, we shall sail by that steamer; if not, we are glad to have His will. We have no will of our own in the matter—are simply trusting Him. In that prayer-meeting He gave us, "Wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from him. Stand still and see the salvation of God," so we are a quiet, waiting company, full of praise for His clear and blessed leadings thus far. If we should record all the experiences we have passed through in the last few days, they would make a book.

The *Parima* has been delayed another day. The brethren went to consult the British Consul here, but he insists that we must have the permits before leaving. It is evident that our Heavenly Father is not pleased to have us sail on the *Parima*. For various reasons, we desired greatly to be off, but He knows. How finite our vision!

*January 11*

Our word from the Lord is, "Be still, and know that I am God." "Stand still," "be still,"—right in the face of delay, delay beyond our control. What a lesson to learn? Can He mark 100 after the lesson? We are sure He has, and it is a joy to know that the lesson is learned, and that we are absolutely keeping still. Not a question to ask, not a complaint to make, not a murmur in our hearts. Interrogations are all silent. We are steady, holding still.

The *Parima* sailed today without us. Would you like to have a peep at our party when it was a settled fact that we were not to sail on her? On memory's walls we will carry

a mental picture of each face. Here is a glimpse. Brother King went aboard into the dining room where a table was set for twelve (just our number), gathered up the mail at the plates, quietly walked back across the gangway to shore, saying, "I have to go." Aren't you sorry for him? We are a quiet, subdued company, but with perfect confidence in God that He has us in His great fatherly care, so we are waiting, expecting the permissions, and planning to sail the 23d.

"In our Father's blessed keeping  
We are happy, safe and free,  
While His eye is on the sparrow,  
We shall not forgotten be."

## CHAPTER III

### FAITH IN TESTING

NEW YORK, *January 12*

Just mailed the second Diary Letter. This morning the steamer *Koruna* arrived from the West Indies and will leave again for that port within ten days. Will we sail on her? "My times are in Thy hands." None of us could get a clear assurance that we were to leave on the *Parima*, nor do we now know the Lord's mind as to the *Koruna*. While Brother Finch was in Washington, having the interview with the British Ambassador, we sensed something in the distance, and felt he was passing through something unusual, even though we knew nothing of his whereabouts.

Up to that time our spirits had been light and free regarding the sailing January 9, but at that hour there came a heavy feeling, something like a sled dragging over dry ground.

This burden and pressure did not lift, and we knew there was a hitch and delay coming. When Brother Finch arrived in New York we understood it all. Such times as these our faith grows, for there is absolutely nothing in sight. We must just simply trust and wait. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Hallelujah! "O the depth

of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." We are trusting, waiting, and encouraged in Him. For a few hours we were much perplexed. The question was, if there should be a long delay, were we to return to Cincinnati and not make the trip at this time?—for it seemed we could only give the months planned to this trip, and we did want to be off quickly. We were given, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." After prayer we felt His "way" was to go on with the party. What a comfort to know that the Lord will guide in just the right way and at the right time! Even though we may not be able to return April 1, or until May 1, or possibly in time for the Camp, yet we are satisfied He will clearly lead.

"To the over guiding will  
My own I gladly yield,  
And while my little craft outstands,  
I sail with orders sealed;  
Sometime, I know not when nor how,  
All things will be revealed,  
And until then content am I  
To sail with orders sealed."

How are we spending the time in New York? Writing letters, attending to little matters of business, and then, too, New York has many points of interest.

*NEW YORK, January 14*

On Saturday evening we attended a Mission service not a square away. After a blessed message on "Waiting on God," there were some bright testimonies and music. Brother Finch was much blessed in giving a ringing testimony, which edified the people, and at the close they gathered around him. 'On

Sabbath morning eight of us went to hear Dr. Simpson. The temperature had dropped below zero, but it was a bright, clear winter's morning, and although we walked a mile, yet we enjoyed every step of it. The sermon was on the prophecy concerning the restoration of Jerusalem (Luke 21). It was a most powerful address, and it was a treat to hear Dr. Simpson. We are much encouraged in God today. He is so real to our hearts.

NEW YORK, *Monday evening, January 14*

Have been here one week. When we knew we were not to sail at the time expected, the thought of expense for board, etc., in New York, was a burden, but God took care of the week. A wealthy Christian woman who heard the missionaries speak, paid all the bills. Hallelujah! We were filled with gratitude for this touch of His care. Surely, He daily "loadeth us with benefits." Up to this time we have all been together, but today we had to separate. Brother Schoombie left on Saturday to engage in work until we are ready to go. The rooms Brother Finch's family occupied were engaged before our coming, so he secured rooms in Brooklyn, and left us this morning before dinner. The presence of the children had been such a source of joy, and helped to make up to us for the absence of the eight down at the Bible School. We felt we would miss them sorely, but the Lord has cared for that, and there is no vacancy. "Thou remainest." The Kings have moved to the fifth floor of the same building, and we, out of a large front room to a tiny one on the first floor, a room so dark that we must dress by gaslight. There is only a pipe to keep the room warm, too; but again we are reminded of the admonition, "Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Brother Finch wrote the British Ambassador today to find if a reply has come to our applications sent by mail to the West Indies, some time ago.

A great new difficulty has arisen that threatened to give us much care, but at once came the promise, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and this burden was instantly committed to Him. We may tell you of it later.

NEW YORK, *January 15*

We took lunch and spent the afternoon with one of the subscribers in New Jersey. This friend has taken the RE-VIVALIST thirteen years, and wanted to meet us personally. What a joy to meet those here and there who are part of the great Family! We went to New Jersey through the Hudson Tubes, descending three long flights of stairs below ground, then entered the electric train, and then through the Tube—a pitch black tunnel one mile below the Hudson River, we are told. It takes six minutes under the river, and the Tubes are seven miles long. The Hudson has not been so high in twenty-five years. Trucks and heavily loaded wagons are not allowed on the ferries until the tide lowers it. Sixteen years ago today Sisters Finney and Rodway (nee Ferle) sailed for Africa, and Brother Moulton for the West Indies. We were privileged to be here then, and to wave them off.

NEW YORK, *January 16*

In company with Sister Lyle, one of the old Bible School students, we spent a few hours at Nyack, the Christian Missionary Alliance School. It is most beautifully situated on the hills overlooking the Hudson. Brother Finch had preceded us on the early train. We were most graciously welcomed, and shown every courtesy by Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, the superintendents, taken through the buildings, class

rooms, chapel, dining rooms, and met some of the students and teachers. Having known Mrs. Turnbull in her girlhood, it was a special pleasure to meet her again. One of our pleasant memories will be the visit to Nyack. Crossing the ferry at 9:30, the river gorged with ice, the boat fairly rocked as the ice floated against it.

NEW YORK, *January 17*

For two days there seems to have been a battle in the heavenlies over us and our going on. How real it was, and how keenly we felt it. The enemy tried to put us to confusion, but let it be known that God was on hand. Unknown to us personally, Brother Finch was going through the very same test. No need to tell us there is not a devil—there is, and a mighty one, but he is a conquered foe. Hallelujah! The Spirit wonderfully and blessedly helped us. "For in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." "Their strength is to sit still," and we obeyed. After this battle with the enemy came a telegram from Cincinnati, "The Ambassador will cable the West Indies for permits." We knew something had happened. We look for a definite answer very soon. Sister King and I attended a Parlor meeting in a home on Madison Square, near Fifth Avenue. This was in a busy and interesting part of the city. There is perfect soul rest after the terrible storm that fairly lashed our souls. No vessel at sea was ever more powerfully moved than we with the powers of darkness that threatened to engulf us, but we found that,

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul,  
Steadfast and sure, while the billows roll,  
Fastened to the Rock that cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love."

We are like a little dove, hiding safe and sure from the storm. We feel the decision has been made, and that we are to go on. Brother Finch came over with his reply from the Ambassador, stating that he had cabled for the permits for all the party. This was encouraging. Previously, he had not consented to let all the party go. Letters from home greatly cheered us. They sent a special delivery to make us feel the delay was of God. The Steamer Company refused to hold places on the *Koruna* longer than 10 o'clock, and as the answer had not arrived by that time, we had to give up our places. But there is no burden about it. God's purpose will be worked out. "In your patience possess ye your souls."

NEW YORK, *January 19*

A beautiful snow has fallen and the earth is white again. Brother Finch has had to give up his rooms in Brooklyn, but has secured a little home in Nyack, almost given him, for this month. It is out in the country. The children were beginning to feel the close confinement, and the Lord opened the way for this home about an hour's ride out. We had lunch today with Sister Lyle, then we together called on another former student, Mamie Reisiger, who lives in the same neighborhood. This was our first introduction to a New York apartment house, nine stories high. The four-room apartments are perfect in arrangements. The rents alone would keep a small family. The man owning the two buildings made two millions of dollars in five years, we are told.

NEW YORK, *January 21*

Another cold wave. Enough heat is really a luxury; even people with plenty of means cannot buy coal, while 380 vessels are waiting on coal, cannot leave until they get it.

This is "Garfield Day,"—a holiday, the first Monday that the stores, shops and factories have closed. A short walk brought us to the Methodist Book Concern, where we learned of the residence of Mrs. James Taylor, then called her up by telephone, and made an appointment to see her. While talking, she told us of Brother Joseph Smith and Brother and Sister Walter Malone holding a Convention at Brooklyn, in Brother Norberry's church. We attended both the morning and afternoon services, and were most cordially welcomed. Brother Smith gave a blessed message on receiving the Holy Spirit. How good it was to know that He possessed us! That morning we met a man who stopped and asked us the way to the church. In talking he told us he was now a prison evangelist, but had graduated from "Sing Sing," the New York penitentiary, and gave us his experience of how God had so wonderfully redeemed him from an awful life of sin. Asking our names, he inquired if we knew of a Knapp who was the author of "Christ Crowned Within." How real was his pleasure on finding out who we were. Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing had given him the book after his conversion, and God had made it a great blessing. Brother Malone, in the afternoon service, gave a most instructive talk on, the "Signs of the Times," illustrating the sermon with a chart on the Second Coming. How many signs of His Coming we have! The dawning of that morning is just upon us. Brother Finch gave two messages in the chapel of the School at Nyack, and was greatly blessed and used of God. He says he never enjoyed greater freedom, and the Lord blessed the people, too. In one of the services there were eleven or more at the altar as seekers, and most of these really prayed through.

January 23

Our heavy sweater arrived from Cincinnati today. It received an enthusiastic welcome. Cold? Aren't you?

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." It is quite a common occurrence with us now to be cold. For two days we had been so chilled we questioned as to how we were to spend two weeks more in New York in that temperature, and a real longing came for a change of rooms. Note the Father's tender care. Our rooms had also been engaged before our coming, so that when the guests for whom they were reserved arrived, we were notified to move, and quickly found a large, light room, with gas heater, hot and cold water, and every convenience, and very little difference in price. We cannot describe how grateful we are to God. What a luxury to be thoroughly warm! We have an added sympathy and tenderness for the poor. We can understand something of their sufferings during this bitter cold weather.

We have perfect rest over our waiting, feeling that the permits will come in God's own time. Baby Daniel Finch is quite ill, but we are trusting God for him. A heavy snow storm is on, and an army of men and women are out piling the snow in great heaps, and drawing it away in wagons. With Sister King we went and sang "The New Jerusalem" and other songs to one of the sweetest old ladies we have ever met, a real saintly soul over seventy years of age. After hearing her testimony, we felt girded and strengthened. Surely no infidel could stand before God's keeping power as demonstrated in her heart and life. She is living on the Border Land, joyous and triumphant. We visited another home, so desolate, because of His absence, and we ask you to pray

for this home. Do not forget them, for God will hear and answer. Have received some tender remembrances, for which we praise God. Surely, "He giveth us richly all things to enjoy," and His loving kindness, ch, how great!

## HOLDING THE ROPE

Down beneath the mighty ocean,  
Divers plunge for treasures rare,  
But men hold the ropes above them,  
So they breathe the upper air;  
Seeking pearls of richest value,  
Braver hearts have dared to go;  
But our hands must every moment  
Hold the ropes that reach below.

So amid the heathen darkness  
There are heroes, true and brave,  
Shrinking not from death or danger,  
Bearing all to help and save.  
But the cry "Oh, do not leave us  
'Mid these dreadful depths to drown.  
Let us feel your prayers around us;  
Hold the ropes as we go down."

Who can understand the darkness  
Of those realms of sin and death?  
E'en the very air is tainted  
With the dragon's scorching breath.  
But across the wildest billows,  
Love can reach to distant lands,  
Underneath the darkest surges  
Prayer can hold a brother's hands.

Was it only for your brother  
Jesus spake His last commands?  
Is there naught for you to suffer  
For these lost and Christless lands?  
If you cannot go to save them,  
There are those whom you can send;  
And, with loving hearts to help them,  
Hold the ropes while they descend.

Hold the ropes with hands more loyal;  
Pray with faith and hope more strong;  
Love that never fails upholds them  
Through their night of dark so long.  
Lay your treasures on the altar;  
Let us give our children too;  
There's a part for every helper.  
And the Lord has need of you.

Hold the ropes. "Tis a brother crying—  
He has plunged beneath the wave;  
He has gone, 'mid lost and dying;  
He has gone to help and save.—Anon.



## CHAPTER IV

### FAITH TRIUMPHANT

NEW YORK, *January 24*

Just five years ago today, and Sister Joy (nee Ina Knapp) sailed for Africa.

Cause for rejoicing! A telegram from Brother Standley at 12 o'clock, announcing the granting of the permits for the whole party. Hallelujah! "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men." We shout for joy. Can understand in a measure how Miriam felt when she took the timbrel and led the people, for He did really roll our sea away. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Shall we tell you why? We were told by members of two Missionary Boards here that it would be four months before we could secure the permits. One missionary of a large organization has been working since last June, and has just received hers, while other missionaries have been entreating for even a longer time than that. But our eyes were upon the Lord, from whence cometh our help, and He hath triumphed gloriously. Were we surprised at the permits? Not at all. Faith is restful, and we were looking for the answer *this very day*. Oh, the ministry of prayer and intercession, how rare! We have felt the weight of hundreds of prayers every step of the way, and such a wonderful quietness is in all our lives. Surely those who stay by the stuff shall share in the reward. Through all these delays and testings we have been so kept

that it was almost as if we had been given an anæsthetic. No doubt, many who expected us on the seas at this time, have prayed and asked the Lord to keep us from seasickness, and from the perils of the deep. We have been deeply conscious of these prayers, and we have felt God is going to answer them.

Another test: Right after the telegram announcing the permissions, comes the news that Brother Finch's children have the measles. They have had them once—quite enough. Methinks we hear some one say, "What next?" It is just something else to trust over. We drew a card from our portfolio to write the Bible School for prayer when, as if someone whispered in our ear, came the promise, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." The card was laid aside. It is attended to. We can now see the wisdom of Brother Finch having taken them to an isolated home, for no doubt had they been in rooms in the city they would have been hurried to the city hospital. We are thus providentially hindered from going on the *Koruna*, which sails today, two days late.

Will the children's illness hinder us from going on the *Guiana*? We are steadfastly believing to go. "None of these things move me." We wrote a card to Brother Schoombie, telling him that permission was granted for him to go with us, one to Sister Blyden and Brother Beirnes, telling of our sailing February 2. How we all rejoiced when it was finally settled. It is such a delight to have it all taken care of.

NEW YORK, January 25

The report comes that little Daniel is very sick—high fever and diphteritic symptoms. Our promise for this is, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in

the Lord." We are not afraid. We went to the Steamship Company's office and found that the vessel had just room for a party of twelve, and we are that party—in time, thank God! The *Guiana* is unloading sugar. Do you desire some? Possibly you are getting more now than a pound a week. The office of the British Consul called up at 8 o'clock, to inform us that the permits were in their possession, and we were free to go. Thank God, the enemy is defeated!

As we are in walking distance of the Salvation Army headquarters, we attended the Friday night holiness meeting. They have there one hundred Cadets in training, and these took an active part in the service. It was a real Army one—much crowded in in two hours. In March the Salvation Army Cadets are to be sent out, twelve of them, young women, going to France.

NEW YORK, *January 26*

Last night the weather greatly moderated. Brother Finch reports that Daniel and all the other children are very much better. Just what we expected. Brother and Sister Finch had prayed the greater part of one night, and they felt that God heard and rebuked the disease, and you who know Brother Finch can understand how he can tell their experiences. He said he was ready to telegraph the Bible School to pray in haste for the children, when the Lord said to him, "Can't you trust me? Can't I answer *your* prayers?"—and He is answering. Needless to say, he did not send the telegram. Friends had been so kind to them, bringing fresh eggs, canned fruit, and other things, but both Brother and Sister Finch are much worn. However, they are looking forward to February 2.

We all went today to the British Consul's office and were, without delay, given our American Passports with the British permits attached. As the office is down town, we walked around some, especially on Broadway, with its high buildings. Here is the famous Wall Street, of which we have heard so much for past years. We looked down the narrow street, hemmed in on each side by such high buildings that we could scarcely look up and see the sky, and we felt a keen interest, knowing what great financial transactions take place there. This is Old New York, built so long ago that it seems foreign, with the streets so narrow. As we stood and watched the throngs passing up and down, it was, indeed, a sight. There was Trinity Episcopal Church, open all day, a cemetery, years old, on each side. How strange in such a crowded part of the city, yet they are burying people there yet. Expressing surprise at this, the sexton told us they were locking the caskets now in vaults. They opened one casket recently, 150 years old, and found just three tiny piles of ashes. We have been to New York a great many times, but have never seen so much of the city before, and this has been a real pleasure. We have not seen so many horses in years. They are using them here in preference to the trucks. As the horses are not sharp shod, it is a very common thing to see a horse down and a whole lot of wagons and cars held until it gets up again.

We do not know what is before us for the few remaining days before we board the *Guiana*, but we are trusting in Him, and our spirits are above the clouds.

#### JANUARY 28

Another blizzard, and a great snow storm. It seems strange, but it looks as if each Sabbath is bitterly cold. We went again to the Nazarene service, and they reported a week

of victory. Brother Smith gave two of his characteristic sermons on "Perfect Love." We received a special delivery from Brother Schoombie this morning. He fears that the British permit of entrance is not sufficient for him. Then, too, is afraid he cannot get ready by February 2, having given up the thought of being able to go just at this time. It does look impossible to get his box, trunk, etc., here on time; but we leave it with God, with whom all things are possible. In the evening we attended Dr. Haldeman's Church. His subject was, "Who is the Antichrist?" His description of the present times and what must follow, was so awful that we turned away in horror, yet rejoiced that we were ready for whatsoever comes. Dr. Haldeman is receiving many threatening letters, but is preaching on fearlessly. William J. Bryan spoke in two of the churches yesterday. He spoke of our "wheatless and meatless" days, and asked, "Why not 'beerless' days?" and we could not help but questioning with him, why not? We called on Sister James Taylor, in Brooklyn, today, and had a pleasant interview. Sister Taylor is trusting God to heal her of injuries received in a fall so we want the whole REVIVALIST Family to pray for her. Brother Taylor is on a trip to India.

A few days back we told you of a new difficulty that had come up, when the Lord gave us the promise. "Let not your heart be troubled." The agent called us up, quite disturbed by our delay, not sailing on the *Parima*, and indicated that we might have to stand at least part of what they considered a loss to them on our fares—\$600. Our Father knew we had done our best, so we committed it all to Him. When we saw him again last week, he left us with the distinct impression that there would be quite an additional expense. I wish you could have seen our sober faces, but our case was committed definitely to God, and we refused to carry

the burden. Today we called at the office again and God had undertaken, for the manner of our friend was completely changed. He made no mention whatever of the big expense and the extra charge, etc., so we will only be compelled to pay thirty-eight dollars difference for all our party, and in a much better vessel, larger and nicer in every particular. There was a shout in our hearts, but we felt that was not the time or place to let it out. "A time to keep silence, and a time to speak" (Eccl. 3:7). When we got into the hall, however, we had a time of rejoicing. Brother Finch said, "I just felt like throwing back my head and giving one of those big whoops like Brother Lew Standley does." We are learning the beautiful lesson of taking Him at His Word, and trusting in simple faith. Visiting the British Consul's office to inquire more carefully as to Brother Schoombie's going, the English Secretary informed us that he could take care of Brother Schoombie's case without referring it again to Washington. We had all been drawn to him from the first, as he had taken so much interest in the party, and had taken so much time to aid us in every way possible. On bidding him goodby, he said, to our joy, "I should like to be in that same work," and then explained to us of his call and intention of some day going as a missionary to Africa. What a blessing to know him and what a joy to meet him and to encourage him to go with God.

On our return to our rooms we found two letters from home, and how we did enjoy them. It was just a bit like being there. All of us are jubilant tonight, for faith is lost in sight. But faith was good when there was no light.

## JANUARY 29

It is good today to see the sun, after two days of a raging snow storm. We are putting in a heavy day, trying to get

all our writing ahead, as the last days will be crowded full. A telegram from Brother Schoombie tells us he will be in on Thursday, but is still skeptical about being able to go. The Consul, however, says it is all right. Today we had two letters from home. Two REVIVALIST friends sent us \$25. This is a blessing, and provides for the extra expense here. God is verifying His promise, "My God shall supply all your need." Brother and Sister Standley both feel we are to make the trip as originally planned, and not to leave out any island, as we had been thinking of doing since the delay. "I will watch to see what He will say unto me" (Hab. 2:1). It looks as if the Lord is giving us a winter rest in New York. When Sister King was getting packed up ready for the departure, pressed to the very limit with overwork, she said, "Oh, if I only could have a month's rest before I start!" Did the Lord delay the whole party to rest His tired child? It almost looks so. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

#### JANUARY 30

We had a thaw yesterday, but the streets froze again in the night, and are very icy. On almost every corner a horse is down. Some have broken their limbs. A few have had to be shot. It is so pitiable to see them strain as they go. Brother King helped one up that the officer desired to shoot.

There is an epidemic of measles in the city, but the Health Officer has released the Finch children; said he trusted them to keep the law, so here we are released in time for the embarking. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things."

#### JANUARY 31

A glad note of praise is in order. Brother Schoombie came, and on seeing the Consul, the passport was granted.

What had taken four months of effort was accomplished within two hours. He has been working on his for four months, as he is a British subject. Brother Schoombie is so surprised, but the rest of us are not. What a lesson to be learned! If every seeking soul would turn aside from his own ways and go directly to the One source of help, how quickly they would get it. There is a short cut through to God. "If ye seek me ye shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." We are all so rejoiced over this victory. Everything now is in readiness, baggage transferred, and we plan on leaving. The vessel sails on time at noon, as far as we can ascertain.

FEBRUARY 1

We are glad to say goodby to January. The vessel expects to sail noon, sharp, tomorrow, and we are in perfect rest over everything.

NEW YORK, *February 2*

A glad day to us all. "For this day is the Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Fourteen years ago we accompanied a party of missionaries to New York, and in answer to prayer, a beautiful autoharp was given us, with this promise, "I will sing praise to thee among the nations" (Psalm 108, 3d verse). We have marked in our Bible "December, 1903." How patiently we have waited these years for this hour to come. We are off to our first nation, and believe that it is part of our life's work and God's plan to visit them all, going as He leads. The knowledge of His will concerning this visit was never made public until the farewell service in the Tabernacle in Cincinnati, and now we give it to you to encourage some reader whom the Lord has given a call, and everything is pressing against you. Be encouraged, hold steadfast. When

everything seems to fail, still hold on, and if you are true to God, that call will come to pass.

Here we are, Pier 47. You who have followed us thus far in your thoughts and prayers, will rejoice with us, and we believe will share in our joy. It truly looks as if God wanted us to have the largest vessel on the line, and held us to take the best. After the month's delay of testing (I have only given you a glimpse), we feel His joy overwhelming us, and that He is taking pleasure in His people. The only Scripture that expresses this He gave us: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save. He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will joy over thee with singing." Can you not feel it?

"Joy, joy, joy,  
For my heart is singing,  
Joy, joy, joy, the devil can't destroy."

We do trust we have given you what you have desired to know so far, for He has greatly blessed, and we have tried to tell you His leadings. Backed by the united prayers of God's people, and Doctor Godbey's beautiful benediction resting upon the party, we are blessed, indeed. Personally, he said to us when leaving the School: "I may not be here when you return; I may be in Heaven, and if so, I will hunt up Brother Knapp and tell him you have become young enough to go as a missionary."

Everything is excitement; baggage arriving, passengers on hand, passports being examined, but we have sought a quiet corner to pen these lines. "The set time has come." We are off for the West Indies and South America. Our next letter will be written on board the vessel.

"We must say farewell, for our paths divide,  
On the shore you stand while we cross the tide,  
But for those who go and for those who stay,  
There's the Lord's own presence from day to day.

Farewell, farewell, it must be well,

We are safe in His blessed keeping,

As forth we go His fields to sow,

We shall meet at the time of reaping."

On board *Guiana*, 11:15. Hallelujah! Even part of  
Brother Schoombie's baggage has just come. Will sail in one  
hour. Goodby, dear friends, we are off for a warmer clime.



MRS. KNAPP, REV. R. G. FINCH AND FAMILY  
REV. O. L. AND MRS. DECAMP, REV. G. SCHOOOMBIE



## CHAPTER V

### EN ROUTE

SATURDAY, *February 2*

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

Here we are in New York Harbor, aboard the Steamship *Guiana*, waiting for the signal to leave. The gangplank is lifted, and all is in readiness. It is the most beautiful, clear day, but very cold—14 degrees below zero. All the party are well, and marvelously blessed of God. Brother Finch said he was as happy as a child; indeed, so happy he did not know what to do with himself, and Brother Finch's expression declared all our feelings. The past month has been one of heaviness, and many times, manifold temptation, but the heaviness has lifted, our hearts are singing, our spirits are above the clouds. We are leaving in God's time, on God's errand, on the vessel of His choosing, and we are satisfied—completely satisfied with His plan. We felt that only one thing more could have made our joy inexpressible; some way we wanted flowers, when, behold! as we gathered at the table in the dining room we found the most beautiful hothouse roses. Thus God gave us not only our necessities, but the desire of our heart, and we were a band praising Him, and having a joyous time. Sister Lyle, who has been exceedingly kind to us while in New York, came to see us off, but was only allowed to stand at the entrance of the pier, as no visitors were permitted on board the ship.

The Custom House officers did their work most thoroughly. They looked carefully, not only through our wearing apparel, trunks, etc., but even through our Bibles, and read the children's letters. One of them remarked, "It is a pity we can't take the word of just such folks as you." They were busy for a long time, as there was so much baggage, and they went through every piece faithfully. Sister King was not allowed to take the films for her camera, and the kodak was kept by the Purser. Lunch was served on board at 2 o'clock.

We are so delighted with every appointment of the steamer. Sister King, her mother and myself have one stateroom, while Brothers King, Schoombie and little Paul have another, and Brother and Sister Finch and the other children still two others. This is a far better steamer than the one we booked on. We feel perfectly at home, but even so have we felt everywhere we have been in the last month. More and more the following lines are impressed on our hearts:

"What matters where on earth we dwell,  
On mountain top or in the dell,  
In cottage or in mansion fair;  
Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven there."

4:30 P. M.

We are off at last. We had had a great desire to have the vessel leave in the day time, that we might look at the the Statue of Liberty, see Ellis Island, etc. We pass them all, also Staten Island. The little tugs have lined up with our vessel, and how they do interest us! They are towing us out now into deep water, and with such ease. The great steamer moves majestically, but the little tugs are really doing the work. A few minutes ago we passed through the Narrows, with forts on each side. It is getting dark. The evening is coming on apace. The lights of the city are growing dim, but the great rays from the lighthouses are casting their

beams athwart the waters, and we feel safe in our Father's keeping. As we retire, all the lights are turned out, blinds closed. The pilot who guided the ship through the Narrows leaves us at Sandy Hook. Thank God, our Heavenly Pilot is going to go with us all the way, and we have no care. We can safely trust Him, not only through "The Narrows," but through the sunshine and storms as well. Neither have we any fear of an alien enemy. Our trust and dependence is in Him, and He has promised to see us through.

7:45 P. M.

"We are out on the ocean sailing  
Far beyond the tide."

We can feel the great swells of the sea, but our vessel is riding them with perfect ease, and how good it is to know that we are on God's errand at last. We have no burden. Our loved ones at the "Mount of Blessings," and the great REVIVALIST Family, are praying for us, and we are committed absolutely to H'm. At 8 o'clock we retire, as the day has been full to the limit, and we are all very tired, but we retire singing,

"Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,  
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm  
Hiding in Thee."

SUNDAY, *February 3*

How many times in the past have we given missionaries the 121st Psalm, and now the whole party are trusting these promises, and oh, how safe and secure we feel! The swells are very heavy, and while we feel them intensely, Brother Finch declares it is the smoothest sea he has ever been on. We are away out from the coast now—nothing but a vast expanse of water. The weather is decidedly milder, and we

are enjoying ourselves thoroughly. In the music room Sister King and the Finch children are singing some of our Bible School hymns, and how beautiful the music sounds as it rings through the ship!

We have just met one of the Wireless operators, a young man of twenty-five. He gives us the news of the world by wireless each morning. Asking him about himself, he told us his father and mother had been missionaries in Central America, and that he himself was saved. He had been around the world, and while in the war zone, recently, the vessel was torpedoed and went down in three minutes. He was among the survivors, and that experience of facing instant death brought him to his senses, and he immediately yielded to God, and found Jesus as his Savior. After many years of wandering, the prayers of that father and mother were finally answered. Oh, take courage, you who have loved ones away from God; you who have been waiting and praying and looking to Him—He is faithful, and He will answer!

We are now 287 miles out from New York, and all passengers aboard were called to the music room and given tickets for the lifeboats to be used in the event of accident. Life preservers are also in each room, and we have been instructed how to put them on, but we are not expecting to use either the life preservers or our ticket to the lifeboat. None of our party as yet has been seasick, and we are getting somewhat accustomed to the motion of the boat. Every moment is full of keen interest. Today we sighted a schooner, but not another vessel of any kind. Although this is the Sabbath, there were no services aboard, but everything has been quiet, in keeping with Sunday.

TUESDAY, February 5

After closing our entry for Sabbath evening, we were not able to write until now. We felt so well, could walk with

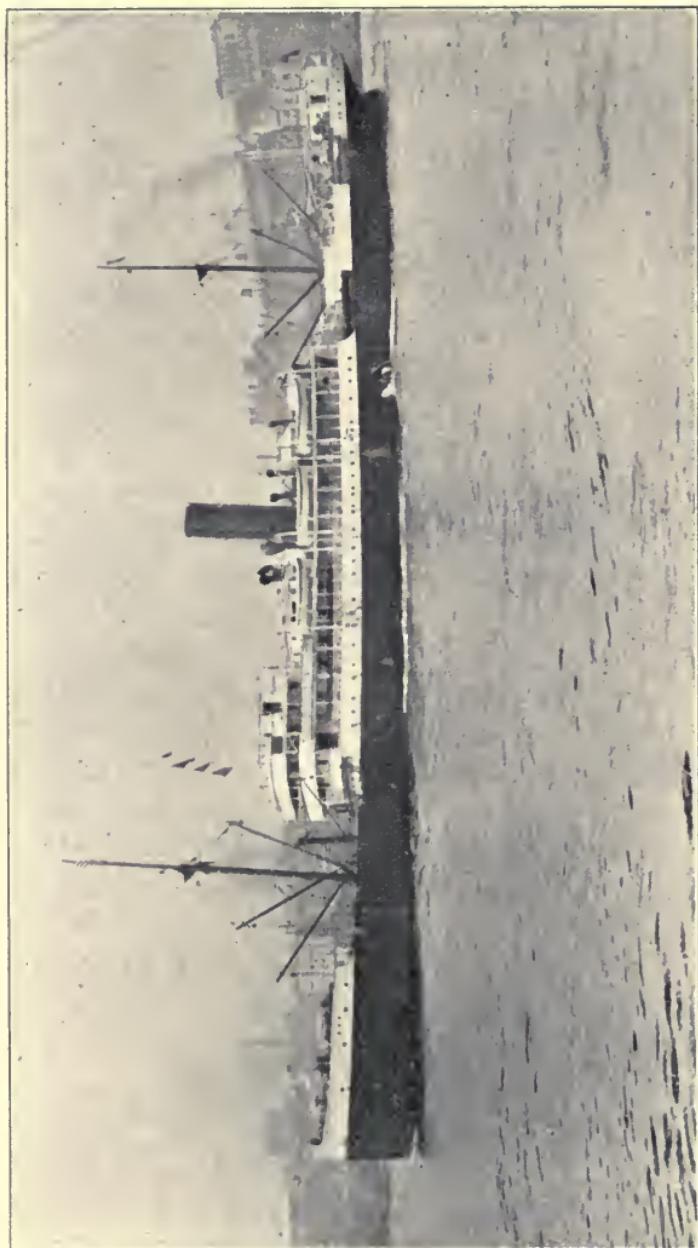
such ease, had lost the top-heavy feeling, and was greatly enjoying our first day out; the air was like April at home; passengers were promenading the deck, when suddenly the sea began to get choppy and heavy, and within an hour there was a great change. At 6 o'clock we went to the dining room for dinner.

Someone remarked that we were looking deadly pale, while some of the other passengers were feeling strange and dizzy. We had scarcely been seated at the table when we turned so ill. We had to give up our breakfast and lunch before leaving the dining room, and if it had not been for help we would probably have fallen headlong downstairs. When we reached our stateroom we found Sister King also deathly sick, and we learned that all the Finch family were in bed, with Brother King saying, "It's coming on." The only one of our party immune was Brother Schoombie. He went from one room to another, aiding all he could, and making himself generally useful. However, he teased us, calling all such "brave missionaries." He really did not spare us. We called him "the Invincible," and felt he ought to be sick at least ten minutes.

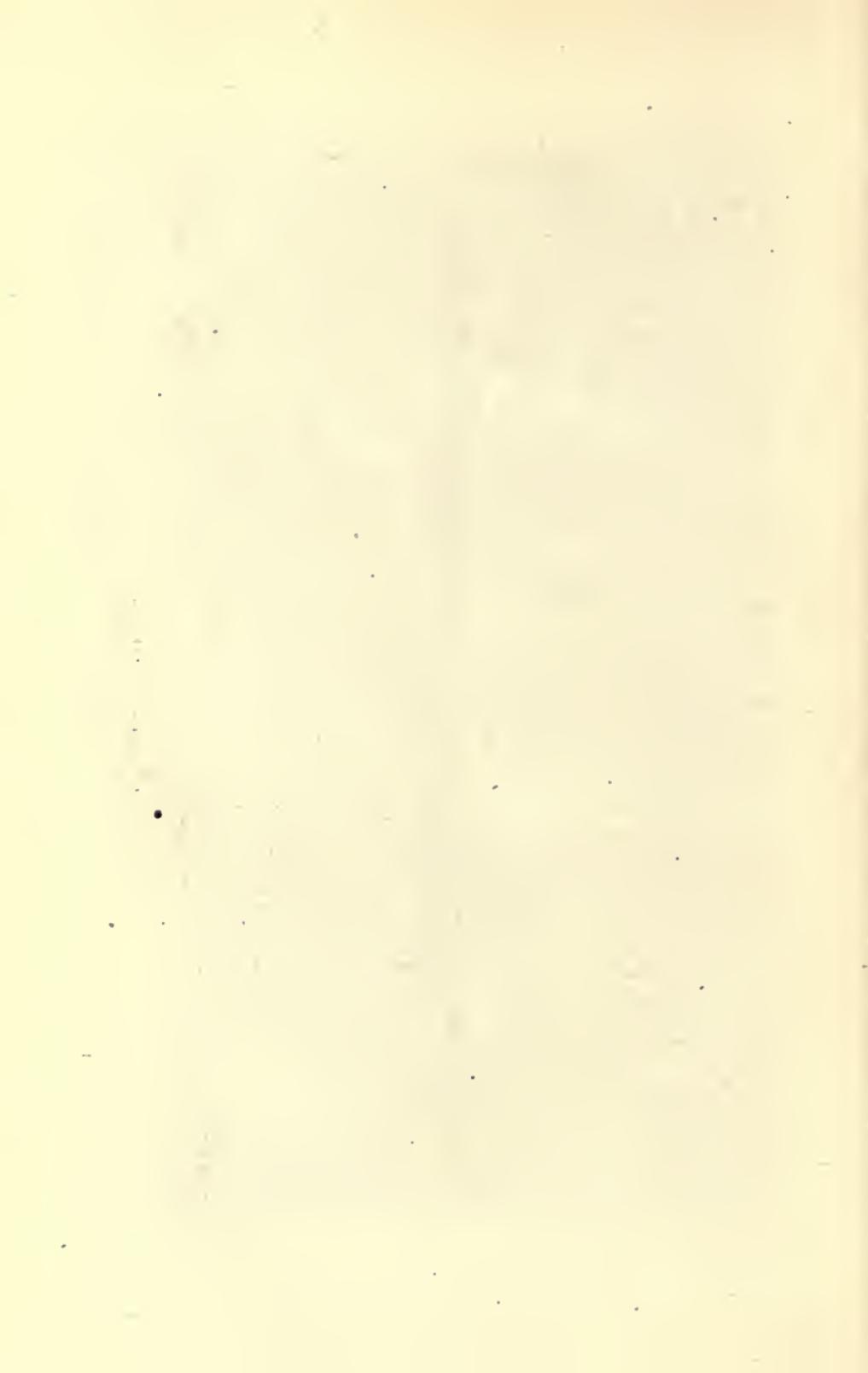
The children at home have a beautiful child's book called "Pollyanna"—the story of a girl who always found something to be "glad" about. While we were at our worst, had given up all we had and more, too, it seemed, the thought of Pollyanna suddenly sprang into our mind, and with the awful seasickness gripping us we wondered if she could find *anything* to be glad about that minute and, sure enough, we did. We had been told repeatedly that people get so sick they are afraid they will die, then so much worse they fear they will not die, and as we did not reach that extreme point we did find something to be "glad" about.

As we lay on our back, the vessel pitched and tossed in the heavy sea. First we seemed to suddenly drop into a great trough, then so high on the billows, then a sudden drop again. What a shaking up we had! It had rained for hours, and we were passing through a terrific storm, but the cross currents were causing the trouble and seasickness now. They told us that we should be out of the Gulf Stream by morning, and we looked forward to that, but, alas! the storm grew worse, and how we longed for Jesus to say, "Peace, be still." All we could do was to lie on our bed and pray, as the storm continued all day and through the night, seeming to grow worse and worse. The waves were rolling from twenty to fifty feet high, dashing over the lower and upper decks. The steamer would go so far over one side as to dip water, and then immediately she would dip on the other side, but through it all God kept us in peace and victory. Twice the ship had such a heavy shaking up, and made such a terrific lunge that the dishes and everything moveable came down to the floor with a crash, and there was great fear and consternation among the passengers. The captain told us this was the worst storm he had seen in years, and in all his traveling on the Atlantic, it was the second time he had been compelled to strap the plates on the table. Even he himself was seasick, and there were very few on board who were not. This will give you a little idea of what we have been going through for some hours now.

Today we all came on deck, and I am writing, but in great weakness. While talking over the question of seasickness, Brother Finch told us, as we were going to the field on an inspection tour, we ought to have every experience the missionaries pass through, and seasickness to some of them is always a great trial. Brother Finch himself has never been able to be kept from seasickness. God does not change our



STEAMER GUIANA



environments. When crossing a continent, we know there are hills and mountains to be climbed, rivers and lakes to be crossed, and we do not expect them to be changed. But there was one comfort through it all. Our captain kept the vessel sighted toward our destination. He did not stop for the smooth places. While the storm was at its worst, and the ship lunging and plunging, we were still headed for our port in the West Indies. When we started, Brother Finch could not pray through as to the weather conditions. He knew we were going to cross the Gulf Stream, which is always more or less rough and, at this time of the year, very stormy.

After writing the above little human essay, lying in our steamer chair, we were suddenly stopped, and for hours afterward suffered such prolonged nausea that it drove us to our loving God. We looked at the sea, but did not see it. We heard people talking all about us, but knew nothing of what was said. There were tears in our eyes, and an unbroken cry in our heart, and that cry went to the heart of God, and He heard us. We asked Him that even though we must go through—and desired to go through—what other missionaries passed, had we not suffered enough to understand? Was not the lesson learned? Had we not gotten that which He would have us to get to pass on to others? Would He not now hear and deliver us, and let us glory in the God who hears and answers prayer? But this prayer, this great heart cry was not for ourself alone; we prayed for all the missionary party, and not only for the one present with us, but those who would be going out in the future. Somehow we felt like we wanted to take in everyone of His children who would ever cross the seas. The hours of suffering totally unfitted us for reading, writing, or duties of any kind whatever. All we could do was to lie still and pray. We felt we must be delivered from seasickness to finish the trip, and

visions of sloops, sailing vessels, row boats, etc., with the dreaded small island visits, came before us, and we knew if we were weakened each time as now, with little strength left, our visit would be a failure. God alone could help, and He did.

“Jesus has you on His heart,  
Jesus has you on His heart;  
He knows and waits to share  
The burdens you must bear,  
Jesus has you on His heart.”

We truly know now from experience what some of the missionaries pass through, and will be able to pray for them as we never have.

This is a small vessel compared to the transatlantic liners; carries one hundred passengers, and is of 7,000 tonnage. While I am writing this, our latitude is 26:32 north, longitude 66:9 west. Now this is a problem for the children: Where are we? See if you can figure it out. Yesterday we were off the coast of South Carolina, and since then have gone about 240 miles. The ship only makes about eleven knots an hour, and one knot is a mile, but during the storm we made less than a mile an hour. The ship is painted all black to keep it from being a target for the enemy. Do you ask, are we afraid of submarines? We surely are not. Just before leaving Cincinnati, the steamship agent there wrote us a most beautiful letter. He had been in the Missionary Farewell Meeting on Sunday, and in the letter he expressed surprise that anyone could think of trouble coming to us. He wrote, “The missionaries of God’s Bible School are as safe on board the steamer with a hundred German submarines around it, as a Daniel in the lion’s den.”

We have another lesson for the REVIVALIST children who are studying geography. Look up the question of the Gulf

Stream and the cross currents, and then you will understand what made us all seasick. In the old geography, the ones we had when I was a girl, there was a picture of these cross currents under the water.

The sick people all look so white and pinched, especially the children, who have lost their rosy color. It is such a comfort to have the whole missionary party again on deck, and we never tire of the children. Shall we introduce you to them? Catherine, eleven; Esther, nine; Paul, seven; Naomi, five; Daniel, three and a half. Daniel is the pet of all the passengers. The children are full of love, life, fun and mischief. All the little folks expect to be missionaries as Father and Mother are, when they grow up, so we want the REVIVALIST Family to remember and pray for them.

### WEDNESDAY, *February 6*

Being on deck in the open sea air all day yesterday made us sleepy, and last night we had the best rest we have known since leaving New York. The sea was heavy, but we slept so soundly we knew nothing of it. It is very calm today, and the air is delightful. All the passengers went down to breakfast, and we enjoyed being together again. The dining room is large, airy and pleasant, with two long tables in the center and small ones on the sides. Every hour of the day and night the bell on the bridge rings, and there is a change of officers on the look-out. We have seen plenty of flying fish. They usually fly in schools of a dozen or more, and the fish are about the size of our trout. One made a mistake yesterday, and flew up on the deck, striking a passenger on the back, but he captured him, and brought him around for all to see, and then threw him back to his home in the ocean. He was as frightened and quivering as a young bird out of the nest.

THURSDAY, *February 7*

God taketh care of His own. We have just learned of the fate of the *Parima* and *Koruna*. Both ships encountered terrific storms, and were disabled, the *Parima* especially so. It will be sometime before she can leave the dock. No wonder our Heavenly Father held us a month in New York. He knew what was before those two vessels, and spared us.

Today the air is warm and balmy, and the sea comparatively calm. We are crossing over where the ocean is said to be five miles deep. The temperature is 70 degrees. We are all happy, contented and looking forward to our arrival at port.

## CHATPER VI

### AMONG "THE ISLANDS"

FRIDAY, *February 8*

Hallelujah! We are nearing St. Thomas. Four miles off we can see Porto Rico. Brother Finch knocked on the door of our stateroom early this morning and said, "Put on summer clothes—Tropics today!" The ocean is the smoothest that it has been since last Sunday, and all recovering from their attack of seasickness but the writer; we feel so exhausted and heart weak. This is an experience where we are determined to look to God to do something supernatural. As the trip is planned, it will mean sailing vessels, sloops, schooners, late hours and hardships of various kinds; we must be at our best physically, to carry out our part of the trip. We are looking definitely to Him.

We are now about 1,440 miles from New York. There are among the passengers aboard, three Catholic priests, going out as missionaries to a little island. Seven more are to follow on the next steamer. Think of it! Ten priests to one small island, while the saints of God have but one lone missionary on one large island. It is time the soldiers of Jesus Christ were getting awake to their duty. We are having real summer weather. It seems almost like a dream, after having left New York and the bitter, intense cold there.

Here we are at St. Thomas. The ship docked about an hour ago, and the scene spread out before us is indescribable—most beautiful and tropical. St. Thomas is one of the islands

belonging to the United States, and our great American flag is proudly floating from many a flag pole and high building. It is called "the city of three hills." Palm trees line the road, while good, substantial-looking houses are built on the slopes of the hills clear to the crown. We were signalled from shore this morning, so that when we arrived all kinds of little craft, steam launches, sail boats, and row boats, came hurriedly out to meet us. First, the pilot came on board and took the vessel into port. Then the harbor master allowed no one else to come on until he had received the boat. Then appeared a launch flying the flag of the Police Department, and this little boat was guarded by two United States soldiers and a policeman. Then came a steam launch to take off the three Catholic priests. Trunks were taken down and carried away in boats one-half mile to the city. What a sight! The harbor crowded with these small crafts coming and going, a number of passengers leaving, confusion and pleasant excitement everywhere. One boat came near us with four boys and some men in it, and these boys would dive for a copper or nickel thrown from the decks. The lads were just as black as coal, and had on only a bare covering. How they would dive and scramble, and never fail to receive the nickel or penny, either, coming up with it in their teeth. Two great derricks were immediately put to work, and the freight was lifted first to one side to a barge, and then to the other side to the wharf house on the shore. For hours the freight workers were unloading. Out near the shore is the guard ship; and on our right, the wreck of a steamer recently destroyed in a hurricane.

About four o'clock three of us got into a carriage—plenty of them, as well as boats, to take one around—and were taken all through the three little towns. Everything was so strange and new, and full of real interest. Little tiny houses,

small as a pantry in the United States, and yet a family crowded in there, and keeping house, was not an unusual sight. The island is only thirteen miles around, and yet has a population of 11,000. Our guide told us that there was a funeral every day, and sometimes four and five in one day. Dear little black babies up to three years of age, absolutely nude, were to be seen everywhere. The people talk Spanish, English and French. There were no wagons, only two-wheeled carts, and donkeys and small ponies, and these donkies and ponies looked tired and overworked.

How very interesting were the stores and the market places! Small articles for sale were displayed at almost every doorstep, sometimes a handful of peanuts tied up in a little bundle; sometimes sugarcane; sometimes three or four eggs;—limes, tomatoes, small oranges, homemade candy, cocoanuts,—just bits of each, and the same things in the market, too. Brother Finch, accustomed to the needs of these dear people, was a real missionary, talking first with the driver, then with one and another whom he met, about their souls. Stopping at one tiny house, a blind sister was called out. She had gone totally blind in one night, but was full of praise to God because He had saved her and wonderfully sanctified her. She said if she had not God, she would be grieving her life away; but her face shone with the glory of the Lord, and her voice was full of joy. What a refreshing to soul and spirit to hear her testify! While here we received a cable from Brother Will Biernes, saying, "Stop at St. Kitts. Brother Coone dead." Startling? Yes, more than startling! "I was dumb with silence because thou did'st it." Brother Finch was greatly moved, as Brother Coone was one of the valued workers, a brother much beloved in the Lord. How much he seemed needed there in the work! and no one to take his

place. "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

SATURDAY, *February 9*

We have had the most wonderful day, one of the beautiful times the Lord lets come to us occasionally. The ship reached St. Croix at 6:30 this morning. Going on deck to see the harbor we found two ladies in a big row boat waiting to take us ashore. When Rev. J. W. Mahew, the superintendent of this work here, learned of our proposed trip, he wrote us, asking us to stop over and have a service with his people. This we consented to do, and all arrangements were made accordingly. When the *Parima* arrived, however, and we were not aboard, and not one word of explanation, he wrote a letter which was handed us in St. Thomas, and asked that if we were aboard this vessel, to cable the time of our arrival (it takes very little to cable from one island to another). This Brother Finch did, and the word was circulated all around. We went in the boat, which was manned by the first convert of the work, a hearty fisherman, abounding in good cheer and greeting. The harbor is more beautiful here than at St. Thomas, large and wide, with level fields sloping back from the sea.

Sister Hurt, an English missionary here, and another worker, were the friends who came aboard to meet us, and they helped to make the day beautiful. Two autos met the boat on landing, a Ford and an Overland, and these took us to one of the members of the Mission, where they served us breakfast. It was the first food that tasted natural since our attack of seasickness, and we ate with a relish. This Sister where we were entertained had the bakery here, and this bakery has been in operation over sixty years. Her sister had it from the time she was fifteen years old up to six months ago,

when she died, at the age of eighty-seven. She had given her life a noble sacrifice for the maintenance of her mother and five sisters, and numerous nieces and nephews. The oven is out in the yard, and is built of cement. The fire is made first inside of the oven, and when it is just exactly hot enough, the fire and the ashes are swept entirely out, and the bread put in. They make the bread just as we do, but they let it rise on grape leaves instead of in tins or in pans, and when the bread comes out, it is nice and brown and appetizing. They make tiny loaves, too, and sell them for one cent each. They said the children want a loaf for themselves.

It was not long after breakfast when Brother Mahew arrived, and after showing us the Mission home and the chapel, which were most pleasantly located, we were off for a fifteen-mile ride to Christiansted on the other end of the island, where the headquarters of the work is. We had lunch at Brother Mahew's, served so courteously and kindly by Sister Mahew. Here we found Sister Ina Armstrong, who was a student for two years in the Bible School twelve years ago. It was such a pleasure to meet her. Edith Yewell, another one of our old students, has spent five faithful years here, and is highly spoken of. Mr. Armstrong brought us in his Overland through the most picturesque and beautiful scenery imaginable—through hills and valleys, with the blue sea in the distance. We passed plantation after plantation, and on the roads, precious black people carrying their burdens on their heads. The roads were lined with palm and cocoanut trees, while the fine cement houses were built on the hill-sides overlooking the sea. The principal products are cane, cotton and corn, the sugar factories taking the place of the old mills. The sugarcane stands in the field two years before it is used. The sugar is coarse, and has to be sent to

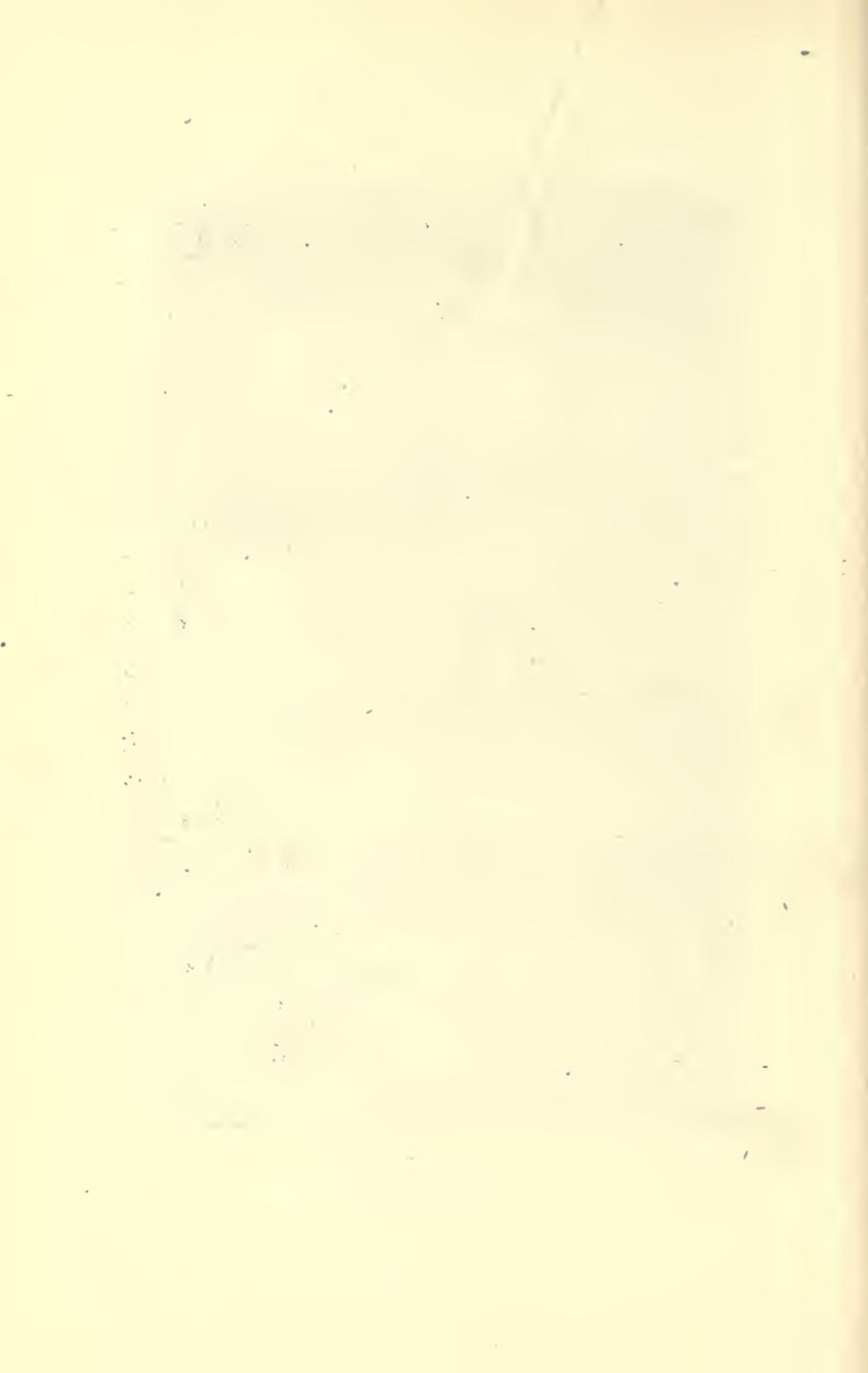
the United States for refining. Brother Mahew has a good work. He has been established here now three years.

About 1:30 o'clock we went to the market place, the center of the town, for an open air meeting. The judge had given this permission the day before. Here about a hundred members of the Mission and possibly two hundred other listeners, gathered to hear the missionaries, some of the members of the Mission showing their appreciation of our coming by walking great distances to be present. How beautiful that crowd of black saints looked, and how our souls feasted as we heard them sing and give their testimonies! Brother Finch prayed, and then he, with Brother Schoombie and Brother King, spoke as the Lord led. During this service we were compelled to sit in the auto, as we were too weak to take any part in the meeting. As we sat there watching the crowd and praying for the service, we noticed one woman carrying a heavy tray of cakes on top of her head, while another had clothes tied together holding bottles of some sweet drink; still another little girl carried a tray of home-made candy, and another a tray of bread; another had a tray of mangoes, bananas, etc. The natives carry these trays all the time, using their head instead of a cart.

The vessel was to sail at 4 P. M., and knowing that auto tires sometime give out, we hurried away. The temperature was 76 degrees in the shade, and the auto return trip was most pleasant. Brother Mahew accompanied us to the vessel, and we enjoyed hearing his report of work among the lepers, etc. Shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the Lord began to touch me, and oh, what relief! The seasickness almost seems as a nightmare, but today it is forgotten in the change on shore. Methinks it will be this way after all the testings are over and we get Home on the heavenly shore.

WOMEN WITH TRAYS





“When the last feeble step has been taken,  
And the gates of that city appear,  
When the beautiful song of the angels  
Floats out on my listening ear,  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
Will be bright and as clear as the day,  
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.”

We are trying our best to get a post card view of these places so that when you visit the Cincinnati Camp (as we do want you to be present there in June we can show them to you. This will give you a better idea than our writing.

Sunset on the ocean! What a sight! Indescribable! Too much for the pen of this writer. Read what the poets say, and then you will understand something of the glory and effulgence.

While busy writing this morning, suddenly there appeared before us a tall young man, dressed in white, with the Salvation Army insignia. He was soliciting funds for the Salvation Army work that is just opening here. We had nothing but travelers' checks. However, the others gave him an offering, and this made up for our lack.

#### NEARING ST. KITTS, SUNDAY, *February 10*

We all arose early this morning in order to see the sunrise over the harbor. It is 3:30 o'clock in Cincinnati, but here the sun is peeping over the hills, and that beautiful, wonderful green island lies spread out before us. Boats are dotting the harbor everywhere. Oh, what a view for those who appreciate God's handiwork! What a scene for those who revel in His creations! Over here we can see Nevis, although it is twelve miles distant. The whole island seems one great mass of shaded green.

The ladder was lowered and the harbor master, in a row boat manned by six sailors, came aboard. The harbor master commands all the ships as they enter and leave these ports. We can count twenty boats all headed this way, but they are waiting until the harbor master permits them to come closer and their passengers to come aboard. In one of the boats is Brother Will Biernes. He stands up and shouts. He is so changed that none of us recognized him at first. Close to him is a large row boat containing fifty men, and they scrambled up the rope ladder, tumbling over each other. They are freight loaders, and have come on board to unload.

We expected to find Irene with Brother and Sister Biernes, but found that she remained with Sister Coone at Antigua. While here, we learned that Brother Coone died of typhoid fever, but did not get any of the details. How glad Brother Biernes was to see us, and we rejoiced to hear of the work. This is the home of Brother Taylor, one of the students now in the Bible School. This is the first time that we have been able to walk the deck since a week ago today, and what a comfort and joy. Praise God! He has surely touched us physically. Brother Beirnes had breakfast with us, and in conference and prayer, it was decided to have Brother and Sister King get off here and go to Nevis, as originally planned, and with trunks and baggage, they leave us at 11 o'clock. After the delay in New York, we had thought of taking them on to Barbados, but Brother Coone's Home-going changed everything. They left us with loving goodbys, waving of handkerchiefs, and the "God bless yous" of the rest of us. We shall miss them, for we have had happy and blessed times together.

As Sister King was going down the ladder, she said playfully, "Be sure and put in the Diary Letter that we went ashore in the boat named 'Victory,'" and we know they went



HARBOR AT ST. KITTS



in victory, too. They are to go from here in a sailing vessel, as their destination is twelve miles from this port, and the steamers do not stop there.

We are to weigh anchor again at 12 o'clock. Passengers are coming and going. First some get on at one stop, and then others get off, so we are having a continual change. One of the most interesting personages we have met is the sergeant major. He comes on board following the harbor master, and in a most masterful way, manages the loading and unloading of the freight, the handling of passengers, etc. Keen, shrewd, a trained reader of human nature, nothing seems to escape him. He stands just at the head of the rope ladder and overlooks everything. A sailing boat at one end of the ship is taking off lumber. Something goes wrong. He rushes down the deck, gives a command, in a way that excites the admiration of everyone. He treats the black men very kindly, but firmly, and they obey him instantly. He is a native, but has had this position for twenty years. He stands at his post from six to twelve hours. He told us that the *Southern Cross* (a little sailing vessel), had been lost in one of the recent storms, and while they telegraphed everywhere, nothing had been seen or heard of her or of the crew. The captain and crew of this vessel had been so kind to all the missionaries, so that Brother Finch feels the loss keenly.

#### ANTIGUA, Monday, February 11

At about 5:15 yesterday afternoon the *Guiana* dropped anchor three miles out from shore in this harbor. A steam launch meets the steamer here. Sisters Blyden and Coore are at Antigua, and we look for them to meet us, though not sure they are aware of our arrival. As the launch approaches we lean over the deck rail, watching for them. Suddenly someone cries out, "There she is!" and we all wave.

We saw Irene waving back, then suddenly covered her face and wept. Sister Coone and Wilma, their only child, are with her. How bereaved these friends are! They are soon on board, with loving arms around them, trying to comfort, but only those who have passed through the depths of sorrow can understand how inadequate words are at such a time. They tell us Brother Coone was ill only nine days—malignant fever. At first the illness was not considered serious. He had been drawn out to trust God, and had been so blessed in doing it, both for himself and his people, that he had no thought of calling a physician, and scarcely before anyone could realize that he was ill, he had slipped Home. All we can say is, God's ways are higher than ours. He was one of the noblest of men. Brother Finch says his conscientious care, not only for the souls of his black people, but for finances as well, made him one of the most valuable of workers. Self-sacrificing, tender, capable in all that the word means, everywhere, from the business class as well as in religious circles, we hear only the kindest expressions. We had looked forward to this meeting, expecting to see him, but it will not be long before we meet above the clouds. For,

“They are gathering homeward from every land,  
One by one, one by one.”

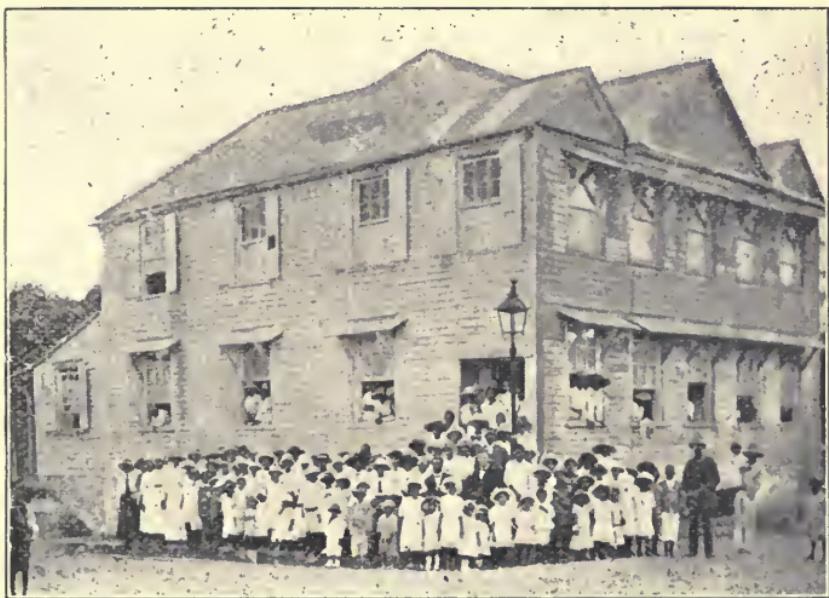
We are to remain a night and a day at Antigua, so we land before 6 o'clock in order to be in time for the evening service. Brother Finch must attend to some matters of business, which is more necessary because of Brother Coone's late departure. This harbor is not so beautiful as the two preceding ones. It has more the appearance of a fort, but has an attractiveness all its own. All the scenes of interest were pointed out to us.

I asked Irene how she knew we had arrived, and she told us that at Sandy Island, about ten miles out from shore, is a lighthouse, and when a ship reaches this island, they take down three flags and put up one square red one at Rat Island, which is nearer the town, and then all know the steamer has arrived. This is a signal, and the launch immediately goes out. This signal notifies the people, and when the launch arrives the pier and shore are lined with those waiting to see and meet the passengers. We were glad of the friendly shelter of evening to hide us from the view of such a crowd of spectators, but Irene told us that the whole island was aware of our arrival.

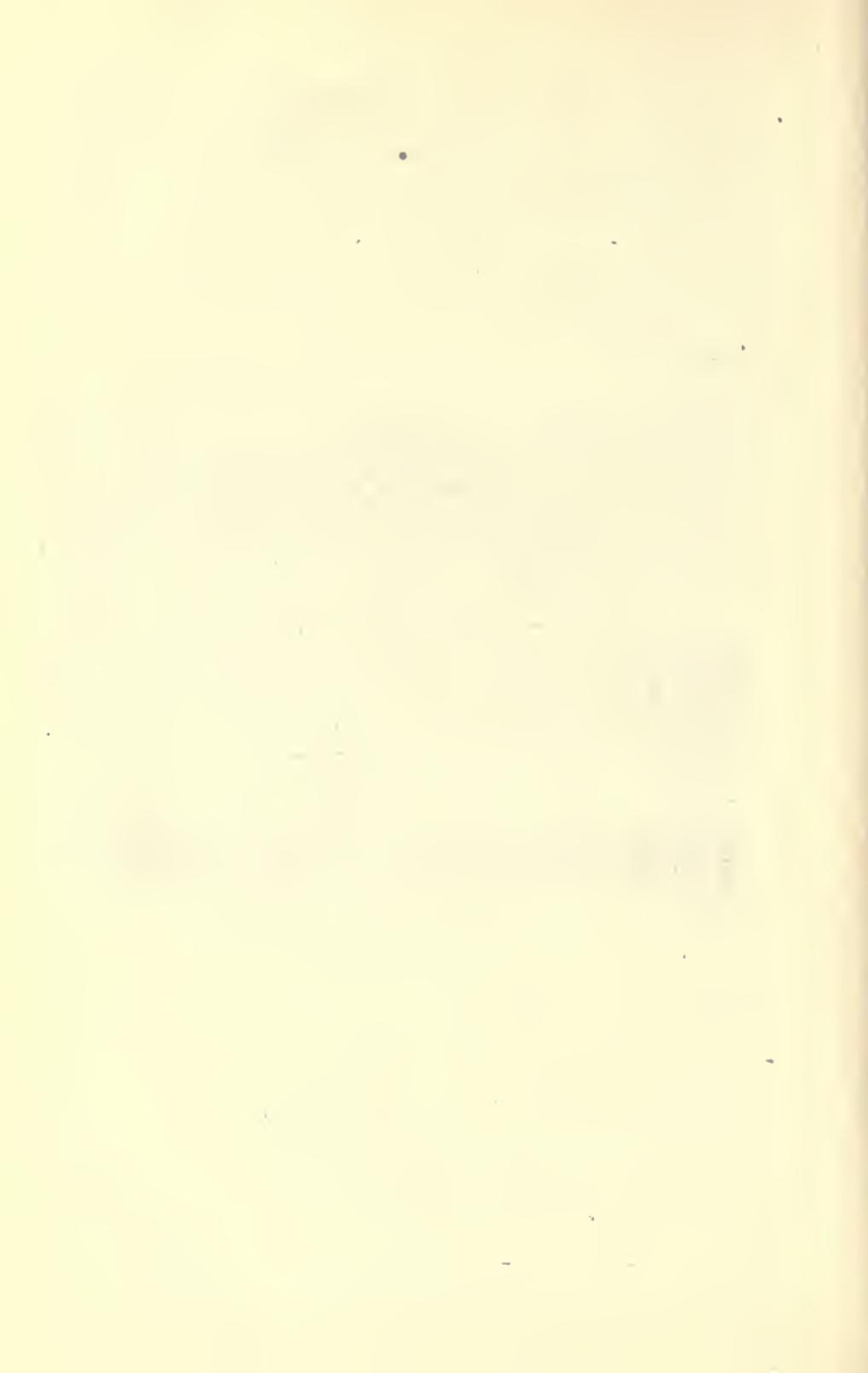
We walked to the Mission, a splendid building. Above the Mission is an apartment for the missionaries—six or seven rooms, light and airy. After lunch, we went below into the Mission hall, and what a congregation! Irene presided at the piano, and how precious to be in a service with her again. The people here know how to sing. It was surely like home to see "Mounting Up" song books. Brother Finch prayed, and the presence of God was marvelously real. He had prayed before the service until he was lifted above the loss of Brother Coone, and was in a position to exhort the congregation to look up and see God, and to go on with Him as leader and teacher. Brother Schoombie followed Brother Finch with a message on "Looking unto Jesus," and one dear soul was blessedly sanctified. Here we slept on our first "covered" bed. Down here the people do not have screens for the windows, but around the bed, about three feet high, they build a special frame-work, and then cover this with mosquito netting. No one could realize how very welcome the large, cool bed was to our tired bodies, especially after the narrow quarters of the steamer. The missionary home and chapel is in the heart of the city, and so of course there

was much noise all night, and we were awakened quite often. Sometime in the night a rooster or two crowed. All at once it seemed as if every rooster on the island were crowing at the same time. Such a chorus, but to us it was beautiful music. We had been hearing the splashing of the great waves, the lashing of the storm, and now what a change! About 3 o'clock in the morning, some twenty men gathered to move a house that is located just across the street from the Mission home, so you can understand we had little rest after that. Here people own their homes, but they have them on rented ground—squatters, we call them at home. If they like another piece of ground or a better location than the one where they have stopped, they just pick up the house, move it, and go to the new location. They place the house on rollers, then the leader starts off, "Billy John in Baltimore, A—A—A!" and as he chants out this, each man responds, "A—A—A!" Even if there are a hundred men, they chant that "A—A—A" in perfect harmony, and at the same time give a long pull, and this moves the house a little ways. They keep this up until the house is moved to the ground chosen, all the time the crowd increasing, until sometimes there are as many as a hundred helping. Irene called us up to see it. They move in the night so as not to block the streets in the daytime. It was such a strange sight.

Brother Finch has had a long talk with Sister Coone and Sister Blyden, and attended to some important business, while Brother Schoombie went out to the steamer and brought Sister Finch and the family ashore, as we are all to have dinner here, leaving again at 4 P. M. We spent the morning writing, and then had a shower bath in a little room built down in the basement with a cement floor. What a treat, and how the workers need these baths to keep them in health! The weather here is like our hottest July days at home, but there



MISSION, ANTIGUA



is a stiff breeze from the sea, so we do not realize how very warm it is.

All the party are interested in the Diary Letter, and every little bit one or another suggests something that ought to be in it. We do desire that every REVIVALIST reader shall enjoy reading these lines, as we enjoy penning them. We shall mail this letter at Antigua, and we do ask your prayers very specially. Sister Irene Blyden will soon return to Nevis, the island of work, and we shall meet her in meetings there.

## CHAPTER VII

### AMONG "THE ISLANDS"—*Continued*

TUESDAY, *February 12*

After having spent a most beautiful, restful day with Sister Blyden and Sister Coone, we left the Mission house at 3:30 and are now at sea. Sister Coone was much comforted by the visit, and both she and Irene enjoyed the Finch children. We did not see much of the town or of the people here. We expect to return again, and then will tell you some more. As we returned to the vessel, the launch was crowded. The captain, purser, physician, wireless operators, and many of the passengers, like ourselves, had spent the day ashore, and now we were all returning.

When we were leaving New York, two elderly friends gave us a box for the children. They were to open it after we had been out several days on the sea, and especially after they were over the seasickness. How the children desired that box! They could scarcely contain their curiosity. Daniel was so happy when the time came to open it that he jumped up and down till he tumbled clear over. And what do you think the box contained? Little animal crackers, candies and cards for each child. How the children enjoyed their presents, and how gladly they shared them with the rest of us! How little it takes to make a child happy! What insignificant things (to us) seem to delight the heart of one of God's little ones! How careful we ought to be to consider them.

Now, I want to tell you another beautiful thing. Just before we left New York, Sister Standley rushed to us a

box containing a dressed dolly, and a whole extra outfit for her. One of the little girls of the REVIVALIST Family had fixed the dolly for a child in Japan, but as none of the missionaries was going out at that time, she wrote the little girl, then sent the dolly on to us; so I wrote her I would hold it until we were all on board, and some day, when the children were tired and needed somthing to divert their attention, I would bring it out. I told this to Sister Finch, but she says that instead of the children having it, we will give it to some child down there in the Islands, who has never had a doll. So, while I was disappointed in not letting our little folks nurse it and dress it, yet I want the child who reads this letter to remember that her baby is being taken care of and mothered by some little girl who has never had a dolly of her own. I do hope that little girl will be pleased.

I had planned on having a Diary Letter sent each week, but the ships are being taken off, and the mail service is slow, so that we may be delayed. However, I will write them weekly and give you everything possible, so that when the Diary Letters do come, you can follow our movements.

#### GUADALUPE, 11 A. M.

We anchored here this morning at 6:30. This is a French harbor, and was discovered at the same time as Nova Scotia. How run down and dilapidated the island looks. This is because of a recent hurricane. We cannot find a thing at all attractive about the place. Sugarcane is the principal product, although they raise beans which, when boiled, give the pure vanilla extract. At last I have tasted a sappedilla. This sappedilla looks just like our sickle pears at home, only is russet color, and unlike our pears in taste. The guava is delicious. This island has 190,000 inhabitants, all Roman Catholic. There are no other denominations working here.

The harbor master, police, and all officers are French, and as they talked French to us we could not understand.

*WEDNESDAY, February 13*

We remained here at Guadalupe over the night, as there was so much freight aboard they could not unload in less than a day,—and a peep into the hold of the ship is one of the sights of the ship. Really, this is a great warehouse afloat, a warehouse of four floors. We have been carrying cement, and have had on board 4,500 barrels. We left at 6:30, but the winds were high and the swells heavy, and people began to get seasick. This put a fear on us that we would not again escape, but immediately we looked to the Lord, and He gave the promise, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." And again the promise came, "He led them on safely, without fear." Hallelujah! After three hours of these high winds and heavy swells, the sea is calm, and here we are, all on deck, praising the Lord for deliverance.

We have searched the Bible, trying to find something that would fittingly describe this wonderful ocean. We surely thought that David would burst forth somewhere in one of his magnificent Psalms, describing God's great sea, but can find nothing that exactly answers our desire. How can we describe this great, restless, moving, never-ceasing, boundless, wind-swept, wave-swellung ocean! We can only liken it to God's great, fathomless, bottomless, boundless love—love for all mankind! Surely Doctor Godbey names it rightly when he says the sea air and the sea bathing are parts of God's great sanitarium.

*THURSDAY, February 14*

We reached Dominique at about 12 o'clock yesterday, and remained until 3 A. M. today. As we could not anchor

in close to the pier, the freight had to be sent in on boats, and this took longer time in unloading. All of these islands are volcanic. There are two craters here. Three hundred and sixty-five little streams come from the mountains, and one stream runs right through the center of the town, thus helping to keep it sanitary. This, too, is a Roman Catholic island, and although the population is 160,000, there is no Protestant, —no Full Salvation work here. Oh, that God would give us workers and give us means! The need, the crying need of consecrated men and women, and of consecrated money!

Now, here is a problem for the children: When we dropped anchor, they told us we were in thirty-three fathoms of water. How deep is that?

This is a long island and most beautiful. The hills and mountains are always green, while the great harbor is the largest we have entered. The island is famous for its fruits, especially the limes—the finest in the West Indies. The lime oil is sent to the United States and England. Late in the afternoon, when it was not quite so warm, Brother and Sister Finch with us visited the Botanical Gardens, and they constitute one of the most beautiful spots on earth. I cannot describe it to you; I can only tell you that here are trees and shrubbery of very tropical description. We tried to get some pictures, but were only able to obtain a few cards. Here we find the tree that grows coffee beans, vanilla, cocoanut and nutmeg. A friend kindly gave us a sample of coffee and nutmeg beans. The nutmeg has a shell similar to a walnut, and when it opens, opens half way, and the red is, indeed, a beautiful sight. The governor of the island has his home right in the gardens, so you can imagine how beautiful are his surroundings.

It is now 9:30, and we are at Martinique. Will be here all day. A big transport, packed with troops, passed us a

few minutes ago. We do not know her destination. The islands have given thousands of their young men to the war, so that laborers are scarce, and for this reason the ships are a long time in loading and unloading freight. The harbor here at Martinique is most beautiful. It is filled with schooners. I have never seen so many, and they are nearly all three-masted ones.

We have been watching a busy crowd of people on the hillside in the distance. It is a quarry, and women are carrying the stones to the place of building. Women seem to be the beasts of burden everywhere we have been. They come in processions, with their loads on their heads. God bless every one of them, and help us to introduce them to the Burden-bearer!

We have had a nice talk with our wireless operator. He tells us he feels out of place, that he ought to be preparing for the ministry. Brother Finch also had an interview with him, and gave him one of the Bible School catalogues. He is considering entering the School, if he can be released from this service, so do remember and especially pray for him.

Do I hear some of my good sisters (and brethren, too,) say, "What do you have to eat?" Do not be embarrassed, for everyone likes to know that. Below we give you one menu for the noonday lunch:

Olives	Beef broth	Pickled Onions
Baked fish		Butter sauce
Pigs' feet		Braised beef
	Mashed or boiled potatoes	
Roast beef	Cold meats	Bologna sausage
	Lettuce	
Cottage pudding		Stewed apricots
Tea		Coffee

Sounds good, doesn't it? But with the odors and sights on shipboard, and the fact that nearly everything is from cold storage, one soon becomes sickened of the food and, in fact, we positively loathed it at times. It is hard to explain, but a simple meal on land is far preferable. We have enjoyed and eaten many a meal in the farm homes in adjacent States that we would not exchange for one of these. Do I hear some over-tired housewife say, "Well, I wish I could sit down to one that I didn't have to plan for and cook"? How we wish you could; but cheer up, if you are in your Father's will, He will make a change for you, or give grace and glory to be contented in your lot.

FRIDAY, *February 15*

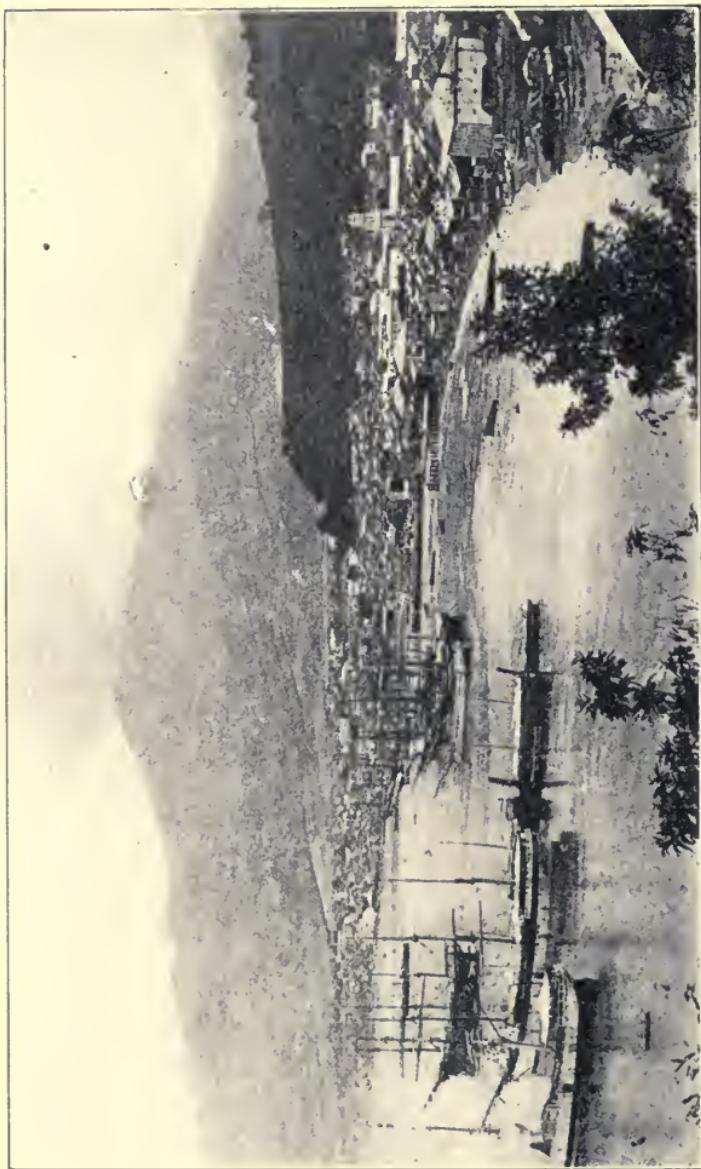
An hour ago we left Martinique. The scheduled time was 2 A. M., but we were delayed. Everything is still. The sea is calm, and it is a wonderful morning.

Yesterday was an eventful day. A Frenchman, one of the passengers on board, arranged to have a party of us see Mt. Pelee, the volcano whose eruption, about twelve years ago, destroyed the little city of St. Pierre, with its 35,000 inhabitants. We rode to the Martinique pier in a row boat, through a choppy sea, but this is the only time we have known it rough in a harbor. This is the largest city on any of the islands that we have yet visited. It has a population of about 38,000. While the streets are narrow, they are laid out evenly, and the houses and stores are just the same. They are all built right close together. The Hotel de France and post-office face the ocean. The hotel is surrounded by a beautiful park, and in the center of the park is a monument of Josephine, wife of Napoleon.

We were supposed to go to Mt. Pelee at 10:30, but had to wait, instead, until 1 P. M. Seated in a little outdoor

summer house, we watched and studied the people. All seemed to speak French, so that we could not understand what they were saying and, truly, we felt like a stranger in a strange land. We were especially impressed by a small launch which came in from a near-by island, crowded with people and carrying a large cargo. These folks passed us single file, the women carrying the heaviest burdens—great baskets of bananas, oranges, figs, vegetables, etc.,—barefooted, half-clad, with red-colored turbans. Oh, what a sight! Two porkers were led off, long, lank and lean, so strange looking we really enquired what they were. We are sure our Indiana and Kentucky farmers and their hogs would not recognize or tolerate them on their premises. We wanted some oranges, and seeing one of the colored women with a large tray, asked her how much. Neither of us could understand what the other said, and she seemed to feel that our looks betokened deception, so giving up in despair, we went to a man who looked as if he might understand us. Asking, "Do you speak English?" he answered, "A little, madam." He explained the oranges were one cent apiece. As my friend from the ship, who also desired oranges, had only some English coins, the woman was evidently suspicious of us, for both the man and woman talked excitedly for some time, and before we could scarcely realize what had transpired, he paid her, tipped his hat to us, and was gone. We did not know what to think, but we knew she was paid, and we had no opportunity to thank him for so kindly treating us.

While we were eating our oranges in the summer house, some of the party went to get lunch in the near-by hotel, but what a laughing time we had afterward! The menu cards were all in French, so that they did not know what to order. Finally they decided to let the waiter bring everything, and then they ate what they could.



ST. PIERRE BEFORE THE ERUPTION



At 1 P. M. we were off in an Overland for a sixty-mile ride around and near to the volcano. It was a wonderful ride; the tropical foliage covering the sides of the mountains, ferns, gorgeous trees—all a mass of indescribable green. The road was like a double "S," winding in and out and around, until two of our passengers were so much frightened, and one we thought would faint. They wanted the machine to return to the city, as our chaffeur was French, and we were absolutely helpless. Finally, with signs, Brother Finch made him to understand that we wanted him to go slower. The depths, hundreds of feet below, as we looked over the edge of the road down sheer precipices, were frightful to look at, and going at the speed we were, it was no wonder some felt more or less nervous. For miles we would not see a single house; then suddenly we would come into a little village with bamboo houses and thatched roofs, banana groves, fig trees, and heavily loaded orange trees.

We have here the continual showers like they had at Guadalupe, and they keep the mountain slopes always fresh and green. I wish I could describe to you the views as we rounded the mountains. All along up this mountain road there were little shrines, some as small as bird houses. These were built in the earth. Then there were small images of Christ, and images of Christ on the cross. How our hearts went out to the people, as we thought of them bowing down to these images and worshiping, not our Christ, but the god they had heard of. How we longed to get them the message of real salvation, and we do believe that God is going to give us the opportunity, and not in the far future, either. We want to stir up the REVIVALIST Family so that they will take the burden of these islands on their hearts and help us to evangelize them "in this generation."

After an hour's upward climbing, we went down the other side of the mountain till we reached St. Pierre. The ruins of St. Pierre have been only partially rebuilt. This city was called "The Second Paris," and was one of the most wicked cities on earth. At the time of the awful disaster there were thousands of barrels of molasses there, and this molasses was to have been used in making whisky. There was a terrible combustion. The fire broke out, and everything alive for miles and miles around was killed. Even vessels at sea were utterly destroyed. We got out of the machine for a few moments and picked a stone from the ruins of the old church, gathered some ferns from the lava and ashes, as we want these for the cabinet at home. How dreadful it seemed to stand there and realize that so short a time ago 35,000 people had been buried alive. Right in a side street, near where we pulled a fern, water gushed out of the earth, making one wonder if it is safe to stay where such pressures struggle beneath. Five thousand feet above our head the great crater lies open, while steam constantly rises from the top and oozes at the sides. From what we saw and heard while there, the moral condition of the people is the same as before the eruption. This proves judgment does not change morals. It takes the **BLOOD OF JESUS**—nothing less. Do pray with us for workers and funds to evangelize these fields before thousands more are hurled into eternity without having had the light. The natives are clearing away the ashes, putting roofs on the old walls and re-populating the city rapidly. Four years ago about five hundred people lived here, while we now found the main street cleared of ashes the whole length, and a growing population of over two thousand people. Here, again, we could not make the people understand us, but finally found a man who could speak a little English. He would not take our American money, but gave us some card views of the

city before the catastrophe and afterward. When the volcano erupted, this man was away from St. Pierre, and his whole family were buried under the lava and ashes. He now has another home, and the little tots tried to talk to us, but we could not understand one word they said. However, everywhere we find there is one language understood, and that language is known the world over—a friendly smile. Then, too, little children are the same. Give them a penny, and their eyes dance and smile back at you.

The return trip was, indeed, delightful, and was specially enlivened by two or three hard showers of rain, and one of oranges. Making a short turn in the road, we saw two or three natives standing in front of a house, holding large stems of oranges, and just as the machine got up to them, they threw them to us.

When about three miles from the steamer, out in the suburbs of the city, going at full speed, we suddenly heard a harsh, grating sound and, looking back, saw one of our tires bounding in the air. How thankful we were this did not occur in the mountains! Only the work of a few minutes, and the tire was repaired, and we were on board in time for dinner at 6 o'clock.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BEAUTIFUL BARBADOS

ST. LUCIA, *Friday, February 15*

We arrived at St. Lucia at 2 P. M. This is by far the most beautiful yet of all the harbors, totally different from any of the others in appearance. As you enter, the land on both sides nearly comes together. This land slopes upward, forming hills and mountains on both sides, and they are cultivated and strikingly beautiful. The Government House, fort, signal station, lighthouse, soldiers' barracks, and large homes give the slopes a very prosperous appearance, while the view is superb. St. Lucia is famous for its picturesque appearance, entering from the sea, but thousands upon thousands of precious black people here need God. This is the last island at which we stop before reaching Barbados. It is a coaling station for all the vessels going to and fro. Even the African steamers stop here for coal. This is one of the islands where Brother Finch is so eager to open a Full Salvation Mission, and we are asking God for the workers and the money. This, too, is a Naval base for the British, and the island is strongly fortified. What a privilege it would be to preach to the Canadian soldiers here, as well as to the natives! Shall we do it? Is there not some member of the REVIVALIST Family who wants to open a Mission in St. Lucia? Is there not some other member of the REVIVALIST Family who wants to regularly support a worker here? Shall we do it?

We were told to get our packing all ready, that by morning we may not be able to pack—counting on a rough sea tonight. What a delight the past week has been—free from seasickness and heart weakness!

We went out for a walk at 4 P. M., through the streets of the town. As we wanted to get some little items, we visited one of the drygoods stores, and after a lengthy discussion, they finally produced what we could use. They told us the price in English money. Then we asked, "What is it in American money?" "Twenty-two cents, ma'am." This time we happened to have some English money. Then they figured again, and said it was thirty-two cents a yard. We did not know which was the right price, so we paid what they asked. Before leaving our ship we had to get a permit to land, and they told us not to go beyond the city limits. Walking on to what we supposed were the gardens, we were suddenly stopped by an officer, who asked to see our permits, and told us we were going beyond the city limits. Retracing our steps, we met our first funeral cortege, and stopped to watch it pass. They told us that people here, if they die in the morning, are buried the same afternoon, because of the heat. The hearse was such a crude affair, with a black box on top of it, while the sides looked like the oven doors of a gasoline stove, only larger. The casket seemed to be made of pine wood, painted a peculiar yellow. The poor little wreathes resting on the casket and on the outsides of the hearse looked like our little blue and white wild flowers at home—oh, so pitifully poor! The mourners—about twenty-five of them—walked. Suddenly the procession stopped; the church bell was ringing, and the priests, with three black and white-robed chanters, carrying candles in long, white glass candlesticks, came out to meet the procession, and together they went into the church. How we wanted to attend the

service, but it was time to return to the ship and we had to forbear. Sad! sad! Without God—what desolation! Oh, the need of the Gospel! Oh, the need of these benighted ones!

Baby Bessie Standley is two years old today. We took her photo down to the breakfast table, and celebrated her birthday that much anyway. How we should like to toss her up into the air just once!

### SATURDAY, *February 16*

It is 4 A. M. We awakened at 3. To our surprise, we are finding that nearly all the passengers are troubled the same way—sleepless. We are not averaging five hours a night, while this past one has been, indeed, a wild one—high winds, great billows, rolling and tossing ship, but, thank God! it is growing quieter now, and no one is sick. We spent the evening on deck, and “Moonlight on the Water” describes it more beautifully than we can put in words. The soft, shimmering rays athwart the waters, the peculiar brilliancy of the stars, the splashing of the waves, give a charm that we are loath to leave. Surely, here “the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.” Hallelujah!

### BARBADOS, *Saturday, A. M.*

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

“For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

“They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.

"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. (How true.)

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. (He did.)

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

We feel like saying with David this morning, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Here we are at Barbados, safe, well and happy. We are all packed up and our baggage on deck, ready and watching for the first glimpse from the shore. We are expecting Brothers Slater and Beirnes to come out to meet us. The harbor master, police and pilot are all on board, our passports have been examined, and we have the permission to land. About 7:45 the two brethren came in sight, and what a glad waving of handkerchiefs! How graciously they welcomed us as Bible School "Mother." They tell us it is almost too good to be true, to see us here, and they can scarcely believe their eyes. God gave us favor with the Customs officers. What a comfort! Brother Slater has his Ford at the pier, and we are soon off through the city of Bridgetown for Brother Beirnes' home. Sister Beirnes is not looking at all well. We scarcely recognized her. How much they need a change, and they want to return to the homeland with us. They have been out here now five years, and in this continuous hot climate, five years is a long time. Sister Beirnes gave us such a nice dinner; it made us feel like home. Then we took a run in the machine, out to see Sister Slater and the children. The Slates had to leave Demarara, South America, as both were failing physically. Demarara is malarial, and it means much for an American

missionary to live there, but they are much better now, and slowly gaining. They have a house by the sea. The water laps their back steps when the tide is in, and all bathe twice a day and are feeling the effects of the salt water. Even the baby girl, only nine months old, likes the surf.

Before telling you of the city, the work, etc., we want to tell you of some of the people we met on board the steamer. There was one old couple between seventy-five and eighty, but so delightful, happy and young in spirit that we all loved them. They were called "Grandpa and Grandma" by all our party. They impressed us so much that we asked for a photo, that we might keep it. They are going to send us one when they were children, and then a new one in their old age. They live near Boston, and expect to return soon. Both are Christians. Then, too, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggins was on board, but her identity was not known until within three days of land. She wanted seclusion and quiet. She is the author of twenty books, among them a number for children: "Mother Carey's Chickens," "Rebecca, of Sunny Brook Farm," "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and others. While sitting alone enjoying the moonlight, last night, she sought an interview with us, and we want to share it with you. A great lover of children, she had studied and watched the little Finch family for the two weeks on board, and wanted to express her respect and love for them. She said their lives spoke louder than sermons, and her secretary told us later that she had remarked after meeting Mrs. Finch, "There is a 'Mother Cary.'" We want to drop this bunch of sweet violets at Brother and Sister Finch's breakfast table weeks after we are gone. She wanted their address, and expects to send each of the children a book. She told us of her early struggles, of her first article, its welcome, the check that followed, and



ROYAL PALMS—BARBADOS



of her later life. How grateful we were for this visit from such a busy and gifted woman.

Barbados has a population of 200,000 in an area of 162 square miles—more people to the square mile than in any other country except China. The harbor is beautiful. The Trade Winds blow continually, and thus render the island more healthy and generally cooler than the others. Bridgetown is the port, and the island is called, "Little England." There is only the Roman Catholic Church here, and it is an ideal place to do missionary work.

### BARBADOS, *Monday, February 18*

Are we really here? We have to stop and meditate to realize it. Although it is like our hottest summer weather in Cincinnati, yet we are not minding the heat much, and enjoying our visit thoroughly. Sabbath dawned bright and clear. Had a most precious prayermeeting Saturday night. After praising God for our safe voyage, the work was all spread out before Him, and He so united and blessed us that we feel sure we are meeting His approval. The one concern of the missionaries was that the people should see Jesus only, not get their eyes on the missionaries.

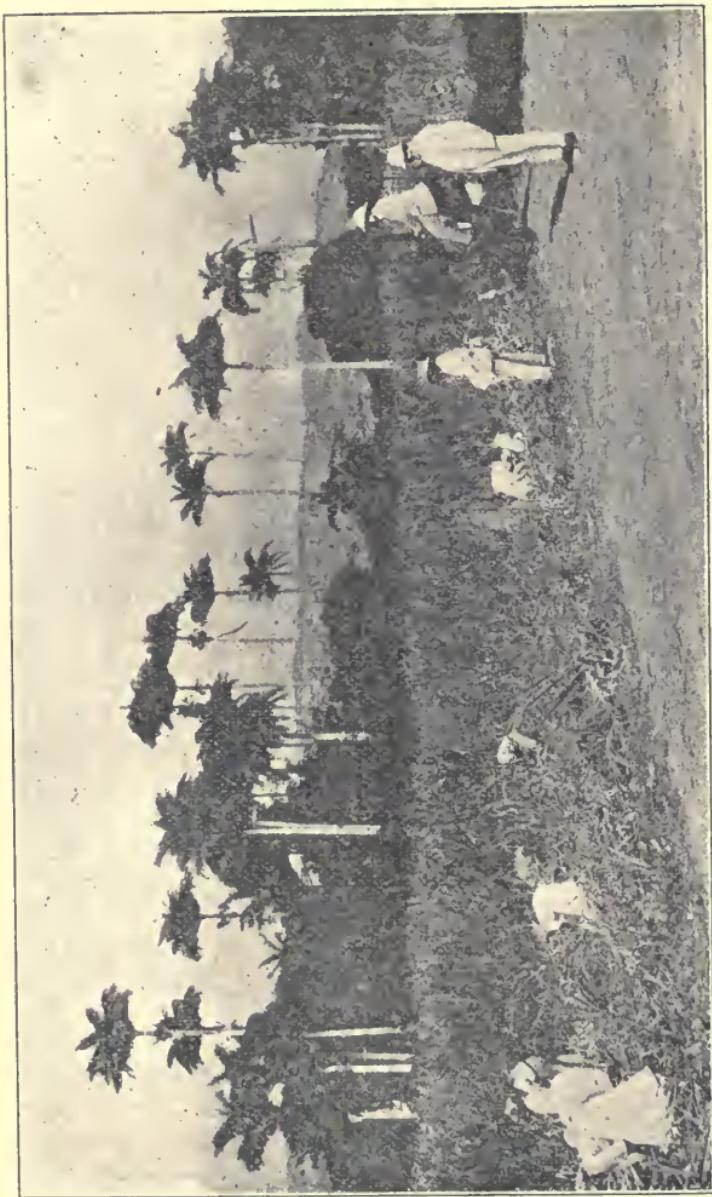
About a ten-minute walk from the home brought us to the new Tabernacle—the Tabernacle about which you have read, prayed for, and helped to build. We are delighted with the building. It is splendidly built, showing care and planning; has a seating capacity of about 425, with a side and front entrance, and windows on each side. The seats are comfortable, and the building is lighted by electricity. Situated as it is in the crowded section of the city, it is destined to prove indeed a lighthouse whose rays shall reach many darkened hearts. After a most splendid song service, led by Brother Slater and his cornet, Brother Finch brought a precious message

on "Worship." This was blessed to all, and at the altar call five came seeking Jesus, and they gave clear testimony that He met them.

In the evening about three hundred gathered for the welcome service. There was a sprinkling of white people, but the large majority of the congregation were natives. They had expected us, and made preparation for our coming January on the *Parima*, and had not received the cable sent of our coming now; and so, being in some uncertainty before they really saw us, it was too late to advertize the meeting, and many were disappointed, but those present gave us a most cordial welcome. How they did shout, sing, amen, rejoice, wave their handkerchiefs! While the welcome to the new missionaries and myself was, indeed, all that could be expected, yet we were so pleased and interested to witness the welcome to Brother Finch, their old tried friend and missionary. After Brother Finch's message, Brother Slater exhorted, and there was a precious altar service, with backsliders returning to God. Thus we feel our first Sabbath in Barbados was owned of Him. It is good to be here.

Brother Finch has planned to visit all the country stations this week, giving one night service to each place. Thus our days and evenings are crowded full.

Just before dinner two native sisters came in from the country, bringing their pastor, Brother Beirnes, a bag of potatoes and other vegetables, saying, "God's children must be fed." Knowing that such a crowd were here, they were moved to help. God bless them for it! After supper, with Brothers Finch, Beirnes and Slater, we were off to the first meeting at the country station. This is called "Social Hall," and is five miles out from the city; a most beautiful ride in the moonlight, through fields of sugar cane, on past little villages and country homes.



HARVESTING THE SUGARCANE



What an investment and blessing the Ford car is to this work! Surely God's people will never know what it has meant to the missionaries and also the natives, as many of these out stations would be difficult of access were it not for the car. As we passed through the villages, Brother Slater would call out in a loud, stentorian voice, "Come to the meeting down at Social Hall!" and then, as we alighted from the car, he gave a bugle call with the cornet (church bell). The church was soon packed, people coming from village and hillsides.

As we were passing along the road, we continually heard people say, "Goodnight." It amused us, and we finally inquired why they did this, when it was only 7 o'clock in the evening, and found this is the usual salutation. They say "Goodnight" as we say "Goodday."

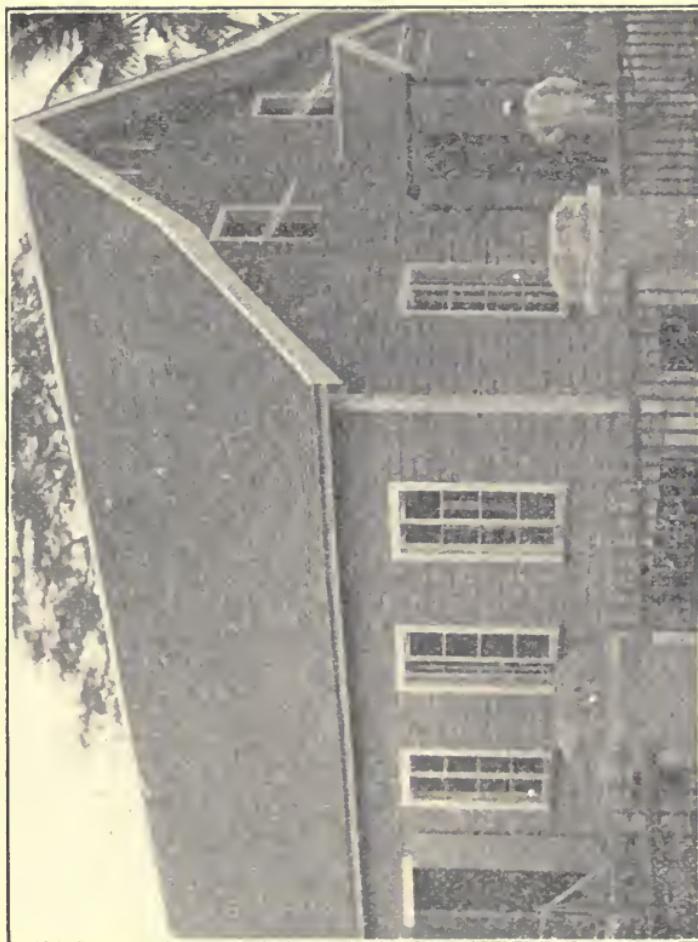
### BARBADOS, *Monday, February 18*

How shall we ever describe this first service at the out stations! At 7:30 the hall was well filled, and the service opened with a most spirited song service. How those dear black people can sing! They simply made the hall ring. There are blessed saints here, and they sang in the spirit, clapping their hands, and thus keeping time with the music. As they sang one of their own songs, "The Reapers," we laughed aloud with joy, and we can understand how some of the students at the School feel when they give one of their unutterable and uncontrollable shouts. We felt exactly the same way. "Songs of Mounting Up, No. 2," is the new song book, and that night it was introduced. The congregation soon mastered "Come and Dine," and how they sang it! After being led in prayer by one of the members—a prayer that will linger with us for days to come, a prayer full of pathos, gratitude and simplicity, thanking God for "bringing the Fathers to us" (the missionaries)—by request, Brother

Slater and the writer sang, "The Bridal Procession," and how intently the audience listened—they wanted to catch every word—and then they joined in the chorus with a will.

It was only a short time after the song service began when the hall was packed, with people standing outside at the windows and crowding the door. We all spoke in this service, and then Brother Finch gave a burning message on "How Shall We Escape?" His soul was burdened, and he poured it out as if he might never again have an opportunity to preach to this people. Three came to the altar, and after prayer, testified to being definitely blessed of God. This is a class of forty-eight members just recently organized, and God is in their midst. There is a benediction on our hearts as we remember them and our service there. Amid "God bless yous" and tender messages of welcome and of goodby, we were off again for the home. As we were returning, Brother Slater suggested that we go home with him. As their house is close to the sea, thus we had a splendid night's rest, lulled to sleep by the dashing breakers. This is their winter down here, and the cold weather of the North has made some change in the climate, for they tell us they have never before used covering at night. However, the change from the heat of the day is delightful, and we can appreciate it fully. One thing surprised us much at Barbados, and that was, not to find swarms of flies, as the homes have no screens, and everything is wide open. There are not many mosquitoes yet, either, but the friends tell us to wait, we will find mosquitoes in both South America and Trinidad.

We have had our first taste of sugarcane—the cane the children talked so much about on the trip down. This cane is in the form of long sticks that remind us of cornstalks in Ohio, and the people chew it, and it satisfies the desire for candy. Rich and poor use these pieces of sugarcane, as a



NEW CHURCH AT BARBADOS—REV. GEO. BIERNES



stalk is sold for a penny. We were told that poor women will go a whole day on the strength that they gain from two or three of these stalks.

Although a stranger in a strange land, we feel perfectly at home, and adjusted to everything. All the missionaries are taking interest in the Diary Letters.

Last night we had our second out-station meeting at a place called "Workman." This station is farther away than the service last night, but the roads are good, and with the Ford car it was not difficult of access. As Workman is located high on the hills, the view was simply wonderful. We have three painted announcements tacked on the car, one on each side, and one on the back, and these announcements read: "Holiness Convention in White Park Road, February 24—March 10. American Missionaries to assist." These announcements are read by hundreds, attention is created everywhere the car passes. This is a week of prayer at the main church in Barbados, and these out stations not only are places where God is lifted up and souls find Him, but are a means of advertizing the Convention at the main station. On the way out to Workman we met wagon after wagon loaded with cane and grass, the workers sitting on the cane, going home from a day of labor, and what a picturesque sight it was! "Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening." (Ps. 104:23.)

The Christians at Workman have a rented hall, paying \$1.44 a month for its use. After the cornet call, the congregation soon gathered. The place was packed, and as many more were standing on the outside. This was an entirely different meeting from the one on Monday night, but was mightily owned of God. "Mounting Up, No. 2" was again introduced as a new book, and after the song service, Scripture and prayer, Brothers Slater and Finch sang a duet, "The Old

Rugged Cross." This hymn was evidently new to the people, but by the time the brethren had sung the chorus several times, the congregation seemed to know it as well. These natives learn the hymns so quickly it almost makes one feel ashamed of an American audience. Each worker again took part in the service, Brothers Finch and Slater exhorting. Then eighteen dear people gathered around the altar and table. It was such a beautiful sight! After earnest prayer and seeking, Brother Finch asked them to state briefly what they had received, and we hastily penned a few sentences: "I wanted healing in my body, and I have it." "I praise God for answered prayer. Have been longing for a meeting like this." "He has reclaimed me." "Prayed four weeks to be sanctified, and He has done it." "Praise God that the very root of sin has been taken out." "I have asked Him to sanctify me wholly, and I believe He has done it." "Praise Him for a new touch on my soul. The old wine has been kept to the last, and I have received it, I have received Him." These people are hungry for an old-fashioned revival, and we believe that it began last night. We were touched by the appreciation of the coming missionaries.

At the close of the service, we were just ready to start for home, when two of the black sisters present brought us a bouquet of beautiful roses, and then a bunch of variegated leaves. It was the best they had, and we appreciated the offering.

All along the streets in the town, as we were returning, we saw women sitting in front of little trays, each one lighted by a candle. They hoped to have a belated customer. Nearly all of these trays contained candy, sugarcane, oranges and bananas.

There are no snakes on the islands, but there are lizards, and they are just as common as our spiders at home.

One thing of which I never tire here is the hucksters. When we speak of a huckster we naturally think of a well filled wagon going from house to house, the housewife choosing what she desires, vegetables or fruit, and paying for same; but here it is not so, the hucksters are women, and instead of wagons these women have trays on their heads, and these contain different things—lettuce, or sugarcane, fish, fowls, or bananas, or cocoa, peas, beans, pumpkins, and so on. All day long they go from house to house, and at night sit on the streets until quite late. The bread is delivered by a cart, a small, covered vehicle. The loaves are small, and sell for a penny. Everyone, rich and poor, wants a loaf, and they eat it with a cup of coffee or cocoa for the morning meal. A cook here is paid \$3.00 a month, and this is considered good wages. Hundreds of natives work all day in the fields for 12 cents, but now is the harvest time, and they get 16 cents and all the sugarcane they desire to eat. There is nothing that has so touched my heart as to see these black sisters carrying such loads, carrying their trays of vegetables and fruits, but when you think of these women carrying stones and helping to load the ships with coal, it almost seems too much. The wages paid are so small that a man cannot earn enough to support a family, and so many women support themselves by thus working. The people are very poor. Fuel is expensive, and wood is sold by the pound, or 100 pounds for 72 cents.

We have had our first ride on a Barbadian streetcar,—a small car holding about twenty-five people, and drawn by mules. You can go one mile for one cent. They do not have long runs, and the mules rest quite frequently. As the Government controls the car service, the mules are well cared for. They have here a splendid watering system for the whole island. It has cost the Government a million dollars, so their

watering places for horses and mules are ever so often. All the farm work is done by hoes and forks. There is scarcely a plow on the island, and a man or woman hoes or digs 200 hills, for the planting of sugarcane, for 12 cents. When a plow is used there are from six to twelve oxen.

### THURSDAY, *February 21*

Last evening I was too weary to go to the service, but was almost sorry, as the other missionaries reported such a good time. They had an open air service with a congregation of 150. But after a good night's rest, we are ready for tonight's meeting. We are having some real missionary experiences here. We thought that possibly we were becoming acclimated, and for this reason slept but little, but one of the missionaries told us they had not been rested in four years, and another said he had not slept well for one year. The continuous heat, with no changing, saps the energy and strength, and for this reason it is more than necessary that the missionaries have a change of climate—are allowed to go back home at least every five years. We have been two days and nights now with Brother and Sister Slater, and how kind they have been, giving us their room that we might have the sea air and hear the wash of the great waves. The sea bathing is a perfect delight, and we have afforded David and Flora Bell much amusement. The Slater children have grown so fast, and are so sturdy and well.

The mahogany tree is native here, and whole groves have been pointed out to us. All the furniture is made of mahogany, and some of the pieces are very fine. This mahogany is not sent away, but used largely on the island. There are shops all over the city that make furniture, but it is all made by hand, as there are no factories as at home.

Night comes suddenly. We do not have the twilight as we do in the North. About 6 P. M., we suddenly realize that night is on hand, and daylight comes just as suddenly about 6 A. M. We Americans miss the early morning and the long evenings. The birds flit in and out of the house all day long, and this is constantly to me a source of great pleasure, and yet, at the same time, amazement. They seem to have no fear whatever of the occupants of the home, but the house is native to them as well as the air.

In company with Brother and Sister Beirnes, Brother Slater and Brother Schoombie, we left home about 3 P. M., and had a most delightful ride across the island, fourteen miles. We had to cross the hills, and what a view! The valley spread out before us, the waving grain fields, the marvelous greens! Our Father has a beautiful world; and if it is so beautiful now, when marred by sin, what shall it be when redeemed back to God! Our trip was to Crane's Hotel, a summer resort on the seaside. There are people here from all over the world. Right on the edge of the sea are great overhanging rocks, and Sister Beirnes and myself walked out on the ledge and sat down in a sheltered place, with the sea roaring about us, to write a letter. Later, Brothers Beirnes and Slater had a great swim in the heavy breakers, but we contented ourselves by sitting in the sand and watching the wonderful blue sea, of which we never tire. The words of the hymn,

“Numberless as the sands on the seashore,  
Numberless as the sands on the shore,  
O what a sight 'twill be, when the ransomed host we see,  
Numberless as the sands on the seashore.”

rang in our hearts, and we praise God for the prospect.

## CHAPTER IX

### VICTORY AT THE OUT STATIONS

THURSDAY, *February 21*

While on this trip we went to Sam Lord's castle, the home of a pirate who had this castle built for himself nearly a hundred years ago. The story is told of him that he placed lights upon the bamboo trees, and captains of vessels, supposing the lights to be those of a lighthouse, came in to shore and were wrecked. He would take his aids, plunder the ships, dispose of or leave the people to look out for themselves, or be washed into the sea, as the case might be. The house itself must have cost an enormous sum, built of solid mahogany, with massive doors marvelously carved. Everything was wonderful! The house is unoccupied, only as tourists rent it for a month or so at the time, paying forty dollars a month. I am afraid, however, that we could never be able to sleep in such a place, as we could always hear in imagination, the cries of distress of those wrecked through his deception. We were shown the rafters in the cellar that were taken from some of the stranded vessels. We have been in homes that seemed saturated with prayer, and there was a fragrance and sweetness in the very atmosphere; but this house had, to us, an odor of the Pit. We could almost feel the tortures and heartaches that must have gone on in the years of the past, and we were glad to get away from it. Oh, what a heritage the saint or sinner leaves behind! May God help everyone who reads these lines to shine for Him.

These stops were on our way to "Rices," the fourth out-station from Barbados. Here we met a good congregation—not as large as the other points, but it is harvest time, and the people worked late, in the sugar mills and the fields. After the songs and messages one dear soul came to the altar for a clean heart, and she really found Jesus in His fullness. She had taken the REVIVALIST and God has made the "Silent Preacher" a great blessing to her. How wonderful it is to meet, in such isolated places, those who are taking the paper! Often it is their only preacher; and while God has marvelously blessed it in the past, we feel He will bless it even more in the days to come.

Although Rices is fourteen miles from Barbados, many here are planning to spend the Sabbath at the head church, and some expect to be there during the Convention. Brother Blackman, the native preacher who has charge of this and another out-station, is a godly man. Oh, what a joy to look into these black faces, to tell them of Jesus—the Jesus who hears and answers prayers, the Jesus who can wash the black heart white, and make and keep us conquerors. This service, we feel, will count for God, and while we do not expect to look into many of the faces again this side of the pearly gates, yet we feel we shall meet some of them at that day. We reach home about 10 o'clock. They tell us here that to lie with the moon shining in your face will give you a cold, and that no one ever thinks of staying out too long in the moonlight. It is new to us, but the promise is, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

#### FRIDAY, February 22

Washington's birthday. If we were at home at the Bible School, the children would be telling us of this day, and calling our attention to Washington, the father of his country,

but we feel like we are living in another world, we are so isolated. Although we left New York only three weeks ago tomorrow, yet we scarcely know what is going on, as the information here, with the ships coming so far apart, is meager, but we can trust God and know that everything is going well. He gives us that assurance in our hearts. Some way we can understand the joy of the missionaries when the home letters come, as we never understood it before.

The Lord answered prayer and gave me the best night's rest I have had in four weeks, and today I feel something like myself. Thank God! "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God. Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Brother and Sister Beirnes have gone to get their pictures taken for their passports.

This morning we visited the kitchen. We were desirous to see the stove and manner of cooking. The kitchen floor is made of brick—the way most of the kitchens are floored on this island. They use utensils made of clay, too. The "stove" here is a small clay pot, not larger than our iron kettle at home. There is a place for the charcoal, and underneath the ashes fall through. They place the cooking utensils on the stove, and can only cook one thing at a time. The charcoal and wood both are very expensive. Charcoal now is \$2.00 a bag, while they previously paid only 72 cents for one. Brother Beirnes has made a makeshift oven, taking a box, lining it with zinc, and placing two sets of rods through the center. The charcoal fire is placed in a vessel inside of the box, and then everything is baked on the rods. The native people, as you can imagine, do very little cooking, as they cannot afford to buy the charcoal.

SATURDAY, *February 23*

Yesterday at 4 P. M., in company with the other missionaries, we started for Martin's Bay, the fifth country out-station, fourteen miles across the island, in another direction from the point where we have been holding meetings, through great sugar plantations, with the most wonderful views of tropical scenery. I wish it were possible to describe this to you, but I have no language in which to make it known. I can only tell you that it is wonderful—beautiful beyond words. On our way out we stopped at the St. John's Church, the Anglican or Church of England. Its quaintness, age, surroundings, moss-covered tombs, reminded us of the descriptions of those we have read of in Old England. How interesting it all was! On the handsome mahogany pulpit were beautifully carved these words: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." We all registered in the Visitors' Register, then passed into the old cemetery. This cemetery contains the tombs of several families only, and these families were each buried in a single tomb. They have shelves inside of the tomb—mausoleum, as we would call it here, and the dead are placed on these shelves. Some of these tombs are 200 hundred years old. The church and cemetery are about 800 feet above the sea, with one of the most entrancing views we have ever beheld. We were all enthusiasm, and Brother Finch suggested, "Get out the Diary Letter and write now;" but we felt rather inclined to sit and study the scene, for we could never do it justice with pen or pencil. Palm trees a hundred feet high, the great, rolling, restless sea in the distance breaking over the rocks with the roar and rumble of a hundred trains, the green valleys dotted with little homes here and there, formed a panorama that shall never be forgotten. It was like visiting fairy land, as we children used to call it. We were blessed through and through, just sitting there and

looking—looking! We have never seen anything that brought such intense restfulness, such quietness and pleasure. The majesty, the beauty, the indescribability of it all, makes us feel wholly unequal to even try to tell you of it. We only wish it were possible for every REVIVALIST reader to make the trip. The whole place seemed to sing to us of God, and we could not wonder that the stars sang together at Creation's dawn. Some way our hearts felt an appreciation of that scene that we never knew before. Surely, "God is the King of all the earth. Sing praises unto our King, sing praises!"

We were only on this height about twenty minutes, when we began the descent into the valley, a deep, steep grade. As we entered the home of the school teacher, a refined, Christian native young woman, Miss Elliott, who, with her sister, lives in a cottage half a mile from the sea, we really felt that we were in one of His homes. They had not expected us to arrive so soon, but quickly got us a lunch of raisin bread, cocoa and bananas. Cocoa is the drink of the whole island. Miss Elliott had taken GOD'S REVIVALIST, although she is not, at this time a subscriber, but she felt acquainted with us, and expects to take the paper again. From the veranda which surrounds the cottage, there in the moonlight, we watched the great breakers, and listened to the lashings of the sea. They tell us that this village is the home of Brother Goddard, who was a student in the Bible School for three years, and who is still in America. We regretted not seeing his aged mother. She was not able to come to the service, and we did not feel equal to climbing the hills to her home.

After a short rest here—a steep hill, and then the little Mission. The place was packed, with about 150 standing on the outside. Brother Slater's cornet again called the congregation together. The Spirit of the Lord was wonderfully present, and gave much liberty. The missionaries were at

their best. What a rejoicing time! These black saints get blessed, and sing heartily, and are always ready for our solo, or duet, or trio, or quartet—"The Bridal Procession." Some of the saints were so happy over being in the "bridal procession" that they shouted and jumped for joy. Several times we were not able to sing for the rejoicing. We have been surprised at one thing in the island—there is not as much demonstration as one might expect to see, and as much as we find among the colored people at home, but Brother Slater told us that the people here are not given to demonstration. They enjoy the presence of the Lord, but they show it in a different way. However, tonight was an exception. Each took part in the service and God wonderfully blessed. Brother Finch is expecting to hold revival services in this place later. The field is ripe. That night's service made us know the opening is at hand. In about an hour we reach home.

Not accustomed to hearing our, "How do you do?" the people are quite surprised, but on the other hand, it seems impossible for us to get accustomed to saying "Goodnight." It is very hot in the daytime, but the nights are cool. After busily writing for three hours yesterday, we went for a little walk, wearing a hat, but using no umbrella. However, we had not walked more than ten minutes when we began to get such a peculiar headache, burning in the face, and we knew at once we had been out too long in the sun. Calling mightily upon God, and promising if He would take it away, we would be more careful, He answered prayer. It seems so easy to forget that we are not at home, and we have to say over and over, "Lord, help us," and mean by that, to help us to get accustomed to the difference between this climate and ours, the difference between these surroundings and ours at home. The natives are used to the sun, but even they wear a covering.

An American, however, is very easily overcome, and the stroke is even worse than the regular sunstroke.

This is Saturday night, and Brother Biernes accompanies us to Roebuck Street, just a square away. The streets are filled with people going to and fro. There are no sidewalks, and we all walk in the streets. The little stores are crowded with people buying something for the Sabbath. As we entered one, they were weighing a penny's worth of wood, cut up like kindling. In another store they were selling corn meal, in another bottled molasses, and so on. All the stores are small. Everywhere on the road were women with their trays, the small lamps flickering in the moonlight. Here is a large tray filled with cookies, buns, etc., one penny apiece, home-made candy, etc., everything exposed to dust and germs. Another woman had a pan of sausages on a charcoal stove at her feet. She was cooking them. If these dear people cannot have meat through the week, they feel they must have a little bit for Sunday. As we entered one shop, there was a rooster on one shelf and a chicken on another. The man explained that so many of the chickens had been stolen, that he is keeping the rest inside until they have eaten them. We bought some bananas in order to make an excuse for our call. We did so enjoy having this trip, as we would call it, through the market. Everywhere Brother Biernes invited the people to attend the services on the morrow.

MONDAY, *February 25*

“Showers of blessings,  
Showers of blessings we need;  
“Mercy drops round us are falling,  
But for the showers we plead.”

It was a glorious Sabbath—a full day, a wonderful time of the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. The week of prayer

has counted for God. The first service began at 11 o'clock, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was very marked. We felt and realized that He had come to bless His people. As we sat looking over that audience, Brother Finch asked, "Does this look like Missions pay?" "A hundred times! A hundred times!" we answered, and we felt from that one week passed visiting the out-stations and this one service, we had witnessed enough to know that every cent-put into Missions pays,—yes, pays a hundredfold, not only in this life, but think of the reaping and the reward over there! All through the audience we were able to pick out folks from the country stations, and how good it was to see them! Among these people from the out-stations were the local preachers. They came to have their hearts blessed, and were not disappointed.

Brother Finch brought the message, "We see Jesus," and God marvelously used that message to awaken hearts. Some eighteen or twenty answered to the altar call, and with strong cryings and tears, sought God, and found Him to their heart's satisfaction. One dear soul told us that amidst many trials she had not been patient and sweet as she should have been, but now God had cleansed her heart, and He was going to hold her. There was such a look of rest, such a look of calmness in her face that we felt that indeed and in truth, the great God in Heaven had Himself stooped and spoken to her heart. There is only one thing we can liken it to: on a small scale, it was a service of the REVIVALIST Camp over again. Our souls were watered and refreshed.

At 4 P. M., we had another meeting of the Brotherhood—some kind of an organization among men—but today they have invited all the women. By special invitation, Brother Schoombie was asked to preach, Brother Slater to sing a solo, and, with the writer, a duet. Brother Slater sang, "He Lifted

Me," Brother Schoombie brought the message, "One Thing Needful," then Brother Slater and myself sang, "The Open Fountain." As we studied the audience, in many faces we saw the light of God, and what an encouragement and inspiration. As he gave the message we felt that we could leave the results with Him. The chairman, on behalf of the Brotherhood, gave the writer a large bouquet of beautiful tropical flowers. We appreciated the thoughtfulness, and the opportunity of speaking of Jesus to an organization that is not Christian. We felt it was, indeed, a privilege to bring the message to those whom we could not otherwise reach.

After lunch, we go to evening service at the church. By 7 P. M. there was a great audience, and after a blessed song service, Brother Slater brought the message of the hour. What a burning hot exhortation: "Fight ye not against the God of your fathers: for ye shall not prosper!" He was burdened, and God used and blessed that message. The altar was filled, and He answered to hearts. One dear soul felt she must ask forgiveness of another who had grievously wronged her, and it seemed more than she could possibly do; but she promised God if He would only answer to her heart, she would ask that forgiveness today. We feel she will obey Him, and we know He will bless her in the doing. Oh, how much it means for a soul to obey! The revival is on. We feel and recognize it. The workers are so burdened, and much prayer is going up. The precious people are hungry, and word comes from other points for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as well as the home church. One of the native preachers just wrote Brother Biernes:

"This is to let you know that since I heard from you, the Lord has answered in giving a revival. Not only in the city of Port of Spain, but right here in Chaguanas, we have received a landslide from the Glory world, and souls are no

more coming by the ones, but by threes and fours and fives. Bless God, the interest is deepening! We never had such crowds in the street meetings or indoors as we are having now. A revival is on. Roman Catholics are coming home to God. They are breaking away from idols to serve the true and living God. The Roman Catechist says we are drawing away many of their members; but it is the faithful Holy Spirit through the truth of God. May the Lord bring Brother Finch quickly! A church building is needed so badly here to house those whom God is saving."

Praise God for such a report! We believe the money will soon be on hand for that church building, and we expect to visit this place and will report to you later.

There is one strikingly noticeable thing about the people here: they bring their Bibles to church, and when the lesson is read, the congregation follow the reader. How glad we were to meet Brother Thornton's mother. This is Brother Thornton's second year in the Bible School at Cincinnati, and the mother was so eager to have a report from him. We could only tell her—good, and she was pleased.

On Saturday we read our first Diary Letter printed in the December 31st issue of the REVIVALIST. We have written so much since that letter that we had almost forgotten what was written. How interested the missionaries were to see it, and how blessed we are in writing! We want every REVIVALIST subscriber to consider these Diary Letters as personal ones.

The photograph of the new church was taken today, and we are sending it to you. Look at it carefully, for this is a most blessed place, a place where Jesus is preached in all His fullness. This church is a monument to answered prayer. Brother Beirnes was so pressed in spirit over the need of a building for the people, that he prayed day and night. God

gave him the vision, the plan and the promise. By faith he began the building. Then God put the burden on the home folks. Brother Finch took it up, the Cincinnati Camp helped, and from the time the burden came, it was less than six months before the building was dedicated, although it is not all paid for yet. The people hope to finish doing this by paying twenty dollars per month. The cornerstone has inscribed on it: "Dedicated August 7, 1917, unto Him who hath called us unto holiness." Since we have been here, heard of its long-felt need, and realized how helpless the missionaries were without it, we are grateful beyond words that the building is, indeed, a reality; and we feel each one who gave and helped to make it possible would agree with us, could they be in the services, could they understand and feel the mighty presence of God. Thank God for the building in Barbados!

As there is no meeting tonight, we are all going to Brother Slater's this afternoon, and expect to have a plunge in the sea. It is the first time the little Finch folks have had an opportunity of going. They are, indeed, happy. Baby Dorothy Slater—not yet nine months—was dipped in the water, and enjoyed it, seemingly, as much as the rest of us. She splashed and laughed and shouted her delight in every way. We found Sister Slater ill; another attack of malarial fever and weak heart. Before leaving, we laid hands on her and prayed, and the blessed Jesus drew near, as we asked Him to heal the worn body. He consciously blessed her, and she testified to it, and felt better immediately. He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

As we were in the sitting room last evening a beggar woman knocked at the door, and Brother Beirnes asked her to come in, that we might see her. On her head was a large bundle, dressed in rags; poor, emaciated, hollow-eyed—such a creature as you seldom see. She had with her a little boy

who was in even worse condition than herself. What a touching story she told us! She comes regularly to the missionaries, and they always help her. She knows on whom she can depend, and does not hesitate to ask for help. One merchant here helps between fifty and sixty of the poor every Saturday. The maimed, the lame, the halt and the blind come to him.

#### TUESDAY, February 26

While all the rest were at the main church Sunday night, Brother and Sister Finch held a service at "Carrington Village," one of the near appointments. He reports great freedom in preaching, a packed house, and six souls at the altar who touched God.

Last night Brother Schoombie brought the message, "It is time to seek the Lord." His three points were: The Uncertainty of Time, the Brevity of Time, and the Duration of Eternity. He was burdened, and God heard, and the altar was again lined with seekers. There was rejoicing in Heaven over some coming home.

Brother Finch relieved Brother Biernes as pastor, and has installed Brother Slater. Brother Biernes will go to South America and Trinidad with us. Have all booked to sail March 6, on the only steamer going for some time; had to take this or go on a schooner, and we do not want more than is necessary of those.

#### TUESDAY, February 26

Constance, the girl who has done our laundry, brought it back and with it some pretty red seeds and some other black ones, in long-stemmed pods to take home. Another gave us a calabash, and a woman in the neighborhood sent a dish of tamarinds, the fruit like a date, but more tart. So kind of them. We also had some fruit called "sour sop."

We have had three good night's sleep, but last night very little. When we cannot sleep, we pray. We had a wonderful time. The Lord took an old text which never seemed to have any special meaning before, and made it Life to us, and there seemed to be a sermon, altar service and love feast altogether. We will never get over that night.

“Some through the water, some through the flood,  
Some through the fire, but all through the Blood,  
Some through great sorrow, but still with a song,  
In the night seasons, and all the day long.”

3

Someone truly says, “Unless each soul ran through life's various discords and melodies, it would not, alas, know the perfect symphony.”

“God has His best things for the few  
Who dare to stand the test;  
God has His second choice for those  
Who will not have the best.”

6

We choose the best.

“My God, I want but Thee,  
Thy life increase within me, until all but Thine shall cease;  
And yet—a deeper state I crave,  
No more to see myself, however greatly blessed or filled,  
But only Thee.”

*WEDNESDAY, February 27*

We had a quiet, restful night. It grows warmer every day. It had been announced that there would be a three-days' service this week—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Some feared the people would not come, but there were fifty present yesterday, and they all walked. One told us she had come one mile, others two, and two and a half, another ten. Think of it! In the hottest part of the day. Brothers Biernes, Schoombie, and the writer each spoke, and one young man was sanctified. The church is a ten minutes' walk from the

home. We had a precious visit with one who shared the walk back. There are many truly sanctified people here. A splendid audience came Monday night, but a much larger one last night. It was like a Sunday night crowd. The people are hungry, and fill the church early. How they sing, "Come and dine." They do not need any help. We can sit and enjoy it. With Brother Slater we sang, "Yielded Life," to their evident enjoyment.

Two other notable things have impressed us, outside of the Bibles. No one enters the church and takes his seat without kneeling, and they always fill up the front row seats and leave the rear ones for late comers. How we wish their example could be followed at home. Brother Finch brings the message on, "The baptism with the Holy Ghost," elucidating and emphasizing it with Scripture after Scripture. He is free. The people are convicted, but it was a hard pull. After holding on, however, ten came to the altar, and what joy to see them pray through.

Brother Slater moves in from the house beside the sea, four miles away, to this home, as he is pastor, and needs to be near, while Brother and Sister Biernes go to the sea again to gain some strength before they return home. The homes are furnished, so all they have to do is to have trunks moved with personal belongings. We have been at Brother Biernes' and were shown much kindness. Sister Biernes has gathered up a number of curios for us to take home, and will get more. We feel indebted to her.

We are now with Brother and Sister Finch, and will remain with them the rest of our stay. They are comfortably situated in a five-room house, on a hill, in a suburban part of the city. It is better for the children.

Another good morning audience. The presence of the Holy Spirit is marked, and interest deepening. Brother Slater

remarks in the opening that he feels "God has the meeting in charge, and there is no strain." There was a good testimony service, almost everyone testifying briefly, then Brother Finch gave a Bible talk on sanctification, making it so plain that six or seven came to the altar for their inheritance.

The days are gliding by, full of blessing. We cannot get accustomed to not seeing a mail man come in once a day. Four weeks tomorrow, and we have not seen him once. The missionaries tell us they now sometimes wait weeks and weeks. "In patience possess ye your souls." There is a boat coming from New York next week, and we are all looking eagerly for it.

Bridgetown is a city of 50,000, but is so far behind the times, and so scattered it does not seem larger than 20,000. It boasts of one train, and that looks like a child's plaything. It runs only twenty-one miles. There are two or three stores that makes us feel like we are at home. It is a curious, interesting, old English town. To our knowledge, there is only one American man here outside of the missionaries, and when one meets one, there is a fellow sympathy; so when Brother Finch and the brethren called on the American Ambassador, placing ourselves under his protection, there was genuine pleasure on both sides. He was pleased to see them. Our passports have been signed by the Governor of the islands, and we are at liberty to go to South America.

We did not go to the meeting last night, but learned that they had a most remarkable meeting, most powerful of all. While the congregation sang, "Let all the people praise Thee," the power fell on the audience, and glory filled the place. Brother Schoombie brought the message, "What will you do with Jesus, who is called the Christ?"

FRIDAY, *March 1*

A beautiful summer day! A heavy rain has cooled the atmosphere.

Brother Finch had the service yesterday morning, and his message was on Christian Perfection. He is full of this subject, and is giving the people his best. They had a good altar service again. About 4 P. M. there was a heavy shower, and they did not expect so many out, as the people largely go barefoot, and are afraid of a disease, as the result of cold; but there was only a slight change in the attendance, and people in from the country appointments, too. Brother Slater has the opening service, and asks for promises, and almost two-thirds of the audience give a verse of Scripture, promise, testimony, or exhortation. They were asked to give a promise, but seemed to give the expression of their heart. It was profitable and enjoyable. They are well versed in Scripture, and use it freely in testimony and prayer, making them rich, for there is nothing so encouraging and uplifting as God's Word. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." "Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."

The presence of the Holy Spirit is more marked than in any of the previous meetings, until one is constrained to say, "This is a great Convention." Brother Finch brings the message on the Second Coming, using the last verse in the 6th chapter of First Thessalonians: The Model Church, the Model Servant, the Model Brother, the Model Walk, then the Day of Jehovah. We have never heard Brother Finch more free and full of power as He gives this truth, nor do we know anything that seems to bring more conviction on hearts. The altar was well filled. We were attracted to a young girl who was weeping and praying. Upon inquiry we found she was so afraid she would be left behind, and wanted

God to forgive her sins. After a long time of confessing and praying, she was enabled to believe He did it. It was a comfort to see the look of peace there. Others were blessed, too. We were also encouraged to hear that one of the lawyers at the "Brotherhood," on last Sabbath afternoon, was greatly convicted under the truth presented, and stated he was going to "save his soul." Pray for him.

SATURDAY, *March 2*

No meeting this morning, so for fear it may be our last opportunity, we go down to the city and spend two hours looking around. We wanted to find plenty of cards descriptive of the various scenes we have looked upon, to bring to you and others. We find two dozen. We were compelled to search several stores for these. We stepped into a curio shop and this is filled with all sorts of curios, from an alligator, crocodile, turtle, bamboo tree, shells of all descriptions, to the smallest article. A heavy shower came up and we had to wait. Here was a store called "Self Help," on the order of the Woman's Exchange at home, run by white people. Dozens of English ladies were there while we waited. They get fresh vegetables, jellies, fresh country butter, etc., outside of the general kind. The only kind of jelly here is guava, and sells for twenty cents a pint jar. It is very fine. We get a small hand basket made of cabbage palm. It is brown and white, of tough material, and will wear for years. A young boy enters, and asks us to buy limes. We shake our head. He insists, and before we know it, he puts eight in our basket, looks so appealingly at us, and we get out our purse and pay him. The women enter with all kinds of trays on their heads, trying to sell. They fill the streets with their wares, and beg for a buyer. We find the post office, send a parcel, and get some stamps.

Right here is what is called "The Green," corresponding to our "Fountain Square"—a central meeting place for all the street cars. When the city clock strikes ten, twelve, or three, as the case may be, the cars all start at once. We greatly enjoyed our two hours in this quaint old city, having time to watch and study the sights.

Brother Biernes was the speaker last night, the first time he has spoken in this convention, and the first time we have heard him. After Brother Slater sings, "The Great Judgment Morning," he speaks on "The Judgment," a strong, Scriptural sermon. It had been "ironing day" among the people, and there was a small audience. Everyone seems to be worn out, and the service closes early. This morning before 8 o'clock, Brother Slater takes us to a sugar estate called "Canewood." This, with another, is owned by Brother Dear. He took us to his second, and had the windmill put in operation so we could see the process of grinding the cane. The wings of the windmill are thirty-six feet long, and there are four of them. What a sight it was. They can only be operated while the wind is blowing, and when it does not they have to wait; but that is not often. There are three great rollers, one ton weight each, and the cane is fed between them, which crushes out the juice. We helped to feed it. The juice is carried through pipes into tanks, where it is strained and cooked into syrup. They gave us all we could drink of the cane juice. Most of this work, from the planting to this final process, is done by women. They carry the cane in bundles, weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, to the feeding place. Brother Slater attempted to place one bundle in our arms, and we dropped it at once. They make 1,800 gallons of syrup a day. This making of syrup is from February to June, and is the happiest time of the year for the natives. They can have all the juice they want to drink, and all the cane to

chew. We taste and see the syrup after it has gone through every process and is ready for market. It has a fine flavor, and we do not wonder that the people like it. Brother Dear gives all his help two pints every week to carry home. The syrup sells for forty cents per gallon, and is largely shipped to Canada, etc. Brother Dear has been a great blessing to the missionaries. God bless him!

This is Saturday night. On the way from New York, Esther and Catherine told us so much of the "Saba" girls, and tonight they came to see them. These girls are in service. They walked four miles to and from, and brought two baskets filled with presents: one dozen eggs, cabbage, two cucumbers, one jar of "guava" jelly, fifteen bananas, two grapefruit, two dozen cookies, five oranges, three tomatoes, a plate of cooked fish, and a vegetable like squash. The children are delighted, and they are equally pleased to see them happy. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits." Two of the girls are from the island of Saba.

## SATURDAY, *March 2*

"Grandpa and Grandma" have not gone back to Boston— are going on the first steamer. They have been to see us, and today had a large auto, and with two other passengers of the *Guiana*, invited Catherine and Esther for a ride around the island. They had a most delightful day. They have been to the Convention both Sabbath mornings. They are not free to ride the street cars on the Sabbath, so Brother Slater brought them each time in his Ford. "Grandpa" gave him five dollars for gasoline. They, with their daughter, have entertained Billy Sunday in Boston. They are sincere Christians, and greatly enjoy the service, and gain blessing and inspiration. They are so beautiful and kind in spirit that we all love them.

We have had our first taste of "curry," of which we have heard so much from India missionaries. It is used here as well as in all hot countries. We rather like it. It is a hot powder put in gravy, and used over meat, fish, etc. We are told it fits this climate. Eddoes is new, too, a vegetable like carrots, only white.

### SUNDAY, March 3

This is a beautiful Sabbath day, cool and pleasant. We understood there would be little if ever any change in temperature, and we are so pleased when it is cooler. Brother Schoombie has secured license to run a Ford, and comes for the family at ten. Only a few minutes ride, and we are at the church. Praise Service was announced to be at ten, and a large company assembled. "Enter into his gates with thanksgivings, and his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him, and bless his name." "Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." We had thought to take down some of these rich testimonies, but we became so absorbed enjoying them we could not. It was one of the sweetest services we were ever in, like one of the testimony meetings in the last service of the Camp. Surely those sweet notes of praise were like incense; and the black faces of the speakers just shone. About every third person started his testimony with a verse of song, and all joined.

"The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,  
I love the sound of Jesus' name,  
It sets my spirit all afame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

An old gray-haired lady from "Social Hall" started to sing,  
"From city and from country we have gathered to this place,  
To magnify Thy goodness, power, love, and boundless grace,  
And tarry in the sunshine of the presence of Thy face,  
To Thee be all the praise!"

She had the freedom of a bird in midair, and blessed us. Before it was over they danced before the Lord for very joy, and then gave a glad wave offering. It was a blessed occasion. With Brother Slater, we sang, "In the secret of His presence," after which he brought the message from Psa. 84:1.1, "The Lord God is a sun and shield," a strong, helpful sermon, full of encouragement for the saint and conviction to those not sanctified. He was blessed in the delivery, but was hampered for lack of time. Many came to the altar. The evening service was divided, Brother Finch preaching on the New Birth, at the main church, and Brother Schoombie at "Carrington Village." This is a splendid building, and we own it.

In our two weeks' stay we have seen more than one hundred and fifty bow at the altar as seekers. God has been honored and His name glorified. How the people do thank Him for this new church home, this "refuge," as they express it. Many have felt like sheep without a shepherd, and the long-felt need can hardly be estimated by us at home. The work is more established, and they feel it has come to stay. We hear expressions of satisfaction on every side.

#### MONDAY, *March 4*

This is our birthday. How old? Just guess. We are telling no one, keeping it a surprise, letting the Diary Letter tell them weeks after we are gone.

We just cannot tell it. The tears fill our eyes as we think of the love of these missionaries, and what they want to do, if able. We can almost hear some of them say, "Now, Sister Knapp, why didn't you let us know?" However, there are birthday presents, for instead of receiving we are giving, and you know "it is (always) more blessed to give than to receive." Knowing that the two families have not eaten but-

ter for nine months, or a year, we are sending the Beirnes and Slater families a pound, also a pound of American cheese, which is such a treat, and also a can of condensed milk. We are so happy in doing this. We remember the Finch family with a small treat, but knowing we all came so recently from the States, we do not need the extras as the rest of them. We did use to like "surprises," but have not practiced one in years, and this is a real enjoyment. This sweet Scripture comes for us, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." This is enough for a birthday.

"He will silently plan for thee  
Some wonderful surprise of love;  
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,  
But is kept for thee above."

#### TUESDAY, *March 5*

Yesterday P. M the missionaries all met for counsel and prayer, talking over plans, providing for the needs and development of the work. There was a blessed spirit of fellowship and harmony. All seemed to see eye to eye, and we are believing God to wonderfully lead in the future of the work, and all are encouraged.

Sister Slater has had another relapse, and unless God heals, it will be imperative for her to return home soon. The doctor has told them she cannot live in a tropical climate. They had hoped to remain one more year, while Brother Beirnes is away, but may be compelled to go. Pray for them.

Last evening the meeting took on a new form. Had what we often have at the School—a platform meeting. We were anxious to hear some of the native workers speak, and this meeting was arranged, and more than met our expectations.

There were five on the platform—three women and two men. We took our place in the large audience assembled. We studied the faces before us, and knew what they were before they uttered a word. Four of them, at least, revealed character and strength. The first, the Bible Woman employed by the Church, spoke. Each one was allotted ten minutes. Her subject was, "A Broken and a Contrite Heart." The sinner must have it to get saved, the believer must have it to be kept, the backslider must have it to come home. She addresses all three classes, urging them to God. The second talked to sinners. "In due time, Christ died for the ungodly." The subject of the third was, "When I see the Blood." It was a clear, sweet message on obedience and living under the blood, where only there is safety. The fourth spoke on the subject, "Behold the Lamb of God," taking us from the birth of Jesus to His suffering and death, urging all to come to Him. The last one took for a text, "Be filled with the Spirit," urging the necessity of keeping filled, so that when the missionaries left, the revival fire would never go out. He did give truth. Speaking of the Convention and the blessing it has been, he said, "It seems as if God had something from eternity, and threw it over into our laps." We felt we would like to have transported them to the Cincinnati Campmeeting platform, and have had you to enjoy it. They were equal to many of our best students in quoting Scripture, earnestness, zeal, command of language and burden for souls. Here is the church, the result of missionary effort, training her workers and fitting them for places of responsibility and usefulness. These were only a few—there are many more. We commend them to your earnest prayer. We are edified and blessed.

WEDNESDAY, March 6

The *Parima* arrived early this A. M. We have been so eager to hear from home that when we heard the vessel was to be here today, we could hardly wait for the mail to come. It amounted to almost hunger for food. Brothers Finch, Schoombie and Slater went down to see about our passage, and to bring home the mail. What do you think? There was not a line, not even a REVIVALIST for any of us! Why, we looked for half a mail sack, and held out our hands for our big share. "No mail?" "Not a bit." It took us sometime to catch our breath. Some of them were prepared, and laughed heartily at us, and Brother Slater said he was "tickled" over it, so we could get a good taste of what the missionaries go through. What is the trouble? They tell us the vessel loaded with one hundred sacks of mail preceded the *Parima*, and has not come in yet, but may arrive any day. You see we go on today, and the length of our stay in South America and Trinidad is so uncertain, that it will not be safe to forward mail, and it may be another month before we get word from home. Can you not imagine how we would like to call up on a long distance, and get a message through? "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

## CHAPTER X

### THE NEGLECTED CONTINENT—SOUTH AMERICA

WEDNESDAY, *March 6; on Board Parima*

We understood the *Parima* would go in dry dock for repairs in New York longer than this, but here she is. In the awful storm in which she was, all her lifeboats were swept away. Of course they are now replaced. We are supposed to get to Georgetown, S. A., by Friday morning, leaving here at ten tonight. There has been a heavy gale all night and today, and suppose there is a rough sea. We have been told over and over that we will be seasick, but we are looking to the Lord, wading through everything by prayer alone. What a refuge is He! “I will cry unto God Most High, unto God who performeth *all things* for me.”

“Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life’s tempestuous sea.  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal,  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, Savior, Pilot me.”

“As a mother stills her child  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous winds obey Thy will  
When Thou sayest to them, ‘Be still.’  
Wond’rous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, Pilot me.”

We bid the Finch family goodby; they shower us with kisses and love. We stop to see Sister Slater, who is some better, with whom we have prayer, and are off for the dock. A

small boat takes us, trunks and baggage. We pass a submarine chaser in harbor. The *Parima* is much smaller than the *Guiana*, but our staterooms are larger, and conveniences are better.

### THURSDAY, *March 7*

Had a very rough night. Our stateroom is an inside one and we have not had enough air, and that, with the tossing of the vessel, has left us miserable. When we attempted to rise, the beads of perspiration filled our eyes and we fell back, limp and exhausted, though we had not the seasickness as before. The stewardess hurried us on deck, where we remained all day, the only woman passenger until late in the evening. Almost everyone is sick. Only three or four appeared all day, and it is such a quiet time. We were prompted not to eat and so have not seen inside the dining room; only taken a little orange juice and taste of cracker or toast.

Now, Diary, what do you think has happened? Brother Schoombie is seasick, the first time in eight years of travel. He is so surprised, he hardly knows what to think. He teased us all so much that it seemed he needed a taste. Don't you think so? We really would not wish a dog to have more than that.

### FRIDAY, *March 8*

We land today. Oh, how glad we will be. One reason why it is so rough, the vessel is so lightened of its cargo by the time it reaches Barbados, that it hasn't enough to hold it down. Brother Finch is still very sick, the worst he has ever been. The rest are better.

1 P. M. We are nearing Georgetown. We are in the Demarara River, and it is as muddy as the Ohio. The pilot

came on board an hour ago. How good it is to see land. The stewardess tells us there was snow and ice in New York when they left, the coal situation not much improved, gas and oil supplies short, but that factories and stores are running on Mondays. It was good to hear this much about our native land.

We are almost in. We feel something like the song writer,

“Then sing, O sailor, sing,  
Let joy each heart elate;  
The light has come, we are almost home,  
We've sighted the Golden Gate.”

Brother Beirnes spies several of the church people on the pier, and soon they are on board to welcome the newcomers. We get through the Customs without trouble. We are kindly cared for at the home of Brother and Sister Craig, while others are lodged at one home, and take their meals out. We have a large, airy room, a good bed covered with mosquito net. We are hardly accustomed to not seeing screens at the doors and windows, but as everywhere, we are at home. The birds, flies and mosquitoes fly in and out at will. This is the rainy season, and it has poured for three days, and is damp and chilly. This is the place for malaria fever, therefore we are taking extreme precaution.

SATURDAY, *March 9*

We did not go to the first service, but retired early, and had a good, long sleep, and feel better, although weak. From our window we can see the tall cocoanut trees loaded with he fruit. Georgetown is a city of 60,000, is more modern and up-to-date than Bridgetown; wide streets, large hotels, beautiful two and three story houses. The streets are drained by canals running through the street centers, spanned by bridges at the cross streets. Everywhere are tropical plants, some of beautiful color and form. There are no plastered

houses, but all are built like summer homes. South America is a great country, over seven million square miles. The United States could be placed in Brazil alone. This is almost as much a cosmopolitan city as New York; almost every nation represented here, but the Chinese, Portuguese, East Indians, and blacks are in the majority. Brother and Sister Craig are Scotch.

We saw a very interesting class of little black girls this morning. The "American lady" was quite a curiosity. We were mutually interested.

It has poured for hours, and they have had a full week of it. More than twenty-five inches in three days.

Our passports were taken from us yesterday, and today we had to report at the Police Inspector's office, where we were examined, and they were returned.

We all went to market. This is a great steel building, put up by Americans. When we think of market, we associate fruits, vegetables, meats, etc.; but here you can buy everything, from household furniture, clothing, jewelry, drugs, to all the fruits and vegetables growing. What a strange, motley crowd! There were stands and tables, etc., but much was right in the floor, with the people squatting beside them, nearly a block filled with Chinese, blacks, East Indians, Portuguese, offerings their wares for sale. It was a great sight!

An East Indian woman, if married, wears a jewel in her nose. We saw many others with their toes covered with silver. They carry it there instead of in the banks. Others have their arms and limbs covered with bracelets, ringlets, etc. Sometimes they are murdered to get their money. We saw some of the prettiest little girls; many of them are married at the age of five and eight years.

We called at the Salvation Army headquarters, and the Superintendent showed us the native shelter-house for men,

an open place with long, bare tables the length of a cot. Here they sleep for one penny a night, with no covering. They have a restaurant for natives, also one for white people. An old man eighty years of age was sitting on a bench eating his rice with his fingers. There are beggars everywhere, and if one should respond to all the appeals, he would need a bank account.

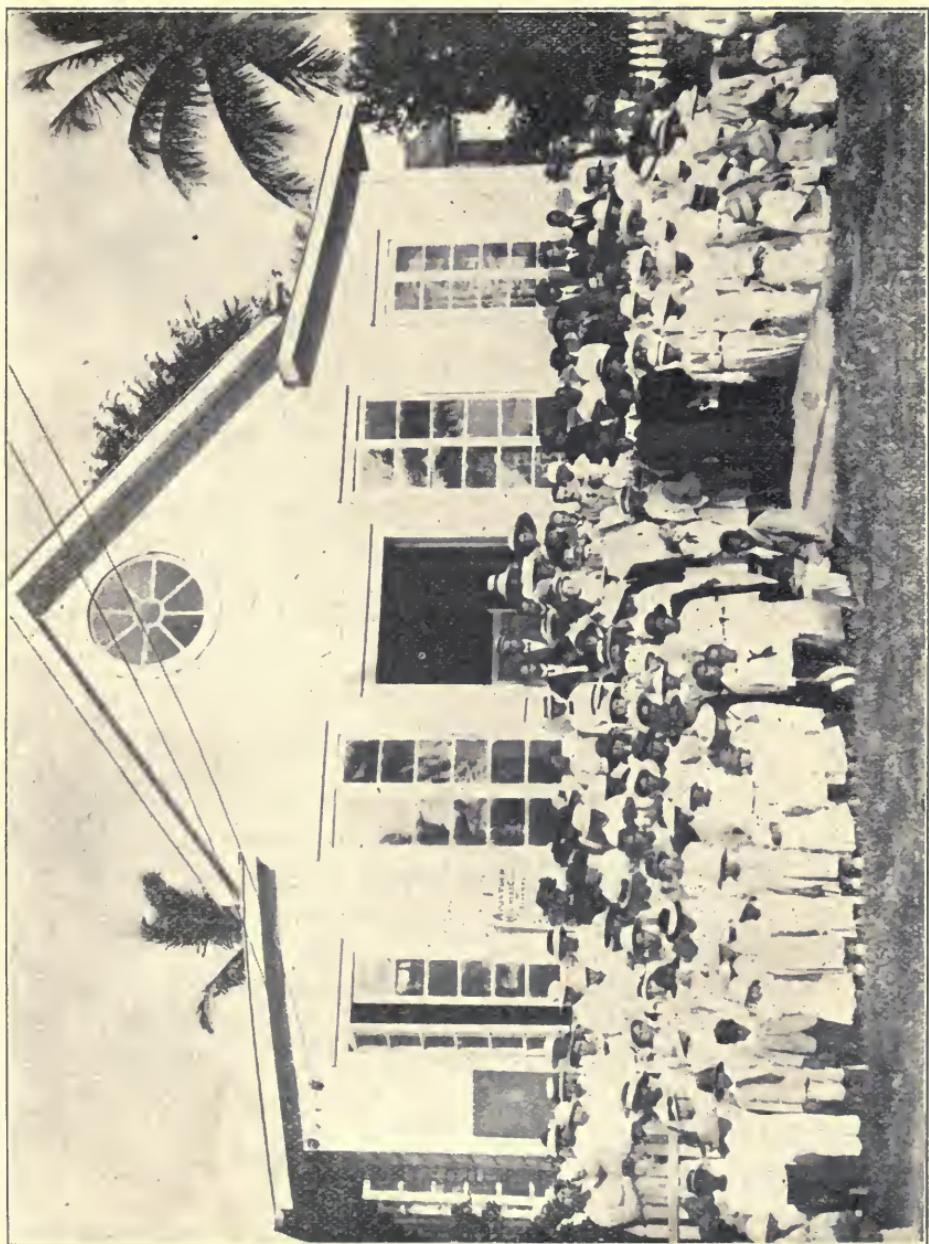
Coffee and rice are grown here. The best coffee is 20 cents a pound. Rice meal is now compulsory in some parts, mixed with the wheat flour. We have eaten our first rice bread. It is good. We have enjoyed some of the fruits, the mango especially, more tart and juicy than the banana. There are several varieties of bananas—apple, fig, and red, and one or two other kinds. These are very delicious, as well as the apples, of which there are also several varieties.

The southern part of British Guiana is three degrees from the Equator. There is no difference between the temperature here and Barbados, although 400 miles south.

#### MONDAY, *March 11*

Yesterday was a beautiful Sabbath. The rain is over. We had one week of incessant down pour, which is very unusual, they tell us. The canals are full, and everything is beautiful and green.

The morning service is at 11 o'clock. It will be held in the church a few squares away. This is also the fruit of Brother Birnes' labor, and after an absence of eighteen months, he is gladly welcomed back for this brief time. The church is another fine building, somewhat smaller than the one at Barbados. He was instrumental in putting this building up at the cost of \$1,700. It is over two years old, and all paid for. The homeland friends helped, but the people here



CHURCH IN GEORGETOWN, S. AMERICA



finished, and have also helped at Barbados and other out appointments.

Brother Slater followed Brother Beirnes, but has had to leave the flock alone for the last two months. He had also built up the work until now it is next to the strongest if not the strongest in all the work. Brother Slater is greatly beloved, and his work abides.

Brother Finch places Brother Schoombie as pastor, whom he follows with his introductory sermon, preaching from the most fitting subject, "Look Unto Jesus." It was a precious occasion, and at the close the people gathered around to greet the pastor and missionaries. We have one hundred and twenty members.

We did not attend the evening service, but learn that Brother Beirnes preached a powerful sermon to a full house. Some good sister sent us two eggs as a gift, and this morning a young girl came with a bunch of beautiful lilies. We recognize these touches of love.

The *Witness* and *Pentecostal Herald* came this morning to Brother Craig. It is good to see these old U. S. friends.

TUESDAY, *March 12*

Brother Finch is unable to secure a permit to preach. Everyone outside of a British subject must have a permit to do either religious or educational work in this colony. The permit must come from the Imperial Government in London, and will take some time. Both Brothers Schoombie and Beirnes, being British subjects, can preach, and have it all to do now. Brother Finch can only sing, testify and pray. He will apply for a permit through the Government at Barbados, when he returns home. This is a recent law.

We have our own church building, and are thankful that we have been treated so courteously. Brother Schoombie is

the only white missionary in this colony who is preaching full salvation, that we know of. He has a wide field of usefulness. The church observes a day of fasting and prayer once a month. Yesterday was one of those days. The building was opened at 5 o'clock, and the people came and went all day, as they had time; there were seekers, and many were blessed throughout the day.

In the afternoon we were taken a ride to the Botanical Gardens, a most beautiful park, far superior to any yet seen. It is laid out and kept in perfect order. We then went on to the sea wall. This wall is built for miles along the coast, just like the dykes in Holland, to keep the sea out. This is made and kept up at the expense of millions of dollars. This country is six feet below sea level. Sometimes it breaks through and damages thousands of acres of land. Every evening people ride out on the street cars to get the sea air from the wall. There is no bathing beach here. Later Brother and Sister Craig took us for a car ride through avenues of palm trees, to the country, where we saw the sugar and rice estates, little Indian villages, with their low houses, with thatched and trash roofs. The managers of these estates hire the East Indians for a certain period of years, and they must abide by the contract. They build long sheds containing nine rooms and a family occupies one room. What a life! They have been brought over by the thousands from India (it is stopped now) supposing they will make money, but they are doomed to disappointment. There are 120,000 here, and no salvation work among them. Everywhere you turn, these Hindus are to be seen. They are treated as the offscouring of the earth. How my heart aches for these, my sisters, as I am told of some of their hardships and sufferings. Oh, that God would put His call on someone for these needy, neglected, forsaken East Indian people!

On Monday night a splendid audience greeted us at 7:15. By request, we sang "The Opened Fountain," Brother Knapp's experience in song. "He being dead yet speaketh," and there is a satisfaction in singing it for him.

We are feeling better than we have in two weeks, a precious touch from the Lord.

The mosquitoes are very friendly all day long, and we will soon be like a battle-scarred veteran, but as they cannot trouble us at night, we can bear with them, and it is not half so bad as we anticipated.

The houses all stand on posts, eight to twelve feet high, with no wall around to make a cellar. We can sit in the drawing room here, look down the street under several houses beyond us. This is because of the dampness. The cisterns are all above ground, with a faucet to draw the water filled from the eaves of the houses.

Brother and Sister Craig have a meeting every Sunday P. M., at the alms house, in the outskirts of the city. A few of us accompanied them there. It was one of the sights we can never forget. There are some really converted people among them, and they evidently look forward to this weekly meeting as a bright spot in their lives. Brother and Sister Craig led the meeting, and called on each one to speak in turn. Brother Finch spoke, and sang, "In the Rifted Rock." Later we follow with, "Companionship with Jesus," telling them how long He had been our companion, and because He is, we are kept from being lonely, although 2,000 miles from home. At the close of this interesting service, they sang the Doxology. Now, friends, we have heard it sung by hundreds of voices, led by trained choirs, but never did it sound so sweet as by that crowd of poor beings, under such environments, surrounded by foul disease and death, nothing in life to look forward to, only to end their lives there. "Praise Him all

creatures here below!" Are we doing it? Are we half thankful enough for Christian homes, training, and the land of privileges? God help us! We go through ward after ward in the hospitals, and here are some sights, some of which would take away the appetite, and others that would wring a heart of stone. They look pitifully and longingly at us, but little we can do. A screen was closed around the bed of a real old woman who was dying. She could not understand us, and we could only look down and smile kindly. How those eyes, almost closed to earth, looked into ours. An unspoken prayer was wafted to the Throne, and there is a sweet rest as we think of her. The sight of two idiots made us want to leave the room; two black boys, constantly moving, with not a ray of intelligence.

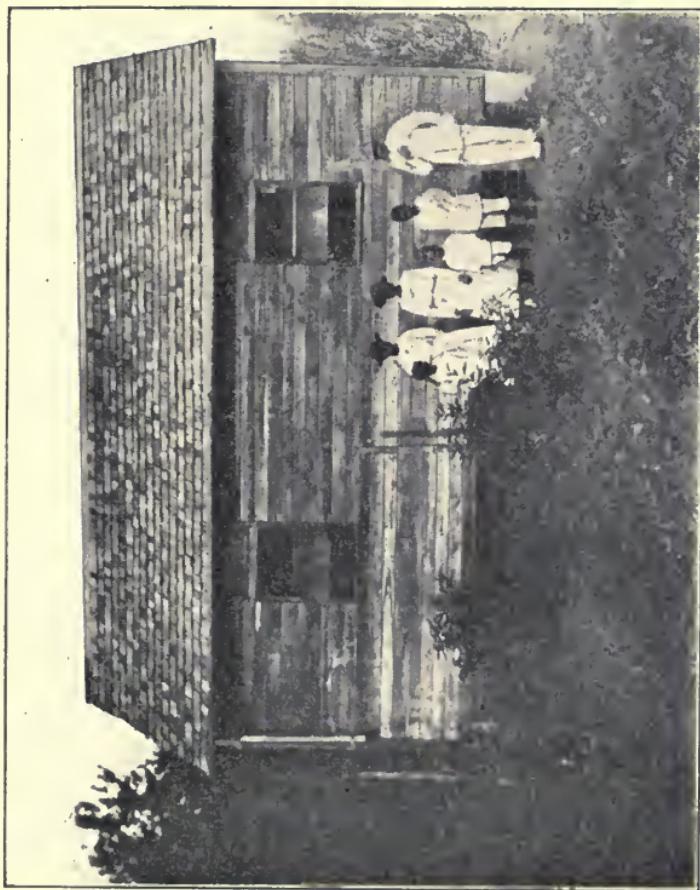
"Love has a hem of the garment  
Which touches the very dust;  
It can reach the stains of the streets and lanes,  
And because it can it must.  
It dares not rest on the mountains,  
It is bound to come to the vale,  
For it cannot find its fulness of mind  
Till it falls on the lives that fail."

They have here one of the finest Wireless Stations in the world. It reminds me of the "Wireless" to the skies.

"I have a Power House, up in the sky,  
Down come its currents to me from on high;  
Wires are running from it to my soul,  
Waves from its batteries over me roll.

"Are your wires all up to this house in the sky,  
Do the currents come down to your soul from on high?  
Oh, the peace and the joy that triumphantly roll  
As the Spirit descends, 'tis filling my soul!"

After attending to some errands, we went over to the British Museum, where we saw specimens of sea, animal and insect



NEW CHURCH AT UNITY, S. AMERICA



life, from the lion, boa-constrictor and jaguar, to the smallest insect named—all from this Colony alone. Here is the llama and other animals that we learned of in school. They feed the boa with rats, every four to six weeks. We had said we would like to see a great big snake, if it were running the other way, but after hearing some real stories, we have decided not to make the acquaintance of the reptile family. It would take one days to carefully inspect and enjoy these wonderful creations that God has made. How marvelously great is our world, when we can see so much in one Colony.

WEDNESDAY, *March 13*

At 8 A. M we took an auto ride eighty miles round trip up into the country, to see the three out-appointments, as we will be unable to meet these workers in their regular services. The first two are about fifteen miles out, and manned by a very godly native pastor, of whom we have heard much, and are not disappointed in him. To those in northern Michigan who are supporting him, we are more than pleased to tell them the money is well placed. He has a wife and five children, all living in two tiny rooms, the walls papered with *The War Cry*, *Pentecostal Herald*, *Witness*, etc. There were only the bare necessities, and many of them lacking. Our brother was a Government teacher, and has taught all his children. This is a very godly family. As we looked at this meagerly furnished home, we thought of our people at home who knew so little of sacrifice, that we feel like crying out, "Away with it, and begin again!" This place needs a new church, and as the Government has given the land and the material is on the ground, arrangements were made at once to have it put up. [Finished and dedicated since we returned home.] The little daughter brought a gift of

a few eggs to the car. They all want to remember the missionaries in some way. We passed the next church "Cottage" with a thatched roof, situated in a wild spot. They are all open like a campmeeting building. We could see the one swinging lamp in the center, the seats and small pulpit. Our native brother is doing a good work in these two appointments, and he has the confidence of the entire community.

On our way to the last, forty miles up, we stopped to see one of the members who is employed on a cocoanut estate of thousands of trees—a sight of one's lifetime! A man takes a long pole, brings down eight or nine cocoanuts, opens them, and we all enjoy a delicious drink of the water. At this stage they are called water-cocoanuts. This is considered the health drink of the colony. The nuts are soft. They must remain on the tree for a year or more before they are ready to be sent to us, as we buy them at home. On our return, these dear people have for us three dry cocoanuts ready for Parcel Post, a dozen eggs, and some cassava root. They also are so pleased to remember us.

The next church "Perth" is larger, but an open structure, with a long thatched roof. This building seats 200. It, with the one previously mentioned, was paid for by a sister in the United States, at a cost of \$50 each, but these temporary structures are giving way, and they need substantial ones in their stead. This will take \$250 for each. They have a Sunday-school of 100, and this is the hope of the work. Here in these two or three villages are 6,000 lost souls. Who is responsible for their salvation? How can people lay up treasure where moth and rust doth corrupt, and neglect these poor lost sheep? For the last few days we have so felt the pressure of heathenism around us, with these thousands having no preacher, that we feel nearly prostrated under the burden. It truly is a neglected continent. We do not wonder now



COTTAGE



that Brother Finch is continually asking for more men and money. He has never exaggerated; in fact, it can hardly be explained, the conditions are so dreadful. Someone remarked that we might become hardened, but how awful that would be. We want to keep a tender, open heart and conscience, and always feel the weight and need. However, only under circumstances like the one bringing us, would we care to remain forty-eight hours, unless we had such a clear, definite, ringing call to the work that nothing would ever shake us. It would take this to make one contented in such conditions that wear on life, heart, brain and nerve. We would not want to picture an easy life, but God has those who will bear the test. There is need of those who have a clear, definite experience of entire sanctification, and who have been tested, disciplined, and tried to the limit.

To return to the ride: We went through beautiful stretches of country, one or two landscape views that looked as if an artist had laid them out. Thousands of cattle and sheep grazing, but all in poor condition. There are canals everywhere, like roads, up and down a plantation, and they have barges to gather up the crops, instead of wagons. There is so much water everywhere that cattle were sometimes half submerged, and many of them are lost. There are so many fleas and insects that there is a cowbird which we saw drop down upon one of the cows to eat the insects. It is an odd sight. The cows seem to enjoy it like a horse does the curry-comb. There are alligators by the hundreds in these waters. People and cattle bathe in them. No wonder there is much fever. Large vultures fly in the air. No one will kill one of these birds. All along the country were miles of water lilies, the beautiful white and delicate pink. In every village there would be a white or colored flag raised up on a bean pole. These are placed to keep away the evil spirits. There were

great rice plantations that are largely under water, and large rice factories. We pass by miles of sea wall, in all stages and processes of construction. The sea has been making inroads, and the new wall is built farther back on the land. The spring tide was in (comes in every fifteen days), and there was great devastation for miles, like a flood along the Ohio, the sea being over in the country, with water on either side of the narrow road we were traveling. We were told to be back by 3 P. M., when the tide returned, for if we were caught in it, we would be held up three or four hours. We were back before two, and the tide was rushing in. It promised to be a thrilling experience to keep ahead, but, thank God! we went through the two miles or more in safety. When the tide is coming in, the rivers turn their course, and will carry a boat a hundred miles. We are between the Orinoco and Amazon rivers.

While on this trip, we stop at a Leper Asylum, with 400 inmates. It is so awful that our first sight of a half dozen boys gave us a violent headache. These were only ten or twelve years of age, but had faces like old men, swollen to twice their size, full of sores. They all hid their poor hands. As we were nearing one of the open kitchens, to our surprise, we heard several voices singing, "Let all the people praise Thee," and getting to where we could see the singers, we stopped to look and listen. They were women with bright, happy faces, singing and clapping their stubs of hands. How wonderful it sounded! "Let all the people praise Thee!" Are we doing it? How ashamed are we of our stinted praises. The shock of seeing these lepers in their loathesome condition was almost more than we could bear. Brother Beirnes and others have preached here. The superintendent, matron, and steward treated us kindly, and arranged for special services.



PERTH



Our workers are welcome to come here at any time. This is an open door to get these poor people ready for Heaven.

Last evening there was a platform meeting at the church, and four of the bright young people each gave a well prepared address. God has His hand on them, and they, no doubt, will be in service later on. Some of these want to come to the Bible School.

THURSDAY, *March 14*

Early this morning we visited the grave of the lamented and beloved Rev. C. O. Moulton, the superintendent of the Christian Mission, whose tragic and untimely death brought such sorrow to God's people and cause. At that time the work was sweeping the islands, and the Anglican and Catholic Churches were trembling with the strides of the holiness movement. Trouble crept in of such a nature that Brother Moulton died of a broken heart. One here, who was with him as he went Home, heard him utter, among his last if not the very last words, "Blessed are the undefiled." On the wooden board at the head we found these words: "In loving memory of Cyrus O. Moulton, born Yanken, W. Va., July 24, 1872. Died in Georgetown, Demarara, S. A., January 27, 1909, aged thirty-six years." (He was so young.) "Crucified with Christ." How true! The grave is in a dilapidated condition, and as a tribute to the memory of this good man, we personally are responsible for having a new railing placed around the grave, the headstone freshly painted, the lettering retouched, and a barrel of beautiful white shells placed upon the grave. This is a custom here. There is real joy and satisfaction in doing this for our brother whom we loved for his works' sake. We picked some flowers off the grave, and are sending them to Sister Moulton, who resides in the States. On one side it is surrounded by palm trees, and nearby rows

of tall Eucalyptus seem to stand guard. Quite close is the resting place of Brother John Corrigan, a former loved student, who assisted Brother Moulton. He joined the Church Triumphant from here. They await the Resurrection, "until the day break, and shadows flee away."

Our work is the outgrowth of his, and thousands will rise up and call him blessed. God loved him and took him "from the evil to come." There are twelve to fourteen funerals here every day. The death rate is tremendous, caused largely by fever.

## DO FOREIGN MISSIONS PAY?

MRS. D. C. EBY

*Ask of the dawn that is breaking  
O'er Eastern lands today;  
Ask of the souls that are waking  
From the power of Satan's sway;  
Ask of the long nights of sadness  
That now are passing away  
And changing to days of gladness—  
Do Foreign Missions pay?*

*Ask of the mountain tops shining,  
Where each blessed Gospel ray  
With soft, warm, rosy light glowing  
Gives promise of coming Day;  
Into the valleys 'tis gliding—this light—  
Down to the shadows gray;  
As it lifts the dark veil of night—  
Do Foreign Missions pay?*

*Ask of the transformation wrought  
In Mission Homes today  
On thousands of children, trained and taught  
To walk in the Gospel Way;  
Ask of the stream of fresh young lives  
That is pouring forth alway  
From the Mission Schools to the needy fields—  
Do Foreign Missions pay?*

*Ask one of the native converts,  
In foreign lands today,  
Whose dark eye glows with inward peace  
As he kneels to God to pray;  
Ask as he walks with the low Nazarene,  
Along the Calvary Way,  
His life current changed from the blackness of sin—  
Do Foreign Missions pay?*

—Selected.

## CHAPTER XI

### TRINIDAD

ON BOARD STEAMER CENTELLES, *Saturday, March 16*

On our way to Trinidad. All came to the conclusion that as we were not supposed to take any public part in the services at Georgetown, it was best to go on, as this vessel was to leave Thursday night, and there was no certainty of any other until the 27th. We have visited all the out-appointments, and understand the work. We saw both the Mission halls in which the work first begun—quite a contrast to the beautiful little church. How little we can understand or appreciate the pioneer work of Brothers Finch and Beirnes, who tramped the streets, hunting for a place among strangers, sleeping as best they could. Now here is a congregation of precious saints whom we have learned to love during our short stay among them. These dear people kept us all, with plenty of eggs, fruits, and flowers. They presented us with a tin of cassava bread to take home (made in thin round slices, larger than a cookie), a glass of jelly, two cocoanuts, etc., and as the steamer was about to leave, a beautiful bouquet of flowers was brought us. These were placed upon the dining room table and all the passengers enjoyed them. In commenting on the flowers, we heard the captain remark that none of the flowers in the tropics have perfume, nor do the birds sing. They have beautiful plumage, but are silent. How very many people, who though beautiful in appearance, etc., have

no fragrance to their lives, or songs to give. They have never gone through God's mill of discipline of suffering and sorrow, for—

“Out of the presses of pain  
Cometh the soul's best wine;  
And the eyes that have shed no rain  
Can shed but little shine.”

The vessel left dock at six. We went out one-half mile in the river to wait for the tide at 5 A. M. in the morning. Seven or eight came to see us off. We bade South America and these dear saints goodby. Brother Schoombie is very brave. He shouted up from the pier, “First time I have been left alone in a foreign land. Alone, yet not alone.” He has his heart and hands full, and has taken hold with a will. We are sure he will make a success.

This is an English vessel, straight from London, returning with a cargo of sugar. It has been a rough sea, so much so that the dishes were strapped on, which did not have to be done on the *Parima*. We came on board without a care about seasickness and have been perfectly kept this time, though shaken tremendously. Last night was one of the wildest nights we have ever gone through. We could scarcely sleep. It seemed like three nights in one. We were in the trough of the sea, and with one movement our head would go away over, and had there been an opening, we could easily have slipped into the ocean head foremost. Then on the other side could have gone feet foremost. This kept up all night long, and one can readily imagine the effect. While it was the heaviest and the dishes sliding on the table, we ate dinner with the rest of them, with not a touch of nausea. Thanks be unto God who is causing us to triumph! “In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.” We knew He heard our cry on the ocean

four weeks ago, and others who have prayed since. Brother Finch is very sick again. He must have help from God.

We left South America much better than when we entered. God graciously kept us while in that fever district, with so much rain, and mosquitoes to bring disease. The chief steward is an Indian, the second steward a Spaniard, one table steward an Indian, one wireless operator and Irishman, and the other an Englishman.

We are nearing Trinidad, the island that lies in the mouth of the Orinoco River, just off the coast of Venezuela, with a population of 400,000. We are approaching it from the windward side, which is very mountainous. To the right is the island of Tobago. This is the island where Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked.

Trinidad is a great cocoa, sugarcane and rice producing country. Port of Spain, the capital and harbor, is considered the hottest city in the West Indies, as it lies to the leeward, and the mountains break off the Trade Winds. Columbus discovered this, and named it Port of Spain. In passing in, we are so near the mainland of South America a stone can be thrown to either the islands or to Venezuela. Our vessel is also lightened of its load, and runs lightly. This is strictly a Catholic island. Brother Finch made this his home for two years, and traveled here to different points. Little Daniel was born here. This is the greatest fruit island; tropical fruits abound.

We had a most interesting interview with the captain. He was sitting on one side of the deck, smoking his pipe, a typical Englishman, and answered to the picture we have carried from childhood of a captain of a vessel, the first one we have seen; large, gray-haired, full, round face, bronzed by the sea, kindly gray eyes, gruff voice, a whole-hearted, genial soul. He told us he had been traveling back and forth since

the War began. This was an oil vessel, and valuable. They were only fifteen days crossing the Atlantic, and did not have as rough a time as we had last night. He is expecting to return with 2,000 tons of sugar. They are allowed one-half pound to a family in England. It is the brown crystal sugar, which is really sweeter than the granulated. We were given three pounds of this to take home. The dark molasses sugar is now used for high explosives. The young Irish Wireless boy, a lad of nineteen, is on his first trip, and was so bitten by the mosquitoes while in South America that he looks worse than a person with a full-grown case of measles, and his face and hands so swollen.

Land is in full sight for three hours or more. It is after 3, and we are nearing the Bocus, the Spanish name for entering this bay. We turn completely, and the view is beautiful; little islands all along the way present a most charming sight on either side. It is still ten miles to the city. We see a small island with the penitentiary occupying the whole island. The men work in a stone quarry; are chained so they cannot escape. What an illustration of what sin does.

“If you listen to the devil,  
He will bring you to his level;  
If you listen to the Spirit,  
You will heavenly heights inherit.”

SATURDAY, *March 16; nearing Port of Spain.*

Here comes a submarine chaser, headed our way. It is a most interesting little craft, painted a light gray, small as a steam launch—an ornament to the sea. It comes leisurely at first, then tears through the water, and we wonder why. Suddenly it stops, and the captain steps to the side, calls up through his megaphone, “Captain, did you see my flag?” and our captain answers back, “Yes, I got mine up as soon as I could.” He evidently was not pleased that it was not

up before. They drop back. There are a half dozen that watch these waters.

The city of Port of Spain appears in the distance. It is built alongside of the water, sloping back to the mountains, which make a pretty background. There is only one vessel in harbor, and that is ready to sail for South America. There are usually a dozen or more, and now when one comes, it is an interesting time for the city. We anchor three miles out. Here are six row boats, each owner calling out the name or number of his boat, eagerly soliciting passengers: "Oh, lady, remember *Victory!*!" "Oh, Missis, don't forget 29, the first boat!" We shake our head, as we make no arrangements. Some of them evidently remember Brother Finch, and they call him "Reverend." The harbor master is soon on board, our passports are examined and passed, and then there is a scramble as all of these men pour in and beg for passengers. It is like a riot, as there is no policeman, usually one ahead. We finally get in a boat, trunks and all, and are off for a three-mile ride. It is a rough sea, the waves threatening to engulf us, but we are soon over.

As we came so unexpectedly, there was no time to write, so no one was there to meet us. We have found comfortable quarters for the Sabbath. We have written to our first M. E. Pastor in Michigan, who, with the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, encouraged our first missionary attempts. The church seemed to recognize something, and made us superintendent of the missionary work. How little did they dream that the timid girl they were encouraging would ever plant foot on foreign soil. Even at this late day, how gratefully we remember their sincere kindness and interest. God wants yielded and adjusted lives. As someone has said, "Like Gideon, our greatest handicap is often our strength, and our greatest need to be reduced to such dimensions that there shall

be room for God." Where are the reapers for these fields white to the harvest? Oh, the ache in our heart over the poor, neglected millions we left behind in South America! Will it ever be eased? We can only bury it in the heart of God, and wade through in prayer, as with everything else.

"To the millions living over the deep blue sea,  
Send the light! Send the light!

To their cry of pity, dare we heedless be?  
Send the light! Oh, send the light!

"Send the light, the blessed Gospel light,  
To the souls who are in gloom and night,  
Souls are waiting, and the fields are white,  
Send the light! Oh, send the light!

Brother Finch says that if he did not have a family, that this is where he would want to give his life. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "How, then, shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they hear without a preacher? (God has some ready.) And how shall they preach except they be sent? (Your part, beloved friends.) As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, that bring glad tidings of good things!" It is all before you. What will you do about it? The Indian boy said, "We want the Word of God preached." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the *Word of God*." May God take this burden off our hearts, and place it on those who will obey Him!

We have been wondering if the people who think "we would like to travel as you are doing," would feel the same, if they went through all the varied experiences—amusing, tiresome, and laborious. Our trunk has never been all unpacked. We are living in it and our suitcase, and almost as soon as we arrive at once place, make arrangements for the

next. Usually at the last, pack all our belongings in haste, until grip and hand-grips are more like a junk shop than anything else. There are so many delays and irregularities one cannot control, and we just yield to circumstances and let them come and go. This is missionary life.

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, *Monday, March 18*

We had really dreaded coming here on account of the heat, but every time the Lord gets ahead of our fears, and "temperers the wind to the shorn lamb." The weather is delightful. It is so cool at nights one needs extra covering. It is the effect of the cold in the north, they tell us. There is a sappodilla, a pawpaw, and a lime tree in the yard, and every time they give us a drink of lemonade (or rather, limeade), a boy goes to the tree for a lime. We have never tasted such oranges as they have here. We do not want to hurt California's feelings, but they are certainly superior to theirs; never any frost here, and they are sunkissed, indeed.

On Saturday night Brother Finch hunted up our native worker, and he and his family, with the people who dropped in, were so rejoiced to see him, they acted like children. It was like seeing a much-beloved father. We have never witnessed anything that has touched us more than their love and joy on seeing him. He was here two years, and these people are equally dear to him.

There is no white missionary here now, and the work is not what it should be. Brother Finch is burdened to have some one come at once. Here is a cry for help, as elsewhere. He preached yesterday morning, to the comfort and edification of the Christians, and last night to the unsaved. There was a full house, and as many on the outside. On the way to the Misson we stopped at a Hindu temple, a small, crude affair. No one is allowed inside with their shoes

on, so we stood at the door. The priest was just through worshiping, and soon came to the door, at the "salaam" of Brother Finch. He was almost nude, with long, black hair and beard. He could not speak English. A crowd soon gathered; one of them could interpret. He brought a picture of his "god," and all around the little temple were pictures of prophets. His pallet was on the floor in one corner, a firepot in another, and it was more like a hovel than a temple. These ignorant, superstitious people almost worship him, and depend on him to pray them through. Oh, how darkened are their minds! Further on was a large Catholic church, full of worshipers. We stepped up, and a gowned usher invited us in. He is a Hindu, speaks good English, and told us he was the school teacher for the parish. Brother Finch asked to have an interview some time, and he readily assented. We passed through a village of thousands of these Hindu people. Something must be done. This is as great and needy field as South America.

"O where are the reapers, O who will come,  
To share in the glory of the harvest home?  
O who will help us to garner in,  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?"

#### THURSDAY, *March 19*

We spent two hours shopping, trying to find some good, Panama hats. We found them, very reasonable, also some post cards, for the missionary album. It was a real pleasure to go through the stores and streets. The public buildings, parks, etc., are more beautiful and, on the whole, the city more desirable and attractive than any yet visited. Returning, we saw a funeral of one of the wardens of the prison. It was after 4 o'clock when they were on their way to the church. The procession was headed by all the policemen employed at the prison, followed by the hearse, then a long line of men,

friends, all dressed in long coats and stove-pipe hats. Then came a hundred or more women, dressed in white, and the carriages with flowers. All walk, even though it may be miles.

Brother Hill, one of the subscribers to the *REVIVALIST*, called on us. He used to be an agent when he lived in South America, and spoke so much of the work in Cincinnati, that we are sure he has followed up the work closely. He had named his oldest son "Martin Wells," and today he sent his car for our use, the chaffeur taking us first to their country home, nine miles out, where we met the family, including Martin Wells. We had prayer, and a pleasant call. They gave us a half dozen cocoanuts, guavas and a pumpkin, fresh from the vine.

We then went on to Chaguanas, the out-appointment, reaching there at 10 o'clock. It was a most delightful ride through great estates of cocoa and cane and orchards of limes. Coffee is also raised here. A shower laid the dust and cooled the air. The native worker and his wife were filled with joy at seeing Brother Finch. Brother Patrick gave one leap, throwing his arms around him, and their pleasure was beautiful, laughing with glee and delight. They could hardly control themselves the rest of the stay. When they parted before, it was to meet at the "Rapture," and now God let them meet on earth again. They have lived here five years, and God has blessed their faithful efforts. This work has such a footing now, and is so well established, that buildings are an absolute necessity. Here is where they had a gracious revival, and ten are ready for baptism—one Indian and one Catholic among the number. Here is a three-point circuit, and all need their own church buildings. One has a cement foundation laid, the present structure being a "wattle" building, the sides made of woven bamboo, and plastered over with

mud. The roof is good, and can be used on the new one. The owner of the ground is an Indian, and gives a life lease as long as it is used for "Gospel purposes." Seeing him and the son, they were asked, in case of his death, would it be continued. The son readily assured us he would gladly grant the lease. How beautiful to hear him say, "We want the Word of God preached!" There is one denomination which is educating them, and if we can come in with the light of Full Salvation, what a harvest there will be! Do you not see it?

This is in a section where there are thousands of souls waiting for us. It will take \$700 to put up the three buildings. Has God the ear of someone who will listen to His voice? "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." This has all been gone over carefully with Brother Finch. We write nothing on this line without his approval. He, with all these missionaries, both American and native, are giving heart, brain, nerves, life, all—giving what no one in the homeland can understand or appreciate, without being right here. Shall we withhold from them the little we can give to lighten their heavy burdens? Buildings are an absolute necessity here. In the first place, we cannot have a cemetery or burial ground, unless we have the church building. The churches here will not allow us to bury in theirs, but as soon as we have a church building, the government will allow land for the cemetery. These dear native people have an aversion to being buried in the potter's field, and hesitate about coming to a church that has no burying place of its own. Second, they also have an aversion to rented halls, and are made to believe by the priest that the missionaries have not come to stay, but will soon leave them. Third, the marriage question is one of the most important of all. So many of the people have lived together, raised families, and are not married, and before a

marriage ceremony can be performed, there must be a church building, licensed by the Government, and the couple to be married must have their names announced three successive Sundays in the congregation. This is called publishing the "bans." The Gospel we preach shows the people that they cannot live this way, and at the same time, we cannot marry them without the buildings. They will not "license" rented buildings. Will you help us get them?

*FRIDAY, March 22*

We hoped to be off for Barbados on the same vessel that brought us here, but it was filled with soldiers for England. We even offered to sleep the one night in the steamer chairs in the sitting room, but the captain refused to permit a lady to come on board without a stateroom, so we are providentially held here until April 2, unless some other vessel comes which is not expected. How we would like to spend Easter in Barbados! However, we had all prayed so definitely for God to open or close the door, as it pleased Him, so we feel satisfied He wants us here, and we have more than one indication that we are in His will. There is plenty to do. The wife of the native preacher is very low with fever. Brothers Finch and Biernes have been twice to pray with her. What a loss her going would mean to her family!

This afternoon we spent two hours at an exhibit of all the products of this island. It was an education of itself, most instructive. Here were nine kinds of sugar made from the sugarcane, "war bread," made of the meal from bananas, cassava, dasheem and sweet potatoes. It is most palatable and nutritious. Cocoanut butter is now made from the cocoanut, selling at 50 cents per pound. It is becoming quite an industry, and the uses made of the cocoanut is quite a story. We want to write the REVIVALIST children about it. Most

of the island's products were shown today, the great varieties of fruits and vegetables being most bewildering.

PORT OF SPAIN, Saturday, March 23

Early this morning we took our first ride in the trains here, and our first good sight of a passenger coach. They are divided in first, second, and third classes. Very few ride in the first—half a coach filled with black leather cushioned seats; otherwise, no better. The second class is like it, minus the cushions. The third class coach is divided into compartments, two long seats across the car, and closed in. The poor crowd these. The coaches are smaller than our caboose, with small windows. The engine is so small and odd, compared to our wonderful mechanism. There was one freight coach, and the freight seemed largely tied up in burlap bags. When ready to start, the brakeman will call out, "Right! right!"

We went through miles of jungle, where the snakes and animals live—plenty of monkeys, etc. The wildest of the animals are in the mountains. Brother Beirnes tells us he was entertained in a home where he could hear the monkeys screeching at night. How we would like to see them! We rode through beautiful estates of sugarcane, cocoa, and limes, with Indian villages, of which we never tire. Then, on a little steamer, we reach the vicinity of Pitch Lake. Pitch Lake is one of the wonders of the world, the second only of its kind, the other being in Venezuela. This pitch is shipped all over the world. The industry is owned and run by an American company, in the name of the English. It is fifty miles from Port of Spain, on a high point overlooking the beautiful blue waters of the bay. In recent years, they have discovered oil. They have a refinery, and are now shipping to the surrounding islands. This was formerly all jungle.

The Americans have so cleared the land, and sowed grass, that it is now perfectly sanitary, or as nearly so as can be made in these lands. What looked like home was to see the homes screened. The reason screens are not used freely, is because they rust so. On the outside of the doors are these signs: "Close one door before opening the next." "Kill the mosquito." They are considered a carrier of deadly disease, and are fought here and in Panama. It is a credit to the United States, the work the Americans have done here, and the industries they have opened up. We were heartily welcomed, shown every courtesy, and given a good lunch at the hotel. They were glad to see American faces. One of the Americans employed by the company kindly took us down to the lake. In the language of another, we give you this description: "It is very weird, conveying with it an irresistible suggestion of hell. Carrying with it a strong, sulphurous smell, possessing an air of feverish desolation not far removed from the abomination spoken of by the prophet. Imagine a swamp lying stretched out upon a plateau, on the crest of a hill; here and there some coarse, half-dead vegetation, or a solitary cocoanut palm dropping its leaves with a dissipated air. All around is stifling smell and sweltering heat. Above, tropical sun at its worst; below, the burning, black, blistering pitch. Everything is black, and for the eye, there is no relief. The glaring sun denies it, the burning, smelling mass beneath our feet knows it not. The trees and shrubs speak only in despair." This was, indeed, "The land of deserts and of pits, and of the shadow of death, where no man dwelt." The black pitch is carried one mile away from the lake to the vessel, on an endless cable leading down to the pier. There are numberless buckets, holding nearly a ton, gliding to and fro over this cable. It is quite a sight, and as they near the pier, they are seized, and quickly inverted, and the contents

put into the hold, with a noise like a rock hurled from a height. These ships carry this to every part of the world.

It is easy to believe this lake is an extinct volcano, because in spite of the fact that thousands of tons of pitch are being taken, it is rising all the time, and around the edges there are numberless holes where it is oozing out. However, we found, while walking across the lake, the pitch was solid enough to hold us up, but when we stopped, we at once began sinking. It gave a dizzy feeling, and we were glad to get off. They had been shipping from here over thirty years, the revenue bringing the Government two hundred thousand dollars yearly. In the great oil fields surrounding this lake there was one well, flowing thousands of barrels yearly, that has not flowed a drop of oil since three weeks ago, when an earthquake shook this island. "In his hands are the deep places of the earth."

### SUNDAY, *March 24*

A baptismal service was held this morning about five miles in the country, with eighteen candidates, the converts of both the city and country appointments. Both of the native pastors were there with their people, many of them walking the five miles in and out. The service was held among the foot hills beside a cool, running mountain stream, surrounded by a luxuriant growth of bamboo trees. They are like our weeping willow, making it a cool place, and one of the prettiest spots of nature. Probably seventy-five people had gathered on the banks of the little stream, while on the knolls and hillsides were others to witness the ceremony. On the opposite side, a group of Indians sat upon the rocks. The bright sunshine, blue sky and fleecy clouds, made it altogether a picturesque scene, one we will long remember, and for the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit. Two or three songs were sung. Brother

Tucker prayed, then Brother Beirnes read and commented on Mark 1:4. He showed the need of true repentance and change of heart, without which baptism will avail nothing. The two pastors each spoke briefly. Then Brother Finch, leading each one into the water, inquiring of them their true state of grace, baptized them one by one. There were two converted Catholics and, to our joy, one Indian man among them. Just before baptizing him, Brother Finch laid his hand on his head and prayed that he might be a blessing to his people. Pray for Abraham H.

To us it was a beautiful and unique occasion—something we had never witnessed before. A real desire came to us to walk in and be baptized ourself. Brought up a Methodist, baptized in infancy, we are supposed to be satisfied; but somehow we feel we have missed a blessing in not having it done when we realized what it meant after we "believed."

### *PORT OF SPAIN, Wednesday, March 27*

We are enjoying the stay here. It is very hot during the daytime, but cool at night, and we have not suffered from the heat, and have been kept from insects, etc., that we looked for here and in South America. Brother Finch has been preaching to our people in St. James, where they have rented a hall. Last night he preached on the text, "If a man die shall he live again?" He had the great joy of seeing a backslider come home to God; a young man with a beautiful tenor voice, who used to help him in all the open-air services. After he had prayed through, begging for mercy, he stood and sang, "I'll live for Him who died for me," giving a ringing testimony that he did not just believe, but "*knew*" God had restored the backslider. There surely was joy on earth as well as in Heaven. Others were at the altar and were blessed. Brother Beirnes preached a stirring sermon Sunday night.

This young man, with another of promise, blessedly sanctified and established, have abundantly paid us for the delay here, if there were none else. The native pastor's wife is much better. He is a godly man, and much beloved by his flock. We hear there are ten fat letters at Barbados, and we are looking for them today on a vessel from there.

We visited the Leper Asylum yesterday, on the outskirts of the city. They have 500 inmates, black and Indian people, and more entering every day. They have a beautiful location on the hillside under the shelter of the mountains. We were taken through a woman's ward, then one containing little girls from five to sixteen years of age. The sight of them was too much, and we asked to leave. Think of your child, disfigured, swollen, *hideous*, until even they hid their faces from us! Oh, the awful picture, and to be there for life, enduring a slow death!

“Over and over; yes, deeper and deeper,  
My heart is pierc'd through with life's sorrowing cry.”

#### CHAGUANAS, *Thursday, March 28*

We came out here last night. Were here only a few hours before, and the people wanted to have preaching services. How intensely appreciative they are. They are to have “Mounting Up, No. 2,” as their new song book, so with Brother Finch we sang, “The Old Rugged Cross,” “The Pilot,” and others, which were entirely new to them, but to our great surprise they sang after us, word for word. The hall was filled, and people standing all around, and in the streets. Brother Finch was filled with his subject: “Receiving the Holy Ghost,” and six or seven earnest seekers were at the altar. One of these was a converted Catholic woman who had been one of the most wicked and notorious characters of this village —drank, cursed, and fought the magistrate. When she went

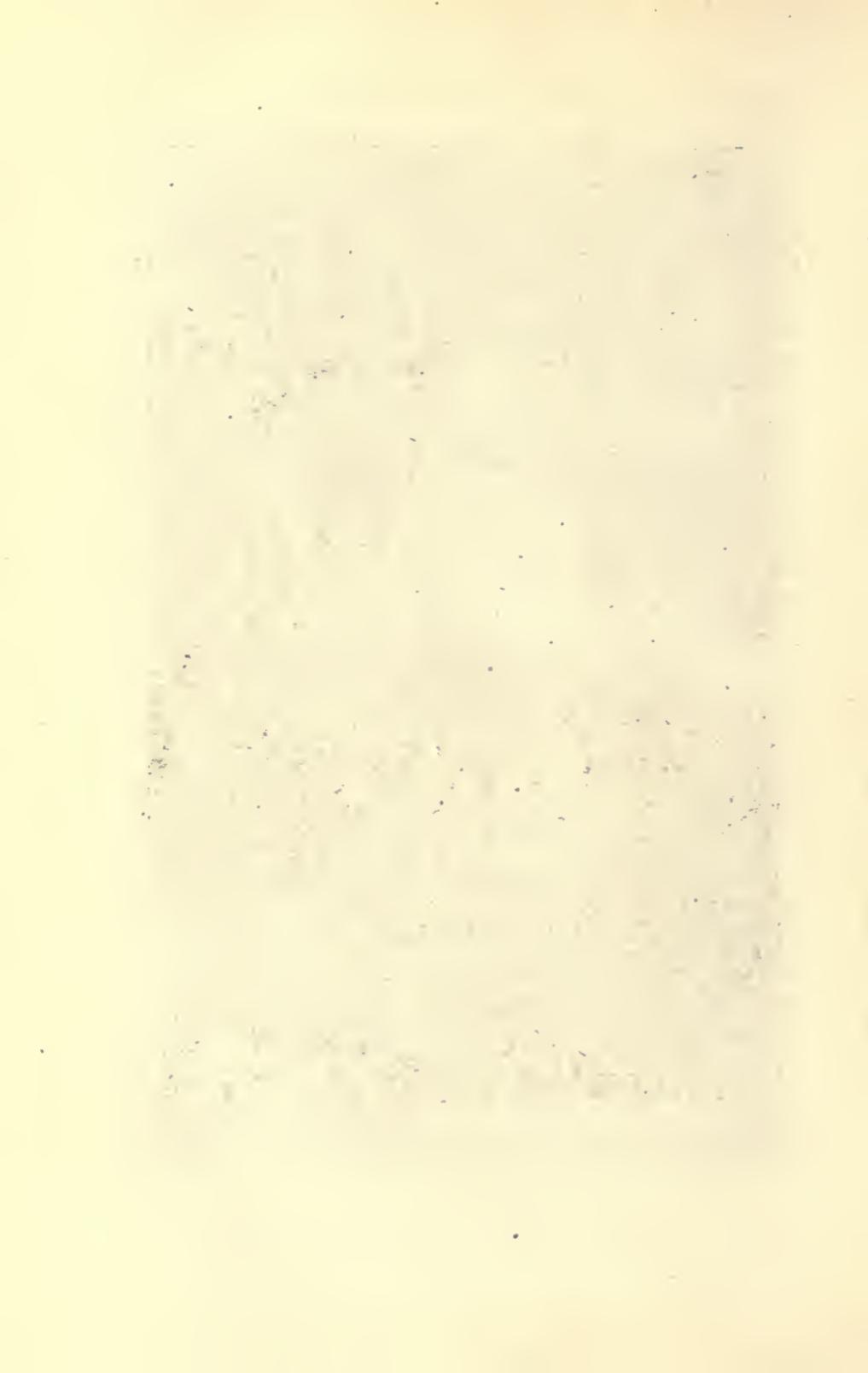
to church; always carried her knife in her waist and thought it nothing to stab people at any time. She was so wicked that her Catholic mother wept for joy when she was saved, and begged our workers to keep praying and working for her. After she was saved, the first time she testified in the open-air service, the street was black with people. They shouted as she exhorted them to give up their sins. The sergeant of the police force came to her and rejoiced over her salvation, and said he would watch her. Others gave her money, and told her if she would keep true, they would help her. She was baptized last Sunday. Pray for this trophy of redeeming grace. The preaching of the Gospel has not lost its power. Hallelujah!

The Mission home is in the back of the hall, and so surrounded by cocoanut trees that the big palm leaves sweep the roof, and it sounds like rain.

We had a taste of real missionary life. We slept on a West Indian bed, which consisted of thin, cocoanut fibre mattress with straight boards for springs. One must be a sound sleeper not to be disturbed by some of the following noises, kept up all night: mosquitoes around the bed, bats by the dozen over our heads in the building, while dogs, cats, donkeys, roosters and Indians kept up ther noise in turn, and sometimes all together. However, our native pastor and wife, with the saints at this place, made up with true native hospitality, made our stay one to be remembered. While here we secured a lot, and started the Chaguanas church building. Brother Beirnes, understanding carpentry, and having experience in building four other churches, is working on this. We felt it best to do this before his leaving for America. We had enough money to buy the frame, which cost \$73.50, so by faith we have gone ahead. The people of the village were so glad to have it started, even East Indians offering their



MRS. KNAPP AND AN INDIAN MOTHER



assistance. One road inspector said he would help, and others have promised also. Their limited wages make their offerings small.

Four years ago the work on Trinidad was in a flourishing condition. Five Missions were in operation, crowds were attending, and revivals were on. But all this was in rented halls, owned largely by Catholics. Could holiness churches have been erected then, a great work could have been established. The enemy saw his opportunity, and got behind the owners. Some of them made the workers leave, others raised the rent until we could not pay it, and some regular supports for workers were cut off. This was such a blow that but two of the missions survived, but we have three now. However, many souls that are now scattered will be regathered, if we can get substantial buildings and the needed missionaries at once. When the work was at its best, one of the halls was in "Hell's Kitchen," on one of the most notorious streets, in one of the most wicked spots on earth. Here the people of almost all nationalities walk the streets most of the night, buying and selling, smoking and drinking, carousing and living in lust and sin. God was blessing the work in this district. Scores sought God at the altars—harlots, drunkards and Sodomites—and many prayed through. Brother Finch says this was his first experience in seeing a Sodomite at the altar. One of the things the people talk of today is the early morning street marches. The whole church gathering at 5 o'clock, marching three or four abreast through the most thickly settled district of the city, singing Gospel songs ,and occasionally stopping at a street corner to pray, testify and exhort. As they went, their numbers would increase. People have confessed since, that when they heard the singing so early in the morning, before daylight, they rushed from the house, thinking the end had come. On Sunday night, one hour before service,

they would march around several blocks, singing and holding open-air service, and the crowd outside of the church would be as large as the one inside. Pray with us that God will give us the money and missionaries that these means of grace may be revived and kept up until Jesus comes. We are looking forward to even greater times.

*FRIDAY, March 29*

We returned to the city this morning. It is Good Friday, and holiday here. Not a store is open, and only passenger trains run. Streets are deserted, and all is more quiet than on the Sabbath. The island is largely Catholic, and all go to church. The men dress in black, the women in white, but with a black ribbon. Their main food today is salmon, sweet oil, a salad of watercress and lettuce. Near the depot was the largest Catholic church, and we stepped into it for a few moments. The place was filled with worshipers, dressed in Easter clothing, all kneeling and reading their prayer-books. The Bishop sat on the pulpit, and three or four people dressed him in a special garb. He read, sang and prayed, but no one could understand it, as it was all in Latin. They went through one form after another, and we left with aching hearts over the duped, deceived and humbugged people. On the walk home, we passed the Anglican church (Church of England), and it is so like the Catholic. They are almost the same; they went through so much form. What a need there is for a strong holiness church where the way of salvation is made plain. We are expecting to see it brought to pass. We went to see a lot centrally located, and hope to secure this, and later have a good church building. We are going ahead like we expect God and His people are back of us. We count on you.

Our ten letters were not forwarded, so we must patiently wait another week. We are quite accustomed to it now, and taking that with other things as part of missionary life. Brother Finch preached to the saints last night, and there was a full altar again. The woman referred to was there, and greatly blessed. She is following hard after God, and He will lead her and the others into clear light. As the testimonies were given, it was very evident that a real work was done in more than one heart. How refreshing! They enjoyed some more new songs. About 4 P. M. an Indian masquerade began. We saw them start their procession, a half-dozen men singing and beating instruments. Quite a crowd followed. At night we could hear them.

Brother Beirnes took us to the main street, where they were seated on an old rug in a store. Here they had played and sang for hours, and possibly all night. It was both weird and hideous. The priest was the leader, with cymbal, drum and another instrument. They made the village know they were there. There was no music in their loud singing, though they sang in one accord, sometimes rising to almost frenzy. Poor, deluded beings! They marched by the hall while Brother Finch was preaching, but he adroitly held the attention of the people, and there was no lack of interest. This morning at 5 o'clock the Hindu priest awakened the people with his prayer, sounding more like a bawling of an animal than the voice of a human being. This he does the year around. With all these sights and sounds, we truly feel we are in a heathen country.

### SATURDAY, *March 30*

Last night Brother Finch held another platform meeting here, all the native workers (four of them), giving short sermons, while two of the wives testified. It was the best held

yet. We are enthusiastic and delighted, and feel like shouting back to the homeland people, "Missions *pay!* Missions *pay!*" For freedom, utterance, sermonizing and unction, these brethren are among the best, and not to be ashamed of. This is not to the discredit of those spoken of in other places, for these men, with the exception of one, have had more experience. A crowd was there, and the altar filled. This hall is not large enough to hold the people.

This has been a busy day. Yesterday was a holiday. Stores closed today at noon. Monday is another holiday, and as we sail early Tuesday morning, everything had to be attended to this morning. One of the business men, a cocoa manufacturer, said if we would call at his place, he would give us samples of the cocoa bean, etc., to take home. He took us through his new factory, where we saw the process of making the cocoa into powdered form; also the chocolate into sticks, and their newest product—candy chocolate bars. It was most interesting. This is something entirely new and promises them quite a revenue. We appreciated the samples of candy, chocolate sticks, beans, and coca butter, etc., besides eating all we cared for.

One of the young men attending the Mission years ago, was to be married today at 2, at the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and invited us to be present. As it was but a few squares away, we went. It was a double wedding and the bridal party were at the altar as we entered. The two brides were dressed in white, with veils and wreaths. This is a city of roses, and they were in great profusion. It was a pretty scene. The ceremony was brief, all read from a book. We only expected to go to the church, but some of the friends urged us to go to the reception at the home, and gave us seats in the carriages at the door. There was a crowd to welcome the bride. We were all seated in the dining room, at the

wedding table, which was loaded with the feast. The center of attraction was the wedding cake, a pyramid, eighteen inches high, white frosting, trimmed with silver, with a bouquet to crown it. A wedding is made much of here, and is a joyful occasion. We were made welcome guests, and the delight of many was very evident in seeing and greeting. Brother Finch, as he was again among old friends. He returned thanks with great freedom and blessing. He is very partial to the song, "Come and Dine," and as we were seated at the table, he burst out with,

"Come and dine, the Master calleth, Come and dine,  
You may feast at Jesus' table all the time;  
He who fed the multitude, turned the water into wine,  
To the hungry calleth now, Come and dine."

And as we sang the last verse,

"Soon the Lamb will take His bride, to be ever at His side,  
All the host of Heaven will assembled be;  
Oh, 'twill be a glorious sight, all the saints in spotless white,  
And with Jesus they will feast eternally."

the Holy Spirit fell on the company, and there were tears, laughter, shouts of rejoicing and clapping of hands. Jesus was in the midst, and He blessed hearts. It was like camp-meeting. It is a custom here to have their weddings at Easter time. We saw three other bridal parties. They all take a ride around the city after the reception. We closed the day by going to an East Indian village, and had our photo taken with a mother and her children.

### EASTER MORNING, *March 31*

The bells are ringing out the glad story; flowers and sunshine usher in a beautiful day. He is risen indeed!

"Welcome happy morning! age to age shall say,  
Hell today is vanquished; Heaven is won today!  
Lo! the Dead is living, God is evermore,  
Him their true Creator, all His works adore!"

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

One of the native workers gave a blessed Easter message this morning, and after administering the Lord's Supper in the evening, Brother Finch preached to a crowded house. Brother Beirnes was also greatly blessed at Chaguanas.

#### MONDAY, April 1

We are packed up ready to sail again. Before we left the States, a good brother in Wisconsin sent in \$100, and wrote us that we could place this where it was most needed on the field. After much prayer, deliberation and consultation with Brother Finch, we have decided to use it in the repair of the "Wattle" church, at the Junction on the Chaguanas circuit. What pleasure this has given us! When the members of the church are through with their cane harvest, they will do most of the work, with the native pastor to oversee it. The bridegroom sent us some wedding cake today to take with us.

#### APRIL 2

We had a farewell service last night, before we are half over the field. But as Brother Beirnes is leaving for home, and we the island, it was thought appropriate to hold a farewell service. It was very touching. The native pastor, in a few beautiful opening remarks, made us feel the welcome and appreciation our visit had given them, and the joy they had in seeing Brother Beirnes have a well-earned rest and change. Brother Beirnes followed in a most fitting and appropriate talk on, "Occupy till I come," urging the people to stand true and be ready when He comes, knowing that they could meet then, if not again on earth. How they love and appreciate these shepherds who have come to them! We followed with

a farewell song, and a few words, assuring them we felt we were returning to be a home missionary in stirring up the people to see the needs of the field. After we have been in a place, we become interested in and love the people until there is greater heartache on leaving them than when we left the homeland. How keenly we felt this as we looked on some of their faces, no doubt for the last time. The people crowded up to shake hands, and what blessings they did give us! Here was a crowd of boys, standing at the window, all wanting to bid us goodby, even they saying, like all the rest, "A safe passage." Brother Finch, alert to every opportunity, suddenly asked if there were not some who wanted the missionary party to pray for them, and several hands went up, among them the hand of a beautiful Indian girl, who had come up to b'd us goodby. We had studied her sad face. She, with three others, knelt at the altar. We learned then that she had been a trusted worker, had had a wonderful experience, but in the hour of temptation had sinned, and thought no one loved her or cared for her. With weeping, confession, and deep repentance, she came back to the Lord, and He freely forgave and restored her. "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." What a story of suffering, anguish, remorse and shame had been hers, as she told us her story! Truly there is no peace for the backslider. How we wish we could give you her testimony, word for word, as she poured out the sorrow of her life, but we were so intensely interested, we forgot to write. Pray for this restored child of the people for whom our hearts are burdened. Brothers Finch and Beirnes are so full of joy at her return to God, they felt it paid for the trip to the West Indies.

"Ring the bells of Heaven, there is joy today,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled;  
See the Father meets him out upon the way,  
Welcoming His weary, wandering child."

We all feel something of the joy which is akin to Heaven.  
May some wanderers come home as they read these lines.  
ON BOARD STEAMER CHALEUR, *Monday, April 2, 11 A. M.*

On the Royal Mail. We are off for Barbados. Just left the dear people on the pier behind. Such a benediction rests upon our hearts as we think of them. Some eight or nine came to see us off. A beautiful bouquet of roses was given for the voyage at the last moment. A dear old woman came with two dozen oranges. One of the beautiful pictures we will carry on memory's walls will be these faces as they smiled and waved the goodbys. We tenderly commit them to God.

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.”

We came in unannounced and unwelcomed. How changed the scene! A steam launch carries us the three miles to the steamer. An unspoken prayer finds its way to God for the island of Trinidad, that all that is on the heart of Brother Finch may be realized. We have no church building of our own in the great city of Port of Spain, with its 60,000 souls. We have just one rented hall and it is in a distant East Indian suburb. The crying need is a church building of our own, centrally located, where the scattered sheep who love the doctrine as taught by the missionaries can be gathered. We tried to negotiate for a beautiful lot that is for sale, but could not, for lack of funds. Brother Finch expects to return in the course of a few months, and hopes by that time to be able to buy and build. Brothers Coone, George and Will Beirnes have all spent some time here, giving their best. There is no missionary here now, and no place that needs one more.

BARBADOS, *Tuesday, April 3*

We reached here at 6 A. M., and are still in the harbor, waiting for the Harbor Master to come. We were kept from seasickness, thank God! Brother Finch stayed on deck all night. He was not as sick as usual, which is encouraging. Brother Slater is here to meet us, and we are off and soon at the Finch home with a joyous welcome. Here we find fifteen letters from the States. "As cold water is to a thirsty soul so is good news from a far country." How good they are after their long delay! What news they contain, some glad, some sad, etc. My aged mother has had a stroke of paralysis, and may be in glory now. If it pleases God, I trust to see her again. What I am, I owe to her faithful prayers. This, with all else, is definitely committed to a loving Heavenly Father, who is faithful to comfort and keep. This is just another phase of missionary life.

## CHAPTER XII

### FOLK LORE AND POPULAR SUPERSTITION

We also want to give you something of the lore of the countries and have copied some from a book on "Trinidad." This is a fair description of the popular superstition of the peasantry of the islands.

In treating of the folk lore of any country, one is sure to find upon close examination that most of it bears a strong family resemblance to that of some other country, and men who have made a profound study of the subject have come to the conclusion that the folk lore of all races was derived originally from one common stock and goes to prove the Biblical assertion that God made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth.

Ghosts, of course, stand at the head of the list. These are firmly believed in by our Trinidad peasantry, and many and various are the sayings as to how you are to act when you meet with them and what precautions you ought to take against them.

First, you are told that when a corpse is leaving the house, the water in which it has been bathed must be thrown out after it, or else the ghost will haunt the house. For the same reason it must be carried out feet foremost, for, however much we may have loved the person while living, after he dies we have no desire for his company. Ghosts, it seems, are often with us, only we cannot see them. If, however, anyone hun-

gers after the excitement of seeing ghosts, it is said that a little of the humor of the eye of a white horse put into one's own eye, will impart the questionable gift!

Country folk warn you that, if accosted at night by a solitary traveler and asked a light from your cigar, you must not accede to the request without first making the sign of the cross, as the solitary one may be a ghost, in which case it will immediately disappear! They also say that it is not wise to call any person's name loudly in a lonely place, as there may be ghosts about, who may catch the name, and, by repeating it continually, cause the owner of it to pine away and die. It is necessary, however, for the ghost to get your real name in order to harm you; hence it is that almost all of the country folk have nicknames for everyday use, and keep their real patronymic for state occasions only christenings, marriages, sales, etc.). A countryman may have been christened by his godfather and godmother Theophilus Adolphus Smith, but he will probably be known by his friends and acquaintances as "Mistah Sonny," and any bailiff or tax collector who may want to serve him with a writ or notice will scarcely discover him under that appellation. If, however, he goes to a doctor for a prescription, he will give him his real name; for he considers that as a kind of obeah? and since it is held that the acquisition of the real name is necessary to work obeah successfully upon any one, so also the real name is necessary if the doctor's prescription is to do any good.

After dark you are cautioned not to stand in a doorway in such a way as would prevent another person from passing through; for there may be a ghost that wants to pass through, and it may touch you, when you will feel a sudden sickness in the region of the stomach, and your head will swell to four or five times its usual size! Since "jumbies"

(the local appellation for ghosts) are able to enter through closed doors, it is strange that they should be so particular about room in going through doorways!

When eating, if a titbit falls from your fork to the ground, leave it there, as it is some "jumbie" who wants it, and if you should pick it up and eat it, you would get sick. They are also particular to always leave a little of anything they drink in the bottom of the glass and spill it on the ground as a libation to the "jumbies." Besides the usual "jumbie," there is said to be a dwarf specimen called "Duaine" in the Creole *patois*, which is supposed to be the ghost of babies who have died before they were christened. They haunt lonely places in the night and utter plaintive cries, like those of a lost child. Should some compassionate traveler be induced to seek to ascertain the nature of those cries, he is lured farther and farther by its receding into the woods, until he tumbles into some pool and, as he sinks under the foetid waters, he hears the diabolical laugh of the "Duaine" as it goes off to seek another victim. These little folk must have learnt a lot of wickedness during the short time they sojourned in this world!

There is another specimen of ghost called a "Diabless" (meaning she-devil). They are supposed to be human beings who, by dealings with the Evil One, have acquired the power of changing themselves at will into any animal which they wish to simulate, and to increase or diminish in size. Thus, belated travelers have given accounts of meeting a woman on the road, of ordinary dimensions; but, hearing the person following them, the traveler has looked back and been surprised to observe that she has grown several inches since he passed her! Instinctively he quickens his steps to get out of the vicinity of this *lusus naturae*, but she quickens her steps, too, and is evidently bent upon overtaking him. After cov-

ering a lot of ground in quick time, he again casts a glance at his unwelcome companion, and observes with horror that she has added another cubit to her stature, and is bidding fair to rival Goliath of Gath. With his hair on end he takes to his heels and rushes home, still pursued by the ever-growing "Diableness," until he reaches his house and slams the door after him; the creature peeps in with fiery eyes through the skylight, utters a strident "Hah! hah! hah!" and with the remark "*Ou tini bonheur*" (you are lucky), disappears, leaving the traveler in a limp and exhausted condition.

Another species of diabolic hybrid is the "Soucoyan," which is firmly believed in by our peasantry. This creature is a man or woman who has the power of taking his or her skin off (just as we take off our shirts), acquiring by this performance the ability to fly in the air, like Macbeth's witches, to go through keyholes, and such like uncanny proceedings. The "Soucoyan's" ideal of bliss is a hearty draught of blood sucked from the human heart; so, having divested itself of its skin at midnight (it can't perform this operation before 12 midnight, or after dawn), it hides the skin under a mortar, then rises into the air, appearing to the eyes of any one who happens to be abroad at that witching time like a great ball of fire, and with a shrill screech, enters the house of the unfortunate it has selected for its victim (through the keyhole or under the door), and coolly proceeds to suck the blood from its heart. The victim is meanwhile cast into a deep sleep. Before daybreak it flies back to the mortar and reinvests itself in its skin. Why it should use a mortar especially to hide its skin under I am unable to say; but it suffices that "all the 'Soucoyan' skins which have been discovered(?) have been found under mortars." Let me add just here, as old Herodotus used to do: "This I have never seen myself, but I was told so."

The way to protect yourself from the unwelcome visitations of a "Soucoyan" (if you suspect that one has cast its eye upon you) is to scatter rice around your bed as, strange to say, by a wise dispensation of providence, the creature is compelled to stop and pick up the rice grains one by one before it can begin its bloody meal, so if you are liberal enough in rice the dawn will break before it can accomplish the task, and it will be obliged to fly away in search of its skin—very much disgusted, no doubt, at being unfairly deprived of its meal. Persons who are subject to the visitations of the "Soucoyan" gradually pine away and die from utter debility. The recipe for catching a "Soucoyan" is, when one is seen flying through the air, to search diligently under all the mortars that are about, and if you find the skin, sprinkle it well on the under side with fine table salt, then possess your soul in patience until the owner comes back and hastily dons it, when the smarting of the salt *entre chair et peau* will cause him or her to yell with pain and jump about, and thus betray itself in the sight of all men, when roasting over a slow fire is recommended as a suitable wind-up!

Another recipe for balking the attentions of a "Soucoyan" is to draw a circle with chalk on the floor around your bed, which they are unable to cross, for some reason unknown. Any old woman who is grumpy and unsociable in a village, and further has the white of her eyes red, is generally suspected of being a "Soucoyan." The red eye is held to be an infallible sign. It may be that the violent contortions necessary to "peel" themselves is the cause of the bloodshot eyes.

The "Diabless" is credited with the power of changing itself into the shape of various animals, most often a black pig or white goat, and performing the same feat of suddenly increasing its stature to an immense size, apparently with the

sole object of frightening people into fits. It is certainly a more reasonable thing to have dealings with than the heartless "Duaine" or bloody "Soucoyan," as its prime amusement seems to be coarse horseplay.

The belief in buried treasure is very common in Trinidad, and there is always some ghostly being in connection with it, and it is explained that the connection comes thus: In the Spanish days of the occupation of Trinidad, there were no banks, and wealthy men consigned their silver and gold to the bosom of Mother Earth whenever they took a far journey, or there was an alarm of an enemy in the offing. The rich man made his slave dig a hole in a suitable place, where he deposited his valuables, and in order that he might not divulge his secret to anyone, the cruel Spaniard simply knocked him on the head; hence the ghost of the murdered slave became the guardian of the treasure, and will allow no one to dig it up until he or she promises to expend some of the money in having masses said for the repose of its soul. This spirit is said to seek out persons who will be likely to "act on the square," and in a dream indicates the place where the cache is, and promises to give it to the lucky one if the promise of masses is faithfully kept. Should some other person get wind of the treasure, and attempt to dig it up, the spirit will cause it to sink ten, twenty, or thirty feet into the earth, so as to frustrate their designs, bringing it up again to the surface when the right person comes for it. Should the favored one, however, play the ghost false, and not expend the stipulated amount in masses (as is very likely), it is averred that the money never does him any good—and serves him right! Lots of people can be found who will give you veracious accounts of persons who have suddenly become wealthy by having buried money given to them by the spirits, but I have never

met one person who would plead guilty to the soft impeachment, owing probably to their extreme modesty.

Of course the belief in the influence of the evil eye flourishes vigorously among both town and country folk. It is known locally as "Mal Jo" (a corruption of the Spanish *Mal de ojo* —i. e., evil of the eye). The evil eye is credited with a lot of damage to cultivation which a botanist would attribute to blight, fungus, etc.; and the rural agriculturalist, instead of studying horticulture, seeks for protection for his fields of beans, potatoes, etc., by planting on his border fence a certain inedible bean called horse-bean, which is credited with being an effective protection for growing crops against the evil eye. Fruit trees in the towns are protected by having a rusty nail driven into their trunks, while business people protect their shops by nailing a rusty horseshoe upon their doors. The protection for infants (who, it is asserted, are very subject to evil eye) is to tie a string of jet beads on their wrists; a little silver or gold cross in addition greatly strengthens the charm.

The belief in luck is also very strong and there are numerous recipes for securing it. Hucksters carry a "pheg" of garlic in their purses to bring good luck. The seed of the quassia tree is called "good-luck seed," and is also carried in the purse or pocket; but a bit of rope with which someone has been hanged is considered as the most powerful luck-bringer! You may sometimes see a huckster in the morning call a little boy to take the money of her first sale from a female customer and hand it to her. That is because her first child was a boy, and she therefore has no luck with females.



REV. R. G. FINCH, MRS. KNAPP WITH AN INDIAN  
MOTHER AND FAMILY



## CHAPTER XIII

### NEVIS

BARBADOS, *Saturday, April 6*

It is good to be at "home" a few days. I am taking dinner with both the Beirnes and Slater families; a nice visit with each. Sister Slater is better. Brother Beirnes has booked to sail April the 25th. The Finch children are delighting in their father's presence. What a sacrifice it is for him to be gone weeks at a time, only few can appreciate.

We spent an hour in Brother Moulton's last home, just outside the city—a quiet, restful spot. The present owner gave the use of the house to Brother Finch for six months or more, when he was out before.

Have just received a letter from Brother Miller, one of the ten boys who went to Japan. What a treat to hear from one of them! He writes, "This finds me back on the dear old 'Mount of Blessings.' I have traveled 46,000 miles in my life, but never run across a place so precious as this dear old Hilltop."

We sail tonight at 10 o'clock for Nevis, the first Northern Island.

SUNDAY, *April 7*

We are on board the *Guiana*, our old friend and home for two weeks. It is good to get back. This is the best of all the vessels we have sailed on. On the others we were

favored with a stateroom to ourselves, this time it is so crowded —tourists returning to New York—that we have as companion a sweet old lady, and we have to take the upper berth, “upstairs,” we call it; have a ladder to get up, but slept fairly well.

Brother Finch is not sick at this time, nor are we. It is cause for rejoicing. A rough sea last night, but the ship is so heavily loaded with 3,000 hogsheads of molasses, that it is sailing smoothly. Children, how many gallons are there? Our baggage was sent to the wharf in the afternoon, and when we came at seven o'clock, a crowd of men were watching it like vultures, and as the auto appeared they gathered around, begging for the opportunity to take the baggage aboard the vessel, and there was such excitement that two officers had to dispel them. It was pitiful, for we knew back of it was the crying need of each one to earn the money they could make.

We are at St. Lucia. Right before us in the harbor is a French man-of-war, bristling with guns, with a thousand men on board. This is the first we have seen, and has one of the greatest wireless systems there is. They carry cows to supply milk. We could see the cows looking out of their sheds on the upper deck. They have the best accommodations.

Our wireless young man hunted us up and we had an interesting interview. He would like to prepare for the ministry, but is serving the Government while the war lasts. He would enjoy going direct to the Bible School. Keep praying for him. While in Georgetown he says Brother Schoombie came out to the ship to see him. The governor of St. Lucia sent a most wonderful bouquet of roses to the vessel. They are placed in the center of the dining room, where we can all enjoy them.

We are very grateful for the kind words coming to us from those who are enjoying the Diary.



REV. O. L. KING—NEVIS



## WEDNESDAY, April 9

We passed Martinique, Dominique and Guadalupe. We only stop at some places for mail, but remained at Dominique all day yesterday, taking on cargo. 1,500 bbls. of limes were brought out by small row boats. In some parts they will not allow the large barges. We spent the day writing. The trip has been very pleasant. We have not only been kept from seasickness, but for the first time we have been perfectly normal and natural, free from any miserable top-heavy, unpleasant feelings. It is a great relief and cause for extreme thankfulness. The worst is yet to come when we go on sailing vessels between the islands, where steamers do not go.

After 4 P. M. yesterday our wireless friend was on duty and invited us to his little station on top deck. It was a little room filled with wireless apparatus. He said at times he could send messages as far as New York, and had had one call, "Save, 'O Save."

We went over to see the "deckers,"—those who travel on deck in the extreme end of the vessel, the stern. We go down the ladder through the freight department and up another ladder. Here was a motley crowd—three boys who were just brought on as prisoners, seventeen, eighteen and twenty-five years of age. Two had stolen money and clothes, the other had taken cocoanuts. The sentence of the older one is eighteen months, the others some less. Brother Finch talked to them on "The way of the transgressor is hard." They admitted they had not gained anything. Two insane men and two women were in the charge of an officer. One woman was tied, but the rest were harmless.

There were at least thirty people in a small space of 10x20 feet. They had their boxes, bags, baskets, and tied-up bundles. A few had steamer chairs, but the most had to rest

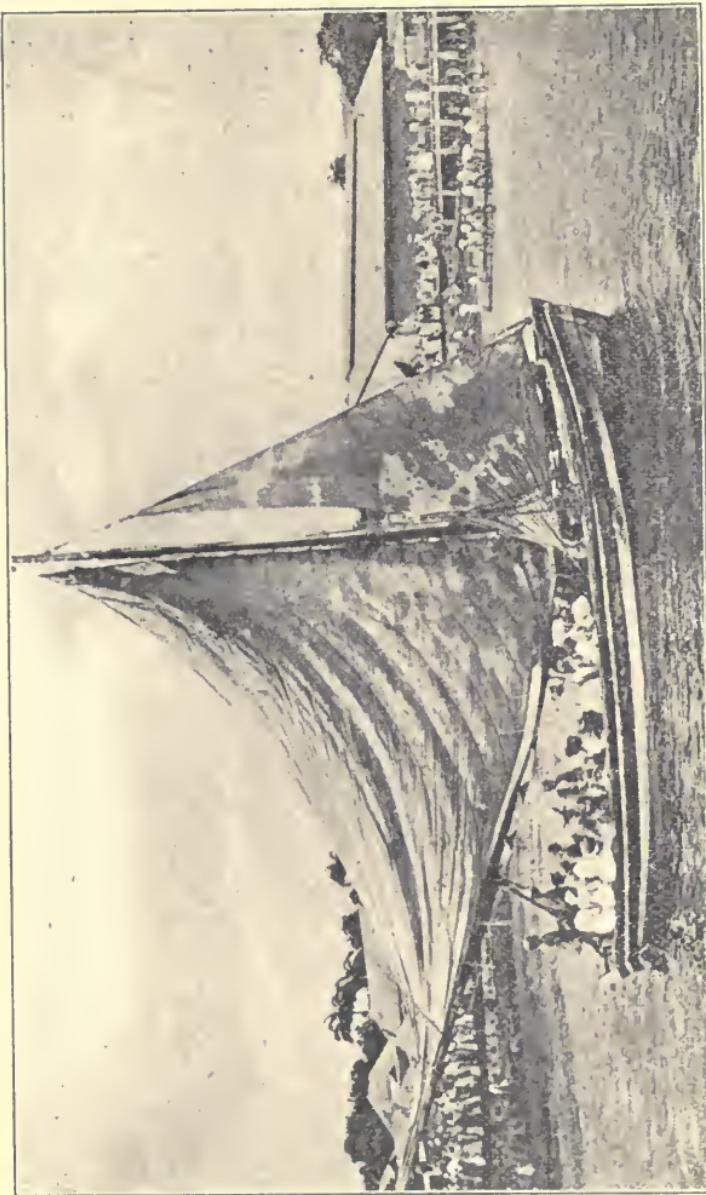
on their baggage, on the floor, or any way they could. They go this way sometimes for days. Brother Finch and other missionaries have gone this way many times.

We have just stopped at Antigua and Irene came on to go with us. How good it is to have her. She is like a tonic. She has been with Sister Coone since Brother Coone's death. She will be with us on these islands. We are passing Nevis now. The large vessels do not stop here, so we go around to St. Kitts, and take a sailing vessel and ride eleven miles back. Irene says we have left all the beauties behind, comparing this with the other islands, but it has a beauty all its own. "Ben Nevis," the highest mountain, rises 5,000 feet, and the clouds are nearly always resting on the top. What a sight! We are passing by the back of the island and can see "Gingerland," one of the out-stations. The little town Charleston, is right down on the beach, while the fields stretch back to the mountains, plantations of cane, with their smoke-stacks and factories standing out in bold relief, the little homes dotting the hillside here and there. It is a beautiful sight.

### NEVIS, *Wednesday, April 10*

Reached the island of St. Kitts about 3 P. M. Brother King came out in a row boat to meet us, and we were soon landed, passed customs and the usual regime. We posted letters, bought some cards and saw a little of the pretty towns. This is the most beautiful island in the West Indies; the view from the steamer cannot be described. We tried to find a postal view, giving a fair description of it, but they all failed. We had our first ride in the sailboat going the eleven miles across, and can see one island from another.

Not seasick at all; no one was. Praise God! the trip was much better than we expected. They tell us it was a good sea and wind, and we went over in one hour and a half.



OFF FOR NEVIS



Sister King, Will Beirnes and wife, and others were at the landing to meet us, and we are soon at the Mission Home, a large, substantial stone building. Sister Blyden received a hearty welcome home.

As we walked through the streets, all the stores were closed and we asked why. They close at 4 P. M. every day, which is the custom here. Last night was the regular prayer-meeting and we all attended. The hall was nicely filled, and they heartily welcomed us all. Brother Finch talked from "All things work together for good," and we also spoke a few words. We almost have to pinch ourself to believe we are really at Nevis. After years of correspondence, and love and interest in the place and people, we are at last privileged to be here. Irene has been their pastor for eight years, and a wonderful work has been accomplished. They have about one hundred members here in Charleston, the main church. One of the interesting characters is a young man called "Sammy." One of the workers of St. Croix told me what Irene had to take to wake him up. He was full of mischief. One night while sitting in the back of the hall, he was worse than usual. The song service was progressing and she tried to get his eye, but failed, so she walked deliberately down the aisle, took a switch, and gave him such a whipping that he was perfectly quiet, and some time later he was blessedly converted and sanctified, and is now a helper on the mission place. The people consider it her privilege to rebuke, exhort and punish, if necessary, as well as preach and lead them to Jesus. We are told that mothers with naughty children will bring them to her to be corrected or punished. She is greatly loved here, and respected by everyone, both white and black.

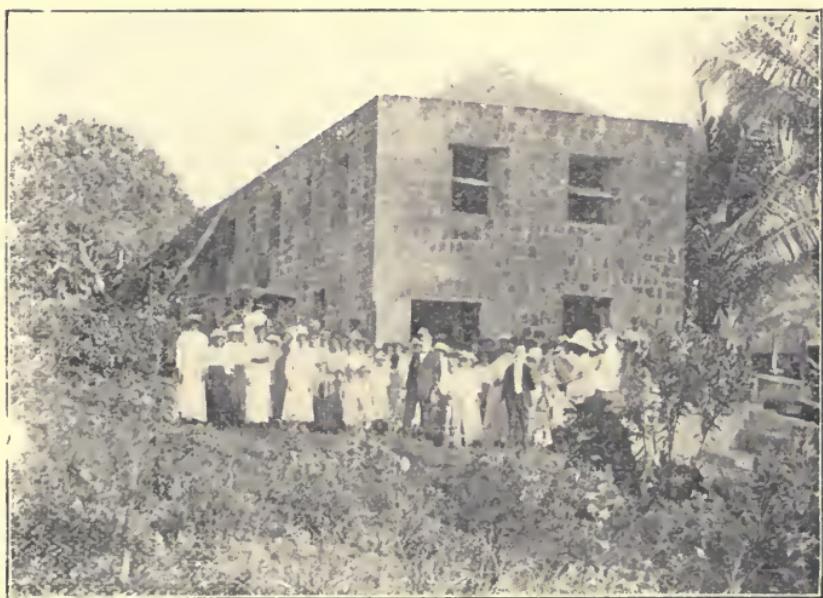
We have one of the best locations and buildings in the West Indies. It is 90 feet long, 20 feet wide, and two stories high, with a three-foot stone wall and a hurricane roof. The

roof alone would cost today what we gave for the whole property. It was built by slave labor over a hundred years ago. We have been told that it would cost \$10,000 to build it today, and we paid only \$456. As soon as it was purchased, Brothers Finch and Coone began at once to convert it into a Church and Mission Home. The front end of the building was made into the church building, well lighted and ventilated, accommodating two hundred and fifty people, while the rest of the building was made into a comfortable Mission Home, consisting of four bedrooms, dining and sitting room, storeroom and kitchen. Besides this we have a nice, large garden and immense cistern.

We want to tell you of the glad preparations for the party of missionaries when they thought we were coming on the *Parima* in January. The Mission House was cleaned and an extra house with cots and beds arranged. Beautiful bouquets were placed in every room, Mission Hall, etc. One of the young men made the word "Welcome," and placed it at the entrance, decorating it with flowers. Everything was thrown wide open, a supper was prepared, and all was in perfect readiness. A crowd of our people gathered at the dock waiting to receive us. Irene had gone to St. Kitts for us, and on her return they saw the empty boat, and begged for an explanation. She did not know why we were not on the *Parima*, and walked through the crowd as disappointed as they were. Preparations were made all along the line. We thought you would enjoy this glimpse of the love of the people.

THURSDAY, April 11

Last evening we attended service at Brown's Hill, the nearest country appointment, two and one-half miles out. Sister King drives the little pony with a two-seated buggy and the rest walk. The ride is beautiful in the cool of the evening.



NEVIS



with the mountain in full view. Here we find a neat little chapel with a seating capacity of 150, and a Sunday-school of ninety, in a flourishing condition. This is the result of having a church building, with sanctified workers. This building is the gift of the Union Gospel Church, at Wilkinsburg, Pa. Oh, that God may stir up other churches to follow their example! We have a native pastor here who, with his own hands, helped to put up the building, and now has planted a vegetable garden of cassava for flour, yams, eddoes and sweet potatoes.

We have had such an eventful day that we wonder if we can portray it to you as it all happened. We have come to the ocean before sunrise to be perfectly alone, leaving the sleeping household, and the scene before us is so beautiful it is hard to write at all. As far as the eye can see, there is one vast expanse of water, the sea perfectly tranquil, the waves quietly lapping the rocks at our feet. Across the horizon are numerous fishing boats, two just passing—a large sailing boat and a smaller one. To the right, under a row of palm trees, are two fishermen getting their nets and boats ready. To the left is the pier with other boats leaving. A lone woman is walking the beach. In the distance we can see the island of St. Kitts, with its green, fertile hills. The sea gulls are flying before us, just tipping their wings in the blue sea, one taking a plunge. Two horses have been led out for their morning bath. A shower has cooled the atmosphere, and across the waters we see a rainbow in the sky. The clouds are tinted with touches of the sunrise, and altogether it is a most perfect morning.

About 10 o'clock yesterday we started out in an auto for a ride around the island, twenty miles, to see all our country appointments (only five machines on the island). Our party consisted of Brother Finch, Sisters Blyden, King and the

writer. The population of the island is 13,000, and we are told that there are only fifteen white persons on it. The principal productions are sugarcane and cotton. It is mountainous; one ridge through the entire island, "Ben Nevis" towering above all, this being the crater. We pass by the cemetery and see "Blyden's Gate." Some of you have heard of this.

Before we had our church buildings, as we have explained in a former "letter," our people had no burying place, but as soon as we got the building and were recognized, they immediately granted a space in the cemetery with a separate gate. Six people are waiting the resurrection in this spot.

We pass through this country for two and one-half miles, until we reach Brown Hill, a little village where we held the meeting last night, but wanted to see the church in daylight, too. Brother Finch is delighted with it. There is a fine cement wall and steps leading up to the entrance, and a stone walk all around the church, with a small space neatly laid out for plants and shrubbery in front (this being a volcanic island, rocks abound). Sister King snaps us with her camera as we stand on the steps. Many of these brethren are fishermen, and they brought the Mission Home a bountiful supply of fish for our supper last night. We secured two sugarcane and were refreshed the rest of the ride. If you have not tasted sugarcane you have missed something. It is harvest time here and we see the men and women with oxen all busy gathering it.

Our next stop is "Gingerland," a larger town than Charleston. Here is such a tiny building, well seated and lighted; but too small for the crowds. Sister King snaps us with this building and some of the children who have gathered around. Brother Finch sent \$450 for the Gingerland Church, given by the saints in America. If Brother Coone had lived, this church would have been up by this time. However, at present



BROWN'S HILL



prices, this amount will not build it. One good sister hands Sister Blyden some ripe tomatoes. Everywhere we go "Miss Blyden" (as they respectfully call her), is recognized, and greeted with smiles of welcome. It is very evident that she is a much-beloved friend and teacher. This is her stamping ground, and no itinerant preacher has done more. In her early days when she was strong, she would take a band of her converts, tramp two, four, six and eight miles a day to these country villages and hold a rousing street meeting. She kept this up for years until the Lord, through some of His willing servants, supplied her with a horse and carriage. This strenuous work has told on her and her health is not robust now. Pray that this remarkable handmaiden may be kept for the work of this needy island.

On we go to our next stop. We have two or three exciting encounters that liven up the trip. Turning a sharp corner at the brow of a hill, we come suddenly upon a boy on a horse. The toot of the auto frightens both, the boy drops off, rolls down the embankment, while the horse goes down the hill with head up, tail flying, while half a dozen women in the field near by nearly double themselves with laughter. The horse is ahead of us for a half mile, then suddenly turns into a yard, its home. We haven't time to see if the boy follows. A little dog narrowly escapes being run over. Just a mile or so farther on, a lad is only a moment late, to escape almost instant death, as he came racing out of a yard next to a high embankment hiding us from his view, and the auto was going at too high speed to stop suddenly. How thankful we are to God that his life was spared! We speed on. It is like a hot July day at home, but there is a delightful sea breeze, the deep blue sea is never out of sight. How we wish the children could have seen the baby donkey by the roadside with its fluffy, plump body, long ears and meek

face; and two tiny kids with their goat mother! It was enough to make a child eager with delight. This is a rocky island, and there are plenty of neat stone fences enclosing the fields. We pass by Pond Hill, Morning Star, and Brick Hill, all villages needing the Gospel.

Our next stop is "Castles," where there is another small building wholly inadequate to the needs. It is enough to make you want to put one up at once. Who will respond? We have the only salvation work on this island. It is a great field and with Sister Blyden to take care of it, it is a safe investment. "Grandma Woodley," one of the oldest followers here, comes along, and we take her on the steps and she appears in the picture. How grateful these dear people are for a visit from the missionaries. We hurry on as it is long past noon. Give us the little Ford any time for speed, but this time we have had three blowouts—poor tires. Once we stopped right at the church where Lord Nelson was married. This fact, and that Alexander Hamilton, one of our own statesmen, was born here, is proudly told by the inhabitants. At another place, a crowd of children, more than two dozen, came running down the hill from the schoolhouse. They all stop to see the tire mended and pumped. The twenty-four little black faces are an interesting sight. They kindly sing for us their national anthem:

God save our gracious king,  
Long live our noble king,  
God save our king!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the king.

This has the same tune as our "America," which we sang to them. Every little boy gave a most graceful courtesy, as he came, touching his forehead and cap. The whole crowd



GINGERLAND, NEVIS



waved a pretty goodby. We passed cotton fields in bloom, and the flowers looked like beautiful yellow roses. They are going to get us samples of it in all its stages of growth. Right by one of these fields we suddenly came upon a woman leading a cow. The unexpected appearance of an auto frightened the cow and she leaped up into the field, and the horror on the face of the poor woman was a picture. It really seemed we frightened everything; for we recall animals leaping across ditches, people hugging the wall or fence corner, children scurrying up the hill, peeping out with scared looks, etc. To cap the climax we saw three monkeys, one leisurely crossing the road ahead of us and two others in the bushes. They live in the mountains and had come down to steal yams and sweet potatoes from the garden. We assure you there was some excitement then. The auto stopped and we all had a good look at them. They were as large as a child three years old. They went scampering up the mountain. They come in companies to steal; there is usually one as a lookout to warn the others of danger. Sometimes he plays a trick and lets them get caught, or in trouble. Sister Blyden had never seen one, so she felt this was a *special*.

Our last interesting experience on the ride was to see women doing their washing in a mountain stream, standing in the water. In a clump of bushes a donkey was tied, while to the right was a stone bridge. We have wanted to see this ever since we came down here, and to give our sisters a description of the way the washing is done. The clothes are well soaped first, and washed on large stones, by rubbing them back and forth as on a washboard. Sometimes a small stone or cob is used to rub them with, too, and they often beat them on the stones. After the garments are washed, they lay them on the rocks and bushes to bleach. The next day they rinse and dry them. The following day they starch

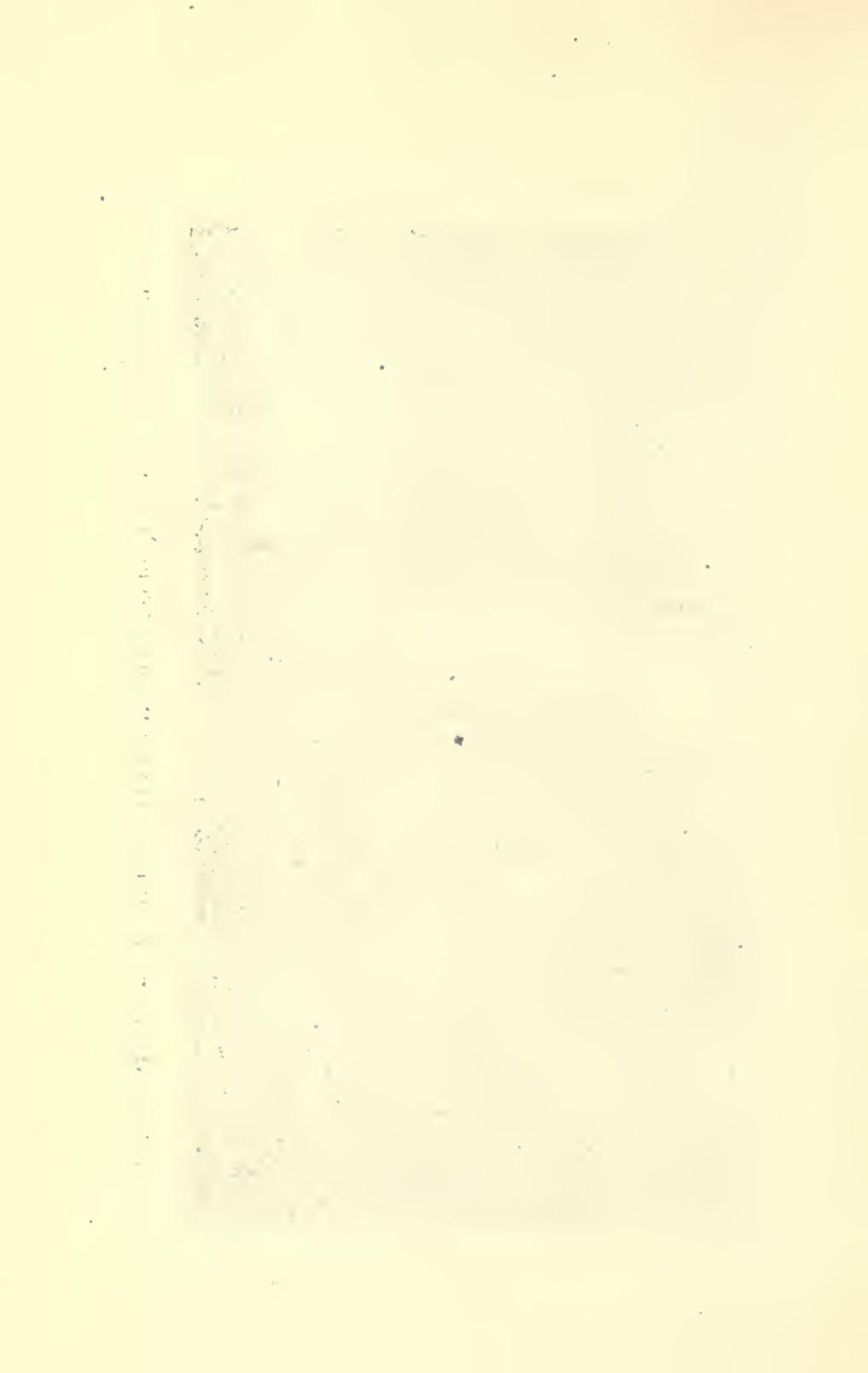
them, then on Thursday and Friday they iron and deliver them. We were told before coming we must allow one week for our washing. They never use hot or even warm water, for either clothes or dishes, for fear of taking cold. There are no tubs; it is all done in the stream. We asked how the dirty, greasy clothes became clean without hot water. They depend on the soap, sun and bleaching. We wonder what our mothers and grandmothers would think of this mode of washing. However, the clothes are beautifully white and clean, so we have no word of complaint. On the ironing days the women seldom go out to meeting for fear of taking cold, especially if it rains.

We reached home, had dinner at 2 o'clock, resting two hours, and then we all went to the ocean for a bath and plunge. We were taught to float. Think of the luxury of lying on your back in the water with arms under your head, with the relaxation and ease of lying on your bed. It is delightful!

After a good service in the Hall, we all met in the sitting room at 9:30 for Sister Blyden's Christmas. What, Christmas in April! Yes, that is just what we mean. Different friends from the States had given us gifts for her, and this seemed the first fitting opportunity to present them. We wrapped each one up and marked on it the name of the giver, filled her long stocking, tied it to the center table, and placed the rest under it. We hardly know how to describe the scene that followed, but wished with all our hearts that those who had given could have been there and they would have been amply repaid. Dear Irene sat right down on the floor, untied the stocking, acting for all the world like a little child filled with hilarious joy. She put the stocking around her neck and danced with glee, then as she took out the box of candy, a box of hickory nuts, two oranges and a five dollar bill wrapped in several pieces and pressed clear down in the toe,



NATIVE MODE OF WASHING—BRO. FINCH, SISTERS BLYDEN AND KNAPP



there was another dance. Her joy knew no bounds, and the rest of us laughed until the tears came, sharing her joy. The Word says, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice," and this was one of those times. The five dollars was given by a Methodist minister and his wife in Ohio. There was a beautiful dress pattern, a box of Christmas cookies, one of nuts from Florida, a fruit dish, two pounds of tea and six silver knives and forks from a student from Minnesota. Our only regret was there wasn't a dozen more gifts. It was one of those rare and happy times. Those who gave will read these lines, but can never know how they blessed His dear child.

Seven P. M. We have been wonderfully blessed all day. Our burden for finances left us like mist before the rising sun, and we had felt as though we were sailing in mid-air, so free has been our spirit. Something has happened today. God has touched someone and the money is coming. We cannot pray any more for it. Hallelujah! In conversation with Brother Finch we find he received the same uplift and exactly at the same moment. What a refreshing it has been! We leave for Saba tomorrow.

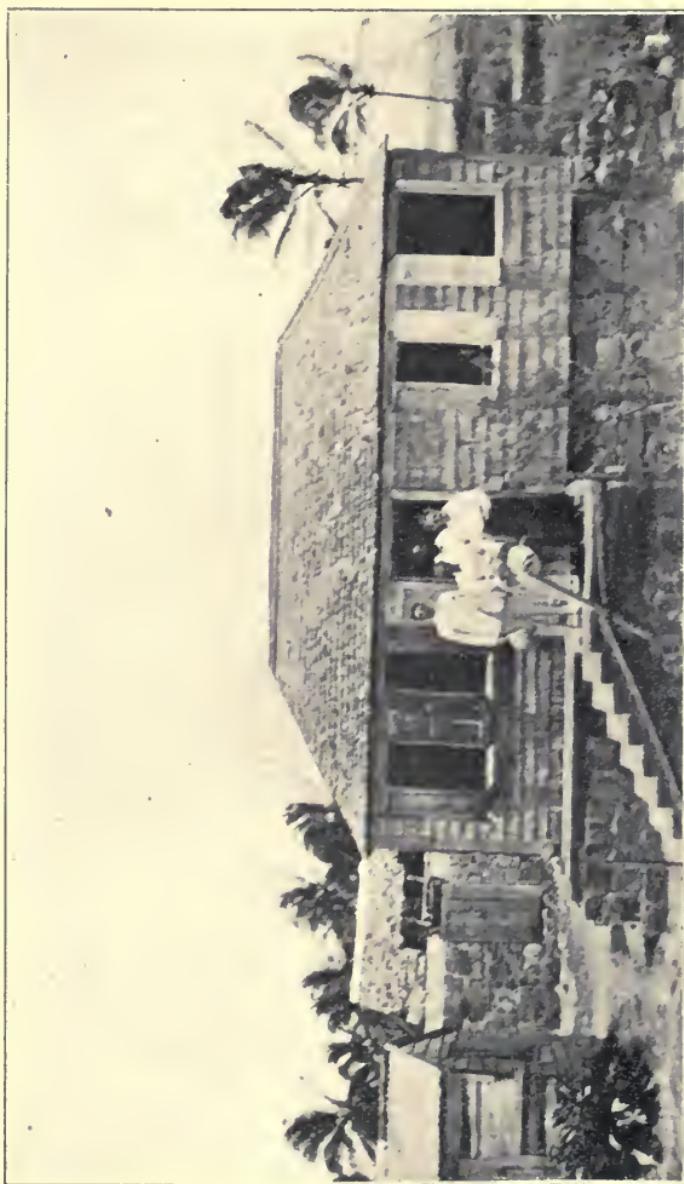
## CHAPTER XIV

### COCOANUTS

Of all the products we became acquainted with, none interested us more than the cocoanut. Just to pick one up casually as we do at home, one can hardly realize its real worth or the uses that are made of it. Making a careful study and much inquiry, we want to share it with you.

We were in several estates of hundreds of acres. The trees are set from twenty to thirty feet apart, and from one to four miles back from the coast, as they depend on the salt water. They grow from a small tree of three feet to those one hundred feet high. Think of a grove of 1,447 acres! We talked with a planter who was manager of this estate, and who kindly gave us many of the facts collected.

The trees may blossom at three and five years, and may yield a bunch of nuts at seven years, and continue to yield as its age increases until it reaches its full maturity, eighteen to twenty years, when its yield is twelve bunches, or one bunch for every month. The tree may be in blossom and at the same time have one bunch of nuts ripe and ready to be gathered, and others developing, as each month's growth is seen. It is a pretty sight to see the fruit, twelve bunches on one tree, beginning with a bunch of tiny nuts, each month's bunch a little larger, with the beautiful yellow blossoms at the top, and the great palm leaves falling gracefully to the ground. They are supposed to yield on an average of one nut a day.



CASTLES, NEVIS



Only a few years ago the export from one island alone was a little less than one million.

Our idea of the use of the nut is largely for cakes, pies, pudding and candies, but it is surprising to know of all its uses. Since the United States has failed to export enough butter and lard to the Islands, they have had to fall back on their own resources. Since the War the nuts have been much more appreciated locally. Cocoanut butter, which has been a chemical curiosity for sometime, has now become an article of commerce. Many families are makng their own cooking and table oil and cooking and table butter. Some make it at the table every day. The following are some of its special uses: brushes, fiber for mattresses, ropes, mats, cocoa matting, upholstering, strong bags, oil for cooking, hair dressing, cooking butter, table butter, table oil, jelly, candy, pies, cakes, pudding and cocoanut milk. A cream made from the fresh cocoanut is a delicacy when used with jams and jellies. Tallow soaps are made from the refuse. After extracting the cream, the refuse is used in making splendid feed for poultry, while that from the oil, made for commercial purposes, is known as cocoanut meal, and is used for making mashes for horses and cattle. The water from a nut four to nine months, makes a most delicious drink, and we are told that some kind of a beverage is made from the young blossoms. The shell, together with the husk, is used for fuel purposes, and when lit it flames and burns like crude oil. The branches, when dropped, are used by the peasants for roofing their huts, while the trunks from a dead palm is used for posts or barblications. At certain seasons the United States calls for "copra." This is the kernel of the nut extracted from the shell, and is either sun-steam or hot-air dried and exported.

At present the Islands are shipping all the shells they can handle to the United States War Department. The extract from them is used to counteract the gas used in the war, and it is estimated that one ton of shells saves the lives of ten men.

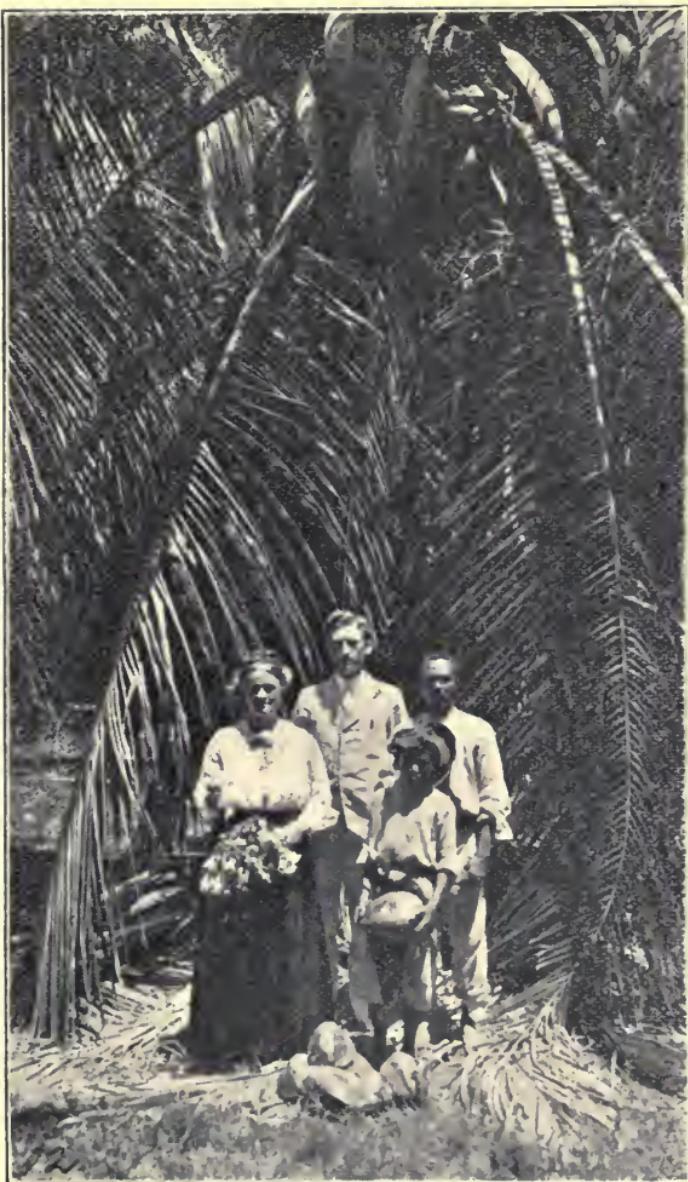
The missionaries at Nevis were churning their own butter, ten small cocoanuts making two pounds. The nut is grated, and the milk squeezed through a cloth (they were expecting a machine to do this) and allowed to rise, as other milk. The cream stood from Saturday to Monday, and then was churned as ordinary butter. (With the buttermilk corn bread was made.) The imported butter is beyond the reach of so many, and this is a good substitute.

While there we visited a large cocoanut estate, and had the above picture taken under one tree, with Brother Finch, the keeper, and a little boy. The lad climbed one of the tallest, cutting down seven or eight nuts, giving all a delicious drink. These are only nine months old, and at that stage the nut is soft, containing more water, and is called "water cocoanut.

We had thought of bringing out some of the strong, beautiful points of likeness between the great palm trees and a real saint of God, but after reading Doctor Watson on "Palm Tree Saints," we decided to use it, as it is so rich, and fits the subject precisely. Reader, let Him make you a palm tree saint.

### PALM TREE SAINTS

It is evident from Scripture that all the different animals are types of diversified human characters, and that also the various trees, bushes and shrubs are symbols of different sorts of people, and their various stages of character. In the Bible, there are frequent allusions to strong oaks, olive trees, palm



UNDER THE COCOANUT



trees and other species of trees, as types not only of Christ, but of His people. And it is evident there is a close analogy between the different qualities of these trees and the various virtues and graces of God's servants.

We read in the Psalms that the "righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," and again that the "Blessed man is like a tree (and evidently it means a palm tree) planted by the rivers of water." When I was traveling in Jamaica, where I saw hundreds and thousand of cocoanut palm trees, and one never tires of seeing them, I was forcibly reminded of the imagery set forth in Scripture between the cocoanut palm and the devout child of God. Let us notice some points of likeness.

1. The palm tree succeeds best along the seacoasts, and the margins of rivers, where it can get an abundance of water. This is a true picture of a saint planted in the love of God, and in constant touch with the abiding Comforter, for the Holy Spirit, in His constant flow through the humble soul, acts upon the faculties of the mind and the attributes of the heart and will, just as a flowing river operates on the roots of a palm tree. There are chemical properties in the air and in the earth which are essential to the growth of the trees and their fruitfulness, but it is especially the action of water that gathers up these chemical properties and imparts them to Spirit, when He has perfect access to the hidden roots of the soul, imparts all the virtues of Jesus and the love of the Father and the vital forces of Scriptures producing there, by the highest and strongest form of holy charatcer to God's people. Sometimes the palm tree is found growing in deserts, but always where subterranean springs are running near the surface, and in these instances, such clusters of palms form those refreshing oases, which are so acceptable to the traveler. In like manner there are great deserts in the moral and spiritual conditions of mankind, and amid these dreary wastes, where

the people forget God, the true saint sends the roots of his prayers down into the hidden fountains of God, and by the Holy Spirit draws up constant verdure and fruitfulness for thirsty and perishing souls.

2. The palm tree is an evergreen, which typifies the constant freshness of a true spiritual life. There are many varieties of trees such as apple, peach and pear, which are deciduous, and shed their foliage at the approach of winter. All of these set forth a certain degree of Christianity, but the highest types of spirituality selected from Scripture are set forth by those evergreen trees, such as the orange, olive, cocoanut and date palm. David expressly mentions this quality of unfading green as belonging to the saint by saying not only that he is like a tree planted by rivers of water, but that "his leaf also shall not wither," or as the margin reads, shall not fade.

There are deciduous Christians, and in fact a large majority of Christians live a deciduous life, in which the sweet, fresh verdure of grace comes and goes with various seasons of their lives, and only a few of God's creatures are so thoroughly rooted by the river of the Holy Spirit, as to have an evergreen life, and manifest that sweet, gentle, cheerful child-like freshness and verdure of soul, which makes presence like a refreshing shade on a hot day. It requires a supernatural stream running constantly down from the eternal freshness of God through the human heart to keep all the affections and thoughts verdant and fragrant. Every thing human will fade. All flesh-born love, human youth, school-boy sprightliness, mental science, theological zeal, pulpit eloquence, artistic singing and everything that does not flow out from the Holy Spirit will wither, but a soul that is established in constant prayer and fellowship with God is perennial.

3. The palm tree has its life hidden in the center and not on the surface, as other trees. The palm has no bark, and

so it can never be killed by girdling it. Most trees have a bark, under which the sap flows, and they grow by an increase of the layers of wood put on every year just under the bark, and hence, if the bark is pulled off the tree dies. This girdling represents the life which is yet natural, which can be seriously damaged by outward circumstance, or persecutions, disaster, neglect or ill usage.

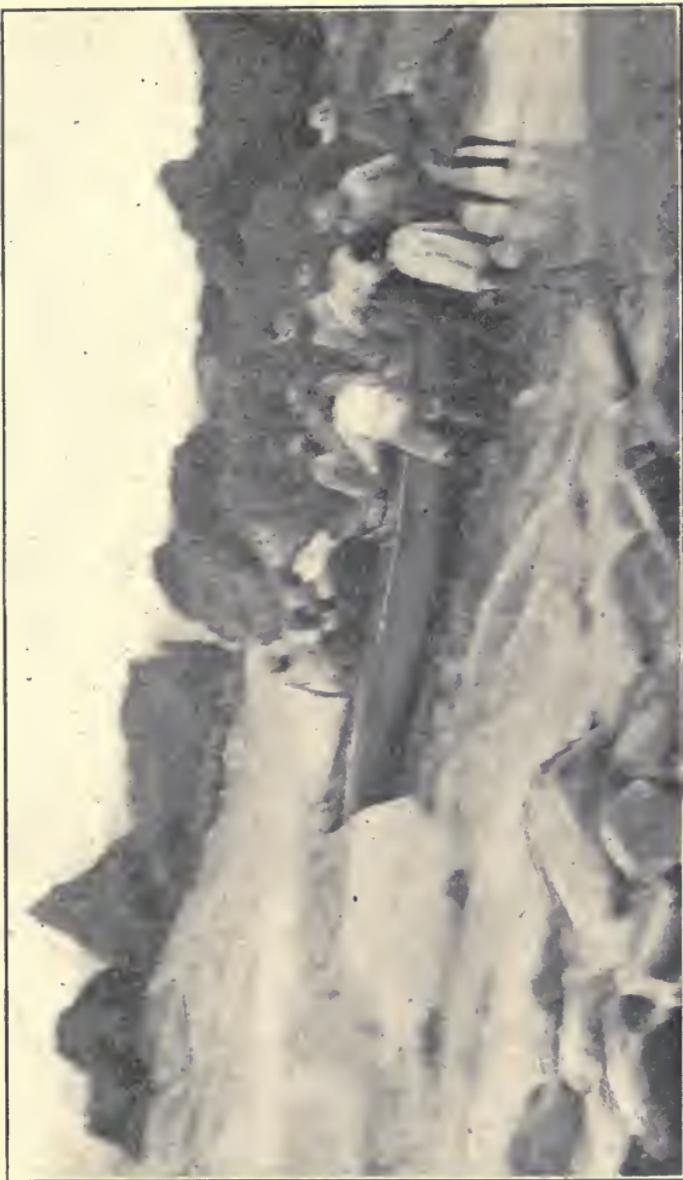
We constantly meet people who live on the surface, and know hardly anything of being hidden in a supernatural way with Christ, but all their religious experieces are easily affected by outward circumstances, such as large or small congregations, an eloquent or simple preacher, a live or dull prayer-meeting, good or bad treatment, or a little piece of persecution, and such things that belong to the outward from of life. The palm tree, drawing its life up through the center, especially represents the soul whose life is not dependent upon outward circumstances, but is thoroughly supernaturalized and hid in God. Just as long as a palm tree has enough of its heart left to convey water from its roots to its boughs it will live, though it be cut all around and terribly mangled by the ax. And to a soul that is thoroughly purified and in constant fellowship with the Holy Spirit can endure trials, bad treatment, neglect, persecutions, ostracism and every sort of calamities in this world, just as long as its inner heart is in ubroken fellowship with the Triune God. This explains why it is that the palm tree never grows in size like other trees, by making addition to the outside of its diameter, but it only grows upward by adding year by year fresh joints on top. Hence the palm tree ten years old will have as much thickness in its trunk as a tree a hundred years old, which beautifully illustrates that the true saint does not grow by spreading himself outward in the world, but upward toward Heaven, and making constant additions to his spiritual attitude.

4. The palm tree, and more especially the cocoanut palm, is a constant fruit bearer, blooming every month and always having a cluster of fruit at the top from one year old in age down to the fresh blossom. This corresponds with the Bible statement that the Tree of Life yields her fruit every month. Every Bible reader must have been struck with the way the number twelve is used, such as the twelve manner of fruit, and the fruit, ripening every month in the twelve months of the year, and then the number twelve being multiplied by itself making one hundred and forty-four. It is a singular fact that the cocoanut palm will average twelve units every time it blooms, that come to maturity so that it yields twelve units for each month, or one hundred and forty-four for the year, which makes it harmonize precisely with the Scriptural numbers in many places. It is supposed by many that the number one hundred and forty-four sets forth a special company of saints, who will compose the Bride of Christ, and it would seem that those servants which make up that chosen company are all of them, palm-tree saints, having all the foregoing qualities of the palm tree.

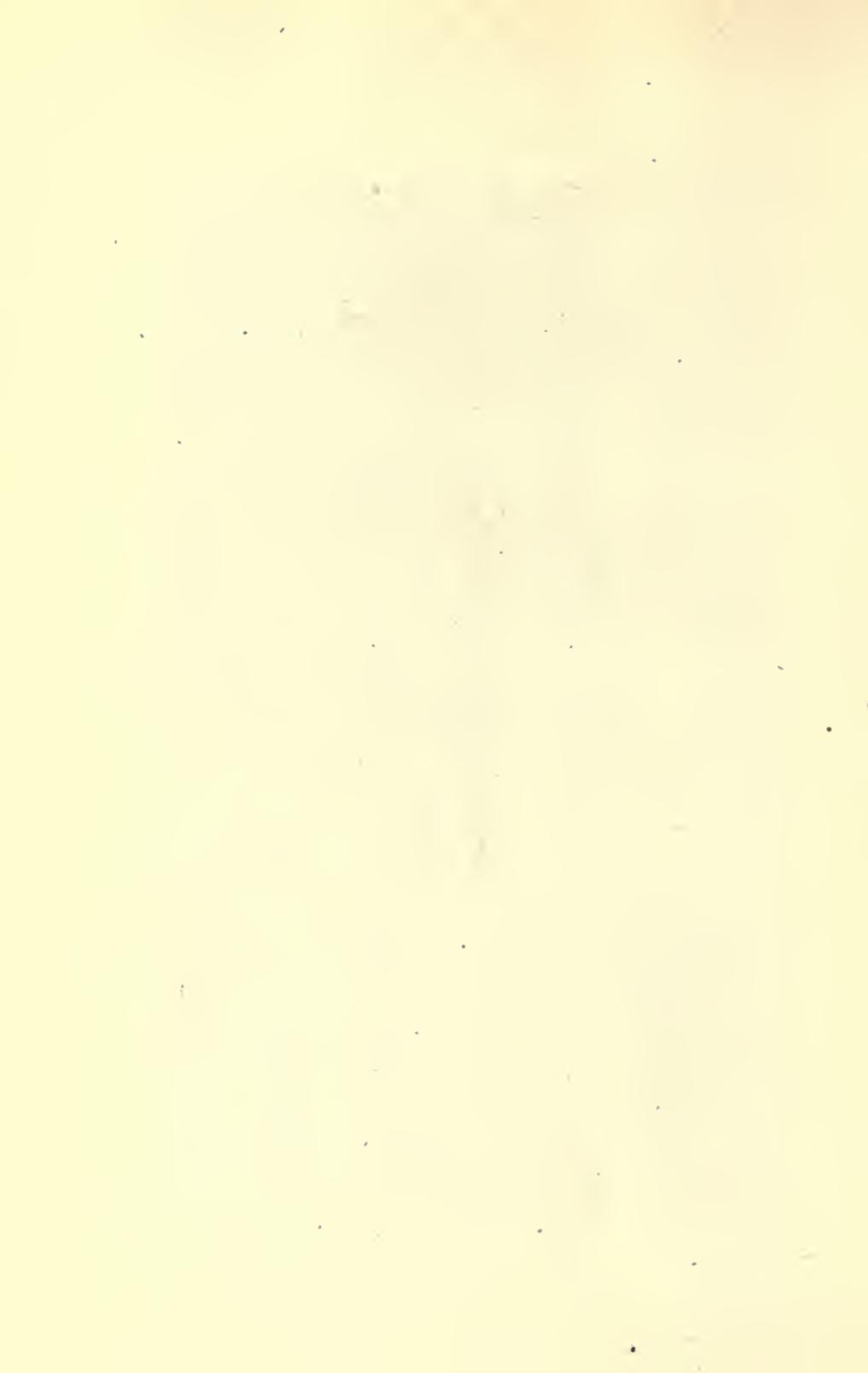
There is no tree on earth of such constant fruitfulness as the cocoanut palm, and hence it pre-eminently typifies the most fruitful believers, who are not only saved and purged from inward sin, but so filled with the life of God as to have the fecundity of the Holy Ghost.

5. The attractive beauty of the palm tree is another distinguishing quality.

It has no limbs, but long, graceful, strong leaves that stretch out from the top, with a beauty and grace and glistening green, which makes it an object of beauty and majesty unapproached by any other tree. In this respect it sets forth the true Heavenly dignity, loftiness, gracefulness and perpetual charm of a deeply spiritual life. The saints who get a vision of the



MRS. KNAPP LANDING AT SABA



eternal beauty of God, and bathe their minds constantly in the attractive light of the Divine perfections of Him, are those who in a special way manifest the true charm of a holy life.

It is true that it takes the spiritual eye to see the real beauty of a holy life, yet even the dim eyes of the people of the world can detect a strange loftiness and calmness of heavenly independence in a holy life, which looks to them somewhat like a spiritual palm tree, waving its lofty foliage in the breeze, and presenting a picture against the sunset skies never to be forgotten. Added to all these qualities the palm tree is long lived, and at the end of a hundred years will yield as beautiful foliage, and as fine fruit as in its younger years, thus confirming the Word of God, that the palm-tree saints will bring forth fruit in old age.

## CHAPTER XV

### SABA—ANTIGUA—BERBUDA

ON BOARD THE ROBERT C. HARRIS, *Saturday, April 13*

We are in the harbor of St. Kitts, on board a two-masted schooner bound for Saba. The *Parima* is here on its way to Barbados. It is a beautiful evening, and we are to ride all night. It is after six. We left Nevis at 9 A. M. and came over in a small, open sailing vessel, and the weather was made more pleasant today with a good shower. One is always supposed to be armed with a raincoat and umbrella; so we escaped a wetting. When the cloud rests on top of Ben Nevis the fishermen say, "Ben has his cap on," and they look for a good wind. When the cloud lifts they say, "Ben has his cap off," and there is a calm, and when this is the case it takes six or seven hours to go a distance that could be covered in two.

Saturday is called "Beggar Day" at Nevis. More than twenty-five were at the Mission early this A. M. These are the very poor who are unable to work, and go from place to place; the blind, the halt, the maimed, the sick; all ages, from little children to real old men and women. It is quite a spectacle to see them. It is a custom here to feed them, giving a penny, bread, or food of some kind. One day there were no pennies, so they baked a corn cake for each. Sister Blyden used to bake a small loaf of bread every Friday, but does not do so as much as formerly.

There is a small cabin on this schooner like a cubby hole, with two bunks in it, but so little air that we have decided to sleep on the open deck in steamer chairs. We had been told so much about the trip to Saba that we naturally dreaded it more than all the others. There is usually a rough sea and no one escapes seasickness, we were told. While resting this afternoon, we overheard some one say, "I'm sorry for Mrs. Knapp." An unusually heavy sea and on hearing so many remarks, we went to prayer, telling God we placed Him beside all these unfavorable conditions and such a calm came over us, and a deep assurance took possession that we felt God would be Master on board and we expected to be kept. More than thirty years ago, we had one ride on Lake Michigan in a sail boat that so filled us with horror that it was our first and last; but now we are providentially placed where we must go or not see the work.

### SABA

We have been through a "brand-new" experience, but do not know that we would care to have it repeated. Here we are, safe and sound, and have much to praise God for. We have been saying everything was "Interesting," but we could add quite a bit more—it was "intensely thrilling." We saw the sun set, and the new moon rise on the water, brightening the long night a few hours, and disappear. In the early morning hours the Southern Cross was to be seen, while the morning star shone beautifully. Its beams slanting on the water were like the moon. We have never slept under such beautiful, starry heavens. We enjoyed repeating the 19th Psalm: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." Chairs were placed beside the rail of the vessel—there was no room otherwise. By mistake, the trunks containing steamer blankets and pillows were placed in the

small hold and the cargo of flour on top, so we were all without sufficient covering, and before daylight were cold. Ben Nevis must have taken off his cap after we started, for by 9:30 we were only ten miles from St. Kitts, but a heavy, rough sea soon came up, and the rocking was equal to that of any steamer; in fact, it seemed worse as we were so close to the edge. We could see the tossing billows all the time, and while we slept some, it seemed we had one eye open watching them. Though we were told repeatedly there was no danger, sometimes it was hard to believe that we might not slide over. Once our chair gave a lurch and about 3 A. M. the big sail broke loose, beyond the control of the sailors, and caused some excitement. We were tossed to and fro, up and down on the heavy billows; this gave us a nervous shock. Both Sister Blyden and Brother King sprang to the rescue and helped to pull it in, but we went a mile or more out of our way before it was under control. Dear, precious Irene lay beside us on top of the deck, never sleeping all night, keeping faithful watch. We never made a move but her hand was outstretched upon our chair to assure us all was well. How like a mother watching her child! There were about twelve people accommodated in a space of a few square yards. It was a vessel of small tonnage (30 tons). About daylight we could see the outline of the Island of Saba, standing out distinct and alone. How welcome the sight after our long night! 1,500 feet high we could see St. John, the first village. At one time there was a harbor village where the boats landed, but a great landslide of rocks and lava completely destroyed it, and there is nothing there but a wharfhouse. While 4,000 people live on this island, they are up hundreds of feet from sea level. The water is so deep our vessel does not even anchor, so when the little boat comes out to get us, both are tossing. There are no long steps to



LEVEROCK—SABA

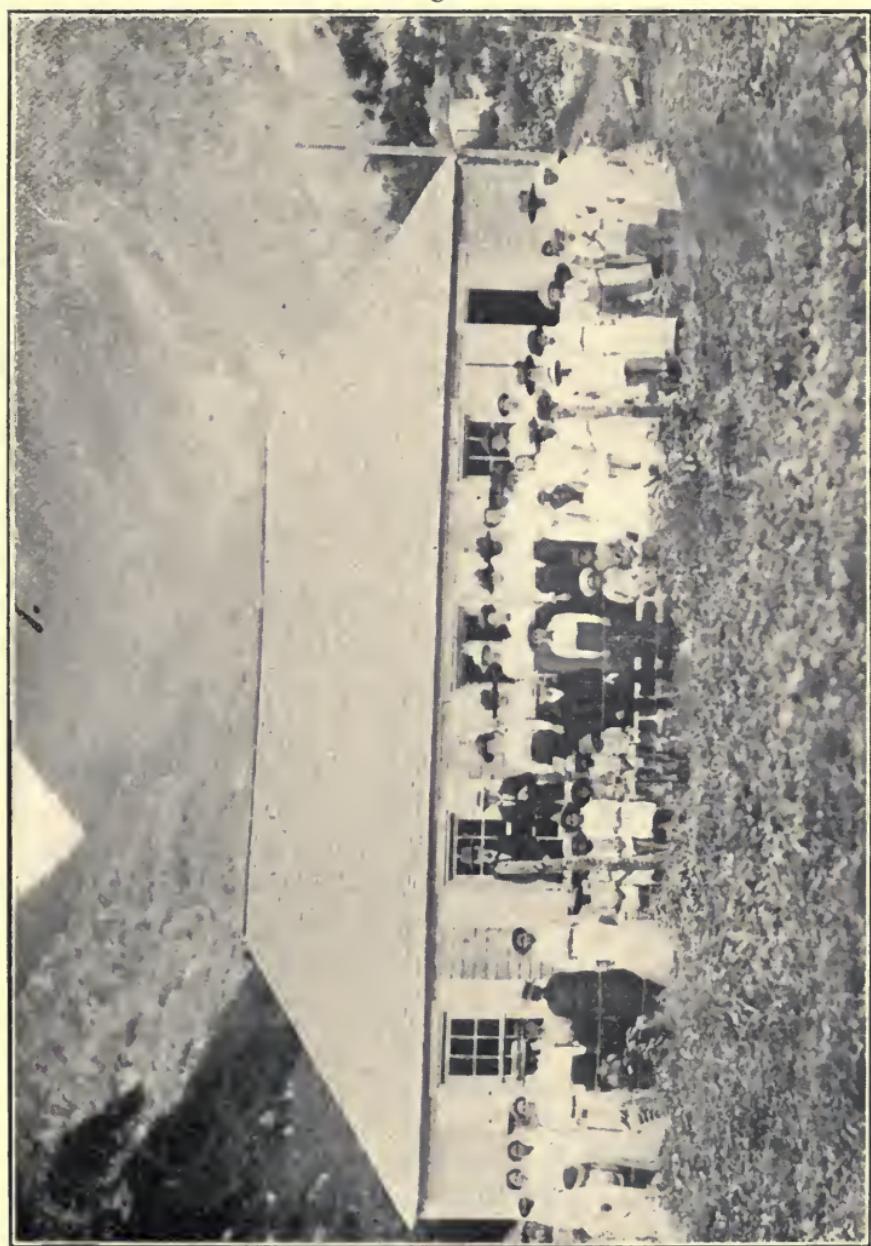


go down easily, but we simply drop and shiver. We see a crowd of people on the wharf as the news has gone up, and they are coming one by one, running down the mountain. The waves are so wild, tide coming in, too, that the white breakers are dashing over the rocks; this is where we must land. We cover our face and hide in Sister Blyden's lap. It is a wild ride. We hear the men shouting as we go over one wave after another, when suddenly the boat is swept on to bare ground and a dozen men spring and pull it up out of the angry waters. Sister Blyden keeps reminding us, "This is interesting," and we have to take our lesson. "So He bringeth them into their desired haven." Praise the Lord! This is such a rocky beach that only one small boat can go and come in at a time. We sit down on a rock and watch them bring in the baggage. We were blessedly kept from seasickness.

Brother and Sister Will Beirnes and family have come with us to take charge of the work. Two boats are busy taking everything in. Sister Blyden superintends the carrying of it to the top. We see a woman with a trunk on her head going up, a boy with three steamer chairs, a man with a trunk and suitcase, another with a mattress, and thus it is all carried to our destination. The mountains are so close to the water's edge, one has to go up to see the road to the top, rocky steps, curves and climbs. How did we ascend? By the only "carriage" Saba affords, no vehicles of any kind, not even a wheelbarrow. We were placed in a chair with one pole on each side, and two men carried us up, while Brothers Finch, King and Sister Blyden walked, bringing up the rear, sometimes helping. They puffed and perspired, carrying 175 pounds, and we were sorry for them. They stopped occasionally to rest. Brother Finch told us before leaving U. S. we would lose twenty pounds at least, as everyone

else does, and we looked forward to that, but someone must have prayed that we would not lose our appetite in this new climate, and be able to eat the food—their prayers are answered—and to our dismay, we have to watch to keep from gaining. The men carry us one mile and then return for Sister Beirnes, and we walk another half mile to the Mission Home. The mountains are covered with all kinds of beautiful variety of cactus and stubby green trees. We feasted on this new scenery; every turn brought new beauties. The sun came up over the mountains and the scene was glorious, but what shall we say when we reach the top? We are 800 feet above the sea level, the sea in the distance. The Mission Home is beautifully situated and one can't look out from any direction without seeing the mountains towering above one hundreds of feet. The sight is wonderful. We are enthusiastically carried away with it. We can imagine we are in Switzerland; it is most picturesque. The houses, here and there up the mountain sides, are well built, painted white, with red roofs, and look like pretty summer houses. This is a Dutch island and the flag of Holland waves over us. We are in the little town of Levereock, nestling down in the crater of this mountain. This is surely one of the beauty spots of the world. It is semi-tropical, but has had frosts. The climate is delightful. This is Irene's home and we received no warmer welcome anywhere than from her dear old mother. Here is where she was converted and where she ran up and down the mountain-sides first telling the story of Jesus "at Jerusalem." Here is where Brother Moulton lived two years writing his book, "Exploits in the Tropics." From here Irene came to God's Bible School, and you know the rest. There is no industry here; the men are sailors and the Sabans are known the world over as the best; those who are left, farm the mountainsides for potatoes and onions and other vegetables,

CHURCH AT SABA





carry the freight, as lumber, flour and sugar, up from the wharf. They have never seen a plow in Saba. Goats, cows, and some sheep graze on the mountainsides and look like specks. They kill a beef once a week, but always take orders for the whole, so nothing is lost. There are no springs or wells; all have to depend on cisterns for drinking or washing purposes. The island is only three miles long and two wide. It is also so rocky that cisterns and walls made of stone abound and make a neat appearance. The women try to earn a living, too, by making and selling drawn-thread work.

There is hardly a family here but has a son, brother, husband or some relative in the war zone. On our arrival the friends had a nice breakfast of eggs, bread, butter, fruits and cocoa ready, also dinner of mountain goat, potatoes, etc., and are bountifully caring for us.

TUESDAY, *April 16*

This is a Roman Catholic island and here, as on Nevis, we have the only full-salvation work. We have had no settled worker here for over a year and the people have begged so for one that it was heavy on our hearts, and it was decided to send Brother Schoombie here, but being a British subject, they would not grant him a passport for this place. The Lord laid it on Brother Will Beirnes' heart to come here, and we are all so satisfied and blessed in his coming. He has visited this island two or three times; won his way into the hearts of the people, and they gladly welcome him as their pastor. It is hard to reach Saba. It is more isolated and has been sadly neglected. There are more white people on this island than on any other in the West Indies, and it seems more like America. We only remain here a few days and are holding services twice a day, Brothers Finch and King preaching alternately. The hall is packed nightly

and crowds are on the outside. The Governor attended last night and reported that he enjoyed the service; also two of the four Dutch soldiers who are stationed here. Sister Blyden presides at the organ and helps with us as opportunity offers. Brothers Finch and Beirnes went to the town of Windward on the other side of the island to hold a service, climbing the mountain, taking turns on a borrowed pony. Steps have been cut out of the rocks and the ponies go up and down as easily as a person. We watched them from the Mission Home, and as they went up—and up—they looked like specks, but we could see their handkerchiefs as they waved them back.

TUESDAY, April 16; P. M.

Today we had one of the trips of our life, going over the mountain to see the town of Windward, four miles round trip. Of course we could not climb the mountain, so we had to go in Saba's "Carriage," with Brothers Finch, King and Sister Blyden accompanying us. We reveled in the wonderful scenery, towering mountains with the clouds on top, great rocks and boulders overhanging our path, the steep sides covered with bare stones, others with shrubbery and trees, dozens of goats, sheep and cattle grazing, and the deep blue sea on all sides. Wherever there were places to be tilled, there were gardens, banana groves, roses, flowers, and places of most romantic beauty. The people walk back and forth between the towns, usually barefoot; and they greet us with true native courtesy. The town of Windward is a most beautiful spot. It is up much higher and receives more of the wind and is cooler. Our little chapel here is 12x15 feet, entirely too small to meet the needs. We made a few calls, sang, prayed and returned home in time for dinner, feeling like we had been to Switzerland and the Alps.



MRS. KNAPP IN SABA'S "CARRIAGE"—A DUTCH OFFICER AND NATIVE WOMAN



WEDNESDAY, April 17

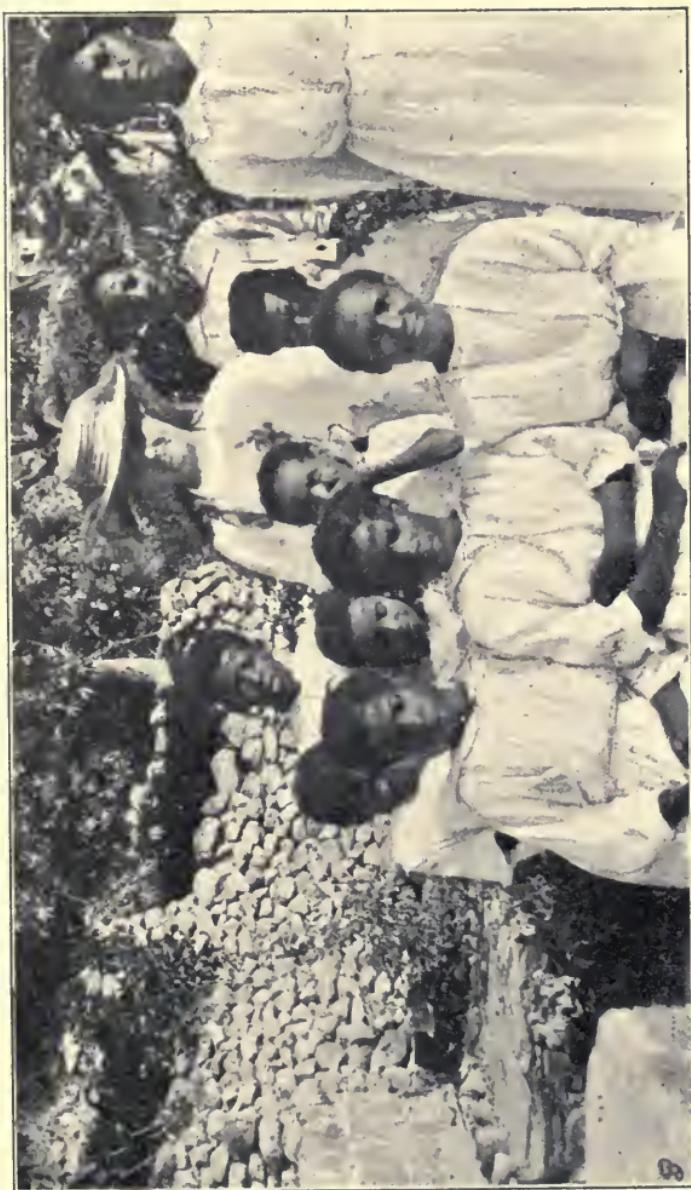
The meetings have been growing in interest and are well attended. The people are so appreciative of our coming and so grateful to have Brother Beirnes remain. Brothers Finch and King have had great liberty in preaching. Today we met about forty children, and had a precious children's meeting, and we believe many of them found Jesus. Sister Blyden assisted us in song and prayer, and then we went down the mountain to her home where she was born and reared. She is from a family of eleven children. The five brothers are all sailors and are away from home. Five sisters live around home. Times are very hard here, and there is much suffering and anxiety among the people. Even those having a little money can scarcely get flour and food, as only a small amount is brought here. One woman was buried yesterday whose death was caused by lack of food. Potatoes are \$8.00 per bbl. here, but crops are poor because of lack of rain. We have been without bread here, so can understand their suffering in a measure.

We leave tomorrow. We remain long enough in one place to become attached to the people, and then tear ourself away. It seems to us that this is one of the best mission stations we have, as ours is the only church on the island, except the Anglican and the Catholic. We now have the respect of both the high and the low, the Governor and some of the government officials attending the church. We have two points outside of the main station, with a membership of over fifty, and now that we have a missionary here in the heart of the community, the work can develop rapidly. This is another field where we must have a suitable church building as soon as possible, as the one now used is over one hundred years old, and so small that not one-t-hird of the people can be accom-

modated; during these meetings, the windows, doors, yard and stone wall being crowded, both at the day and the night services. This building, with the large lot on which it stands, is already paid for, and the building can easily be converted into a Mission Home; while there is room on the lot for a good church edifice besides. This once done, our work is established, as the people by the hundreds are persuaded we are preaching the truth. Brother Finch preached the closing sermon to a great crowd. His subject was "Worship." One old man and his wife took his face between their hands and blessed him for the message. Their joy and gratitude is very touching, and to the last they shared with us what they had; bringing milk, eggs, fruit, etc., to the home. One of the last gifts was a parcel of potatoes sewed up in cloth, and this we brought along with us. They brought beautiful roses; followed the party down the mountainside; people came out of their homes along the way and bade us goodby, while a crowd went down to the landing, and the last thing we heard, as our boat was carried over the breakers was the song, "God be with you till we meet again"; and as we waved them goodby we thought of the words of Paul on his way to Jerusalem, and of the people whom he left, "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more, and they accompanied him into the ship." Many, if not all, of these people we shall never see again on earth.

ST. KITTS, *Friday, April 19*

We left Saba yesterday at 9 A. M., riding all day and all night to cover forty miles. Had we an auto or train as in U. S., we could have made it in an hour and a half. We were on the sloop *Anna*, and this was even much slower than the schooner that brought us. As Paul said, "The wind was contrary," and they had to "tack" back and forth, and were



GIRLS AT SABA WITH MRS. KNAPP

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all day making eighteen miles, sometimes almost coming back to the point of starting. There was nothing to do but to lie patiently in the steamer chairs, to watch the sea and the rolling, tumbling vessel as it went up and down on the tossing billows. Over and over, all day long the deck was washed, as the water poured over it, and splashed into our faces, and we could brush the salt off after the water dried. We forbear telling of the embarkment, the strain and shock, lest we weary you, but we felt helpless and weak for hours. We ate dry bread and crackers, with hard boiled eggs, with unutterably grateful hearts. One prayer has been, "Feed me with food convenient for me," and we always have had more than what is promised. Seasick? Of course not; we didn't expect to be. Faith is the victory. We have now gone the hardest trip of all, and are believing we are through with it. Don't forget to give God all the glory, for it is He and He alone, who has done it. We left St. Stacia after 8 o'clock P. M., the only stop that is made. All of us settled down for the night, with raincoats, blankets and pillows, and expected to get some sleep, the new moon and stars shining down upon us. A shower came up, umbrellas were raised, but the wind almost took them away. This kept up more or less all night, and we were all wet and chilled, but caught snatches of sleep in between. Did you ever see a rainbow in the night? There it was, a beautiful sight, stretching across the sky at midnight. Someone may ask, "Why didn't you go below in the bunk?" There were so many there who were seasick, and with the close, foul air, and dozens of rats and roaches, we preferred the open deck and fresh air. Wouldn't you? Brother Finch has been so sick at other times that he let the rats run over him and could not lift a finger, nor care. The long night finally passed, and we reached here at daybreak, but had to wait one hour for the harbor master to come out and permit

us to land. This done we were soon on shore, with bedraggled, wet clothes and shoes, blistered faces and hands from sun and wind, worn bodies, looking like we had been through a siege. In remembering the missionaries don't forget that there is a wear and tear on clothes as well as nerves. We find a welcome home, a hot breakfast and a resting place for the day. We are trying to picture to you the real life of the missionary in all its bearings. We are glad for a taste of their trials and hardships as well as their joys. This is the hardest trip of all, but the memory of those dear saints at Saba, made so happy by our coming, pays us double for all we have gone through, and we are full of real rejoicing. We heard Brother Finch say that sometimes it takes him weeks to get over one of these trips. We want to burden you in prayer for him, for remember, this is no easy task, but it is cheerfully done for Jesus' sake. As superintendent, he must frequently visit all the mission stations, and needs the prayers and co-operation of God's people. These side trips have all been made in the Caribbean Sea.

CHARLESTON, NEVIS, Saturday, April 20

Reached here at 5:35 lat night, but had to remain in St. Kitts all day, as we could not get a sailing vessel until 4 P. M. The wind was good, and we came over in one hour and thirty-five minutes. How good to get back, after an absence of one week.

Sister King, as "gap-filler," preached on Sabbath to a crowded house and kept up the services. We have no definite idea yet when we can leave for home, but will know soon. We have two more islands to visit.

NEVIS, Sunday Morning, April 21

The day of good things opened at five A. M., when the people gathered for an early prayermeeting. How they pray!



HARBOR AT SABA



Service opened again at 11 o'clock, with singing, "I am on the Rock," "Abiding," and other songs from "Mounting Up." When these dear people get blessed, they rise to their feet, raise their hands, or clap both of them, singing with up-turned faces; sometimes there are a dozen on their feet, and it blesses our soul. Sister Blyden has plowed deep, and there is a good, solid work here. A splendid audience greeted us today, one hundred or more. Sister Blyden gives a stirring exhortation and talk. Brother Finch follows, and the altar is soon filled. There was much weeping and praying, and we believe some found God. We did not leave the hall until nearly 2 o'clock. Last evening there was no service; we all gathered in the sitting room while Brother Finch read to us from the unabridged life of Rev. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission. What testings and trials he had to endure, and what insurmountable difficulties he had to overcome! It was a luxury to relax, and have nothing to do but rest and listen.

#### *MONDAY, April 22*

We had a precious meeting last night, after an unctious song service when many took their liberty, walking the floor, praising God. With Sister Blyden we sang, "Who is he that overcometh by the blood of the Lamb?" we asking thes question, she giving the answer, both joining in the chorus. Brother Finch preached with liberty, "Blessed are the undefiled." It will bear fruit. Brother and Sister King drove to Castles for a service there.

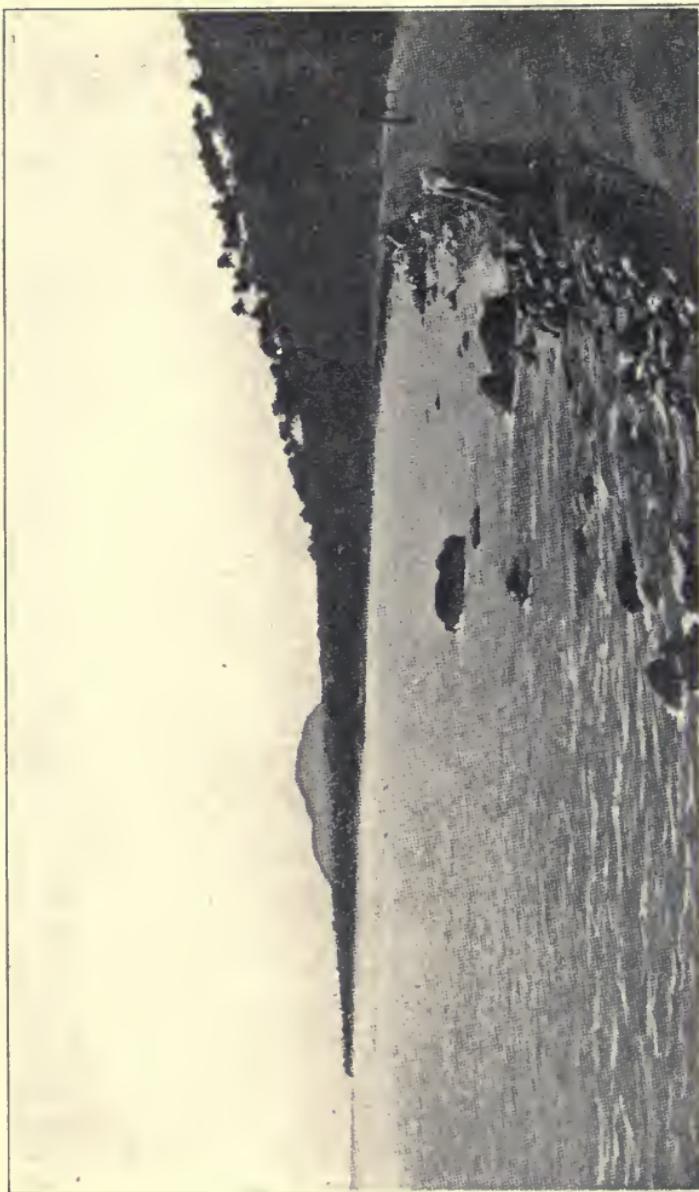
#### *TUESDAY, April 23*

"Sammy" told us when the nets were being brought in, and we hastened to the beach. What a sight! The great fish-net stretching nearly a half block long was being drawn in

by the fishermen, while hundreds of leaping, squirming fish were trying to regain their liberty. They beat against the net in vain and were not on land but a few moments until they were dead. Crowded around were dozens of men, women and children, with baskets, buying of these to sell again. It was most interesting and we thought of Jesus when the disciples brought the great draught of fishes to land and the net did not break. There were three hauls today, and thousands of fish were caught. Sister Blyden bought some of these and we ate them for supper.

### WEDNESDAY, April 24

How can we describe the meeting last night? It was an unusual one, the regular night for "testimony." The saints were full, and their cup of joy ran over. Brother Finch talked on "The Second Coming," Sister King sang a song about Heaven, and before the meeting was over we felt like we had a foretaste of it, or part of it had dropped down in our midst. A crowd of the "Gingerland" people had come in a body, walking the four miles in the moonlight. It was like a Sunday morning at Campmeeting, and the saints sang jubilantly and testified with blessing and liberty. These precious black friends are full of music, and when you get a crowd of spirit-filled singers together it is great, and we had nothing to do but sit back and enjoy it. I wish we could picture the scene while the audience sang a song we had never heard: "I want to crown my blessed Savior, blessed Savior, but I cannot until I make my peace with my Lord and my God, with all my heart and with all my soul. I'll serve Him while I live, I'll serve Him while I live, I'll praise Him in the New Jerusalem." The unction of God came upon the singers and the freedom in the spirit was a luxury to behold. There were a dozen or more on their feet at once, praising



OLD ROAD BAY—ST. KITTS



Him in their own unique way. Sister Blyden received her share of blessing, dancing before the Lord and other joyful demonstrations. One sister especially attracted attention, there was such a shine on her face, glory in her voice and freedom, as she walked up and down praising the Lord, with the ease of a bird in midair. In her testimony she told of being taken to the hospital a few years ago by Brother Finch and Sister Coone, with a loathsome disease, akin to leprosy; and when she called on God and told Him if He would heal her, she would serve Him forever, He answered prayer. This was the first time Brother Finch had seen her since that time. No wonder she was so full of rejoicing. She is our local preacher at Gingerland and is so much used of the Lord. We praise Him for this trophy of redeeming grace and His miraculous healing power. The tide of testimony went on until nearly 10 o'clock; one brother was so blessed he was prostrated. Sister Blyden has been a faithful pastor. There is solid work here that rejoices our heart, and makes us glad for the money spent that is bringing good returns. Those who have her to support can feel their money is well invested.

All through the fields we have heard of a disease called Elephantiasis, and here we have seen more cases than anywhere else. It is a disease which begins in the foot and limb, causing them to swell and enlarge until the limb is as large at the ankle as at the hip. It is all one can do to carry it around. We saw an old man with both limbs so large that he was an awful sight. There is a great deal of suffering at first with the disease and many have their limbs cut off, and we can see many one-legged people. It is one of the prevailing diseases.

## CHAPTER XVI

### "HOME, SWEET HOME"

ST. KITTS, *Saturday, April 27*

We came here yesterday morning, and are waiting for a steamer to take us to Antigua. We were told it was due today, but find it will not come until tomorrow. The agent would not sell us tickets, informing us we could only secure passage through the purser when ship arrived, as they were full. This is the only one coming for ten days or more, and will greatly hinder us in getting home to the Cincinnati Camp. All sailings are now uncertain and limited. The two small hotels were both full, and it was with difficulty that we found lodging at all. There were no nets, and the mosquitoes swarmed by the dozen, so they, with fleas, gnats and other little pests made the night "exceedingly interesting." We fought all night, having very little sleep, arising jaded, swollen and smarting with the fever and burning caused by the bites. This is only a taste of what the missionaries have gone through in previous years, and we do want to know something of it. In the most of the islands now our missionaries have their own rented homes, and do their best to properly care for those who come, but here we have to rough it. Brother Finch and other missionaries have gone weeks at a time, having this kind of experiences, sleeping in hammocks, on top of trunks, on decks of steamers, in chairs, fighting fleas, mosquitoes and all kinds of insects, not knowing what it was to

have a good night's rest. In their lectures at home they say but little of the dark side, but we want to give you a glimpse of the strain, tension and hardships of this kind of life. Help us in prayer that God will give good Mission Homes, where missionaries can live sanitary and safe; so they can rest properly and their lives be prolonged.

The night before leaving Nevis, we had a farewell service. Brother and Sister King are going to take up the work in Antigua and we are leaving them. Songs and testimonies were in order for each, while Brother Finch and Sister Blyden followed. It was a precious service and we leave these new found friends with their love and blessing. A crowd was at the wharf to see us off.

ST. JOHNS, ANTIGUA, *Monday, April 29*

Reached here this morning at daybreak, after spending three days at St. Kitts, leaving the whole party worn and sick from loss of sleep, etc. There was nothing to do but patiently endure it. Two meetings were held and God blessed. All accommodations were taken on the *Koruna*, but the pursur kindly permitted the party to sleep in steamer chairs on the deck. The ocean was quiet; it was not cold, and only one night's journey, so no one suffered in any way, and the freedom from insect pests was a great relief. At the last, a business man kindly offered the writer his place in the stateroom he had paid for, so we occupied it with his wife. He slept on deck, too. Only God can know how gratefully this was accepted. The Lord seemed to double up on the sleep, and we have worked hard all day.

Here we found letters from home and the islands, the latter from Brothers Slater, Beirnes and Schoombie, full of rejoicing. Brother Beirnes writes of the miraculous deliverance of their little daughter. She swallowed a berry, deadly poison, acting

like carbolic acid. She became limp and like death. The missionaries laid hands on her, prayed, and God wonderfully delivered. Later Brother Beirnes took a berry to the druggist and he told him what it was, and that he had known a horse to die in two hours after eating one. Praise God for this triumph of His power! We believe this calls for united praise. Hallelujah! Brother Slater writes of the farewell meeting with Brother and Sister Beirnes on April 22. "Brother and Sister Beirnes had a most wonderful meeting yesterday. People came from all points, the church was well filled in the morning. We began at 10 o'clock and the tide was higher than I have ever seen it since I have been in the West Indies. The testimonies were wonderful. We had the people march around for the offering, and they placed \$55.73 on the table and raised it to \$57.73 last night. Almost everybody gave." Only those who know how little these people have, can appreciate this splendid offering. Brother Beirnes and family sailed April 28 on a direct line for New York. They are expecting to locate in Lansing, Mich., for the year they are on furlough. This is one of Brother Beirnes' last pastorates and where he is greatly beloved. Pastor Wood and his loyal people are planning on loaning and donating enough furniture, etc., to make a home for them. What a lovely touch of brotherly kindness to these servants! After having been on the field we feel too much cannot be done for any ambassador when he returns.

Brother Will Beirnes writes from Saba that God is giving victory there and that he has found a suitable building for the windward side of the island. All that is needed is the money to convert it into a good Mission building and home. Some of our best stations are in buildings that were bought and then remodeled, much of this being done by the missionaries. I am profoundly impressed with the labor of their hands as

well as their spiritual work. Hundreds of dollars have been saved to the missionary cause by their self-sacrificing labor. We could not have had the splendid buildings at Antigua and Nevis had it not been for the untiring work of Brother Coone. Brother George Beirnes has also managed and helped with his own hands the erection of four church buildings. Some natives passing while he was on the last church in South America, remarked that the white man was doing as much as four of them could do. Just before leaving for Saba we saw three mattresses, a table, vegetable safe, bookcase, and other articles of furniture that Brother Will Beirnes had made for his own use. These articles were too expensive to buy ready made. Not only this, but they have kept the places in repair. How necessary for missionaries to be all-round workers.

Our native workers have nobly done their part. I am gratified and satisfied with the work and workers. From what we have witnessed with our own eyes, we must say that we believe missionary money has been wisely spent. Everywhere we have gone we have seen the fruit of Brother James M. Taylor's labors.

Brother Schoombie writes, "These are wonderful days to my soul, my horizon is enlarging, my vision clearer, my heart more tender, praise the Lord! Am having some wonderful times. God is giving me messages for the people. Easter Sunday twenty-four souls came forward for prayer. I don't have time to get lonesome, my mind is clear, my body strong, and it is easy to preach these days." He dedicated the church on April 21 at Unity, the first out-station, where the Government had given the land. How glad we are for this! These letters have brought great cheer and blessing to Brother Finch's heart. We are here in Antigua for a few days. Sister Coone's gracious welcome has been so appreciated. There

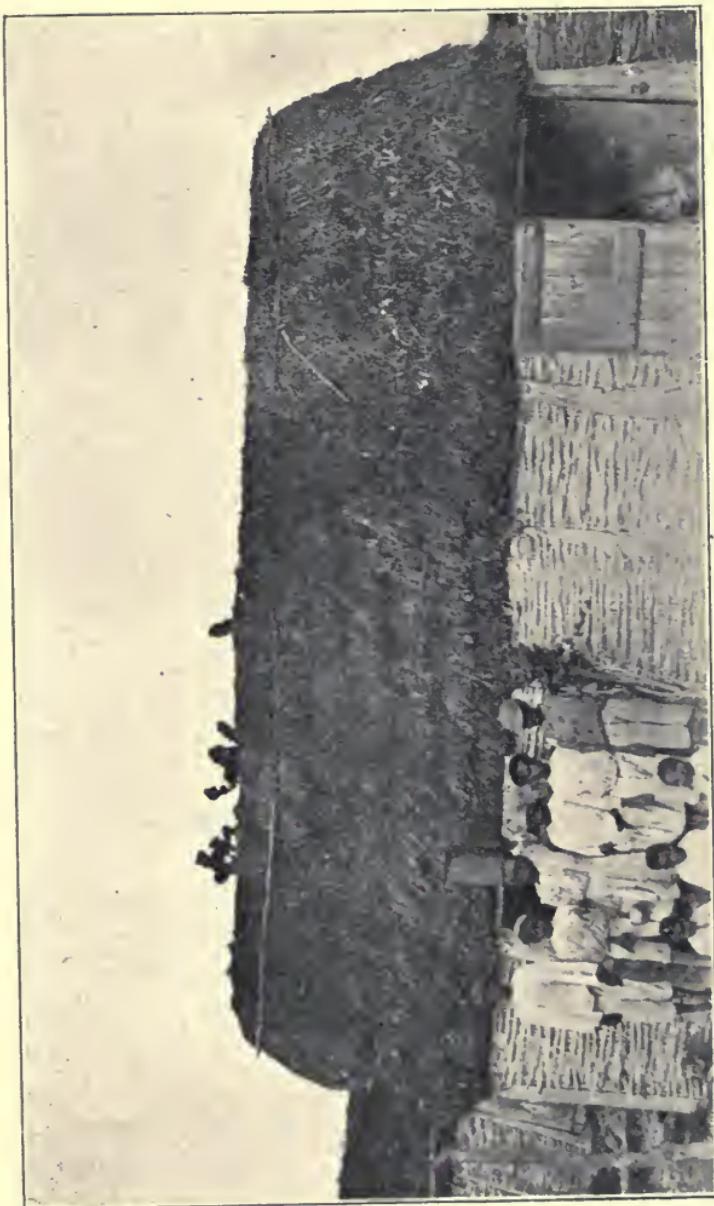
is such a touch of home about the whole place that after our three-days' seige we feel like we have found a bit of Heaven. More about Antigua later.

BARBUDA, *Wednesday, May 1*

This is another eventful day. We feel more like heading this Robinson Crusoe's Island, Tobago; for it is a lone island by itself, and gave us this impression on seeing it. The coast stretches out for miles along weary wastes of sand and shrubbery, low and level, not a hill or tall tree in sight. It made us think of Columbus' discovery of America, only there were no Indians down on the coast to greet us—not a living soul, only one small hut and an old wreck of a fort.

We left Antigua at 5 A. M., and reached here at 11 A. M., the same distance as to Saba, but good wind. Our vessel was a small sloop and so short—it hardly went sixteen feet straight. Sister King's chair had to be strapped on deck. She and Brother Finch fed the fishes. Sister King feels it was worth five dollars to her, but we begged to be excused every time. It was a rough voyage, but thank God, it was short. The vessel anchored one-fourth mile from shore, and we were taken in a little row boat. There was no wharf, so we each had to be picked up and carried to land. Sister King took a snapshot of the writer while she was being carried through the breakers by a big sailor. Just imagine us! As he felt our weight, he exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy on me!" This afforded much amusement to the others. We could not help ourself. We had had no breakfast, as we left so early, so we sat down on the sand and ate crackers, cheese, eggs and bananas. We were all hungry enough to have it taste like a feast. If someone wants to give the missionaries a Christmas present for such trips, send Brother Finch the money for a two-quart "icy-hot" bottle. Some hot cocoa would

A NATIVE HOME





have made it better for the sick ones, for hard-boiled eggs and dry bread are not always the best for weak stomachs after such voyages.

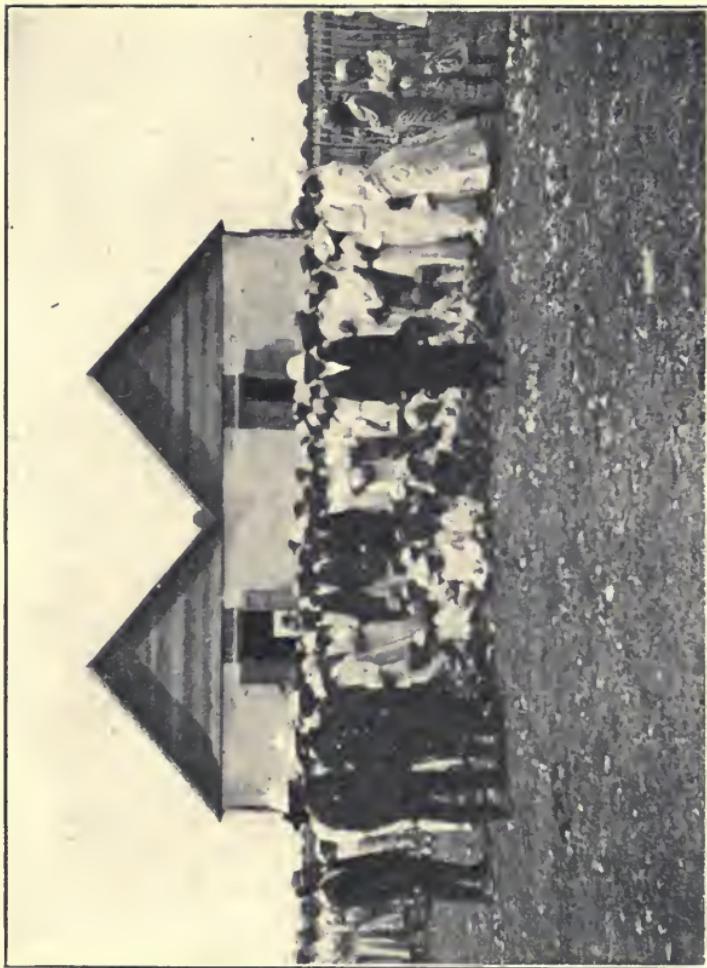
The village is three miles from where we landed, and to get there we had to cross a wide stretch of prairie. It is strictly a coral island; the soil so thin above the coral rock that no heavy timber or little else will grow. A jolt-wagon belonging to the Government came to meet us, the only American wagon we have seen in all these months, but instead of hitching the team right, the ponies were hitched to a long pole ten feet from the wheels. However, we were proud of our carriage and enjoyed that ride through the shrubbery and prairie land with the spring odors of wild flowers, just as much as if we were in an automobile. When within a mile of the village we passed through a gate. Upon inquiry as to the need of this fence, we were told it was to protect the gardens from the wild animals and fowl which inhabit the land—deer, wild hogs, goats, cattle and ducks.

As we emerge in the open, we are greatly surprised at the scene before us. The whole place presents the appearance of a typical African village; and a business man coming here with us for sponges, who has been in Africa and around the world, told us it was so. Brother Finch thought it worth coming to see. All the homes appeared to be thatch-covered, and the people pure blacks like Africans. One of the Government houses was thrown open to us, and we were comfortably cared for. We brought our own provisions—rice, salmon, potatoes, maccaroni, etc.—and the good sisters prepared the dinner at 4 o'clock. A planter on Antigua was a slave importer, and as he procured more slaves than needed, he placed them on this little island, and in this way he had plenty, and when he wanted more help, came here for it. Some years before our Civil War, England bought her slaves and set

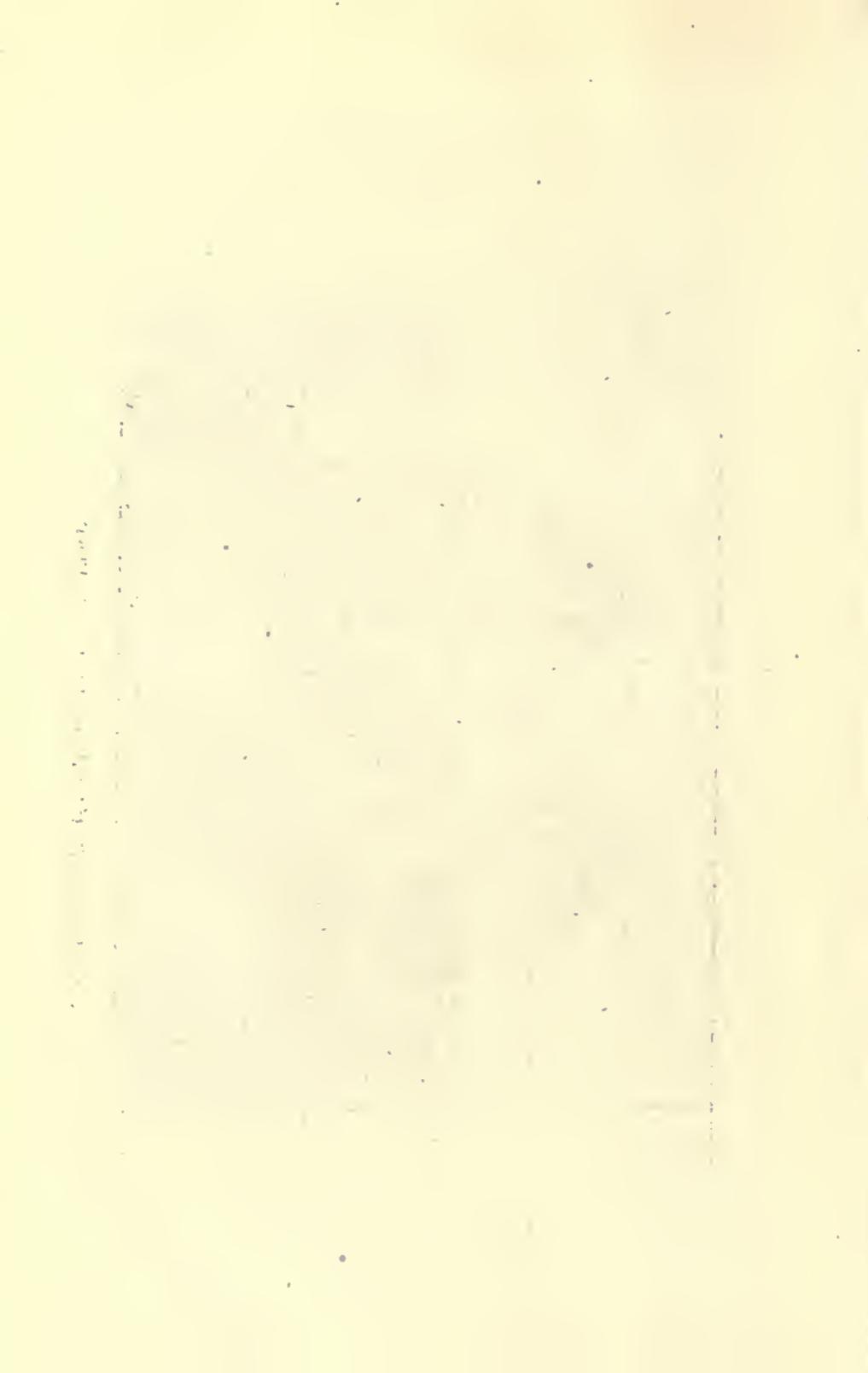
them free. They have only 800 to 900 people on the island now, though it is as large as Antigua. The soil does not produce much, the principle product being peanuts. They raise cattle, donkeys, sheep, etc. There is not a store, market, or a middle-man, and they depend on the men with sloops to bring them flour, food, etc., and when they are unable to get it, they suffer. This is one of the most peaceable people on earth, living like one big family. Once a year they have court, and the little petty cases are tried, if there be any. There are no Catholics here, which makes it an easy field, with little opposition. The missionaries were welcomed with open arms, even the acting Governor telling us our stay was too short. We were supposed to dedicate the new church, but it was not completed.

At 4:30 we met the people here and had the picture taken. About 300 assembled, saints and sinners. It means something to have the missionaries come, and all alike were interested. Brother Finch spoke briefly to the church, exhorting on various lines. He also attended to much business. We were invited into one of the native homes, and saw just how they live. Some of them brought presents of the pretty pink shells which abound here, a native broom to carry to the States; and still another brought two turtles in a pretty basket. We took a walk on the nearby beach, gathered a few shells, passed the village well, and told those who were drawing water of the Water of Life.

At 7 P. M. we gathered at the church for the evening meeting. It was like a brush-arbor or campmeeting. There were no seats, so the people brought their chairs, boxes, benches, stools, etc. The children lay asleep all around. Lanterns were hung on the unfinished posts, a pole was pushed into the ground and a torchlight placed upon it. A table was used for the pulpit, and the service began. Between 200 and 300



NEW CHURCH AT BARBUDA AT DEDICATION



gathered, a crowd standing, among them officers. After a lively song service, led by Sister King with her guitar, each missionary spoke, sang, or took part.

The church when completed will be a good-sized one—30x40 feet. Forty-four rafters were given by the Government, from wrecked vessels; lime is also given free. The sand for the plaster is brought from the seashore. The sides are wattle, the boughs of the wild tamerine are woven in, to make it strong and firm. The plaster is then placed on this both inside and out. One of the leading laymen has taken charge of the building, giving his time free of charge. There are about ninety members, and more to come when the church is completed and there is room. They now worship in a small house. [Finished since we left.]

### ANTIGUA, Friday, May 3

We got up at 4 A. M. yesterday for the return trip, but did not get off before 8:30. The crew were taking a pony along, and had quite a bit of trouble getting it located on the ship. It swam to the ship and then was lifted by block and tackle out of the water, down into the hold. There was good wind and we made the trip in less than five and a half hours. The barometer showed light wind and the captain said the weather was against us, but in answer to definite prayer all was changed. The hours were packed so full that we were all worn out, but after resting we attended service last night, as it may be our last, for we leave on the first steamer for Barbados to catch a fast one for New York. Sister King sang feelingly, "Meet me there," and we talked a little and sang. There is always a touch of the pathetic in a farewell service, and as we have learned to love these dear people all over the field, there is a bond of sympathy and love, yet as the coming of Jesus seems so near, it is easy

to say goodby, for it won't be long before all the blood-washed will be gathered Home.

This is one of the poorest islands in the West Indies; many of the people living in their huts eke out a bare existence. Their suspicions and superstitions are almost equal to those in Africa. One village within four miles of here is said to have ninety-nine Obia doctors. Weird are the stories they can tell, and incidents that have happened. There is no full-salvation work on this island outside of our work. The population is forty thousand. At one time Brother Coone had thirteen preaching places, but towards the last he was too worn out to keep them, but we still have the three regular appointments, and now with a pony and rig we ask you to pray that God will use Brother and Sister King to revive the work. Our building here is worth \$2,000, the hall below seating 250, with the Mission Home above, containing six rooms. There is also a nice, large yard, stable and wash-house, with garden containing plum, pear, cocoanut and mango trees. The hall is right in the thickly settled district. It is not hard to have a good congregation here, for the hall is often crowded, with many outside.

We visited Winthrop, the first out-appointment, this afternoon. It is four and a half miles out, where we have thirty-five members and a good native pastor. Freetown is fifteen miles away, at a lonely end of the island, with fourteen members.

#### STEAMER CHALEUR, *Monday, May 6*

Left the friends at St. John, Antigua, Saturday. The Kings are in charge of the work there and at Barbuda and out-stations. Sisters Blyden and Coone were to return to Nevis today. All business was attended to, and we left with a feeling that we were through. One of our last errands was

to walk out a mile or so to the cemetery and visit the grave of Brother Coone, one of God's noblest men. He lies in one of earth's beautiful spots. On the head of his tombstone were the words of his testimony, "Jesus is my all in all." He will go up when the trumpet calls.

We are enjoying the voyage down to Barbados—a heavily loaded vessel and a quiet sea. This is an English vessel bound for Halifax, only stopping at a few of the islands. The ship's doctor has told us more about the war than we have learned in four weeks past. We feel like we have been out of the world.

We have just been reading Brother Wimberly's "Behold, the Morning Cometh," and just as we were in the chapter where he referred to the awful eruption on Martinique, we were passing the very island. The city of St. Pierre being in sight with its thirty-five thousand buried beneath the lava. It was so with the wicked, we wonder if any will be in the rapture.

Our stateroom has been shared by a real old gray-haired lady who has had her taste of sorrow. She was a Catholic and spent much time on her knees with her cross, counting beads. She was very seasick before leaving, and we had the sweet opportunity of telling her of the One Mediator, the man Christ Jesus. She received the message very kindly.

## TUESDAY, May 7

Last night we stopped at one of the islands to load coal. We heard the engineer give the order for one hundred tons. In all these travels we had never seen a vessel coaled, but had heard Brother Finch say much about it when at home. They placed fifty tons in one bunker and fifty in another. About fifty men hoisted the gangway to reach the deck of the vessel, and then the procession began. Twenty-five black

women, besides the men, all in single file, each carried a basket containing a bushel on their heads, walking from the coalshed across the yard, up the long gangway over the deck to the bunker, where they tipped it down, and then walked off with their baskets for another load. As they stepped upon the deck each was given a ticket for which they collected one cent. It was half-past nine when they began and the vessel left at 4 A. M. When we asked one woman how much she would earn, she replied, "Forty-five cents." They were of all ages, young and old; a pitiful sight to us. We recalled the old slave days. Some had physiques of the strongest men; others small and unequal to the laborious task. Some of them were members of the Salvation Army, a mission, and one or two churches. This is one of the hard ways they have of earning their daily bread.

At this island there is a garrison of 200 Canadian soldiers. Life is very dull for them. Quite a crowd of them came aboard, and we had occasion to engage in conversation with one of them, a young man of twenty-four, religiously inclined, but far from God. There was supposed to be a Bible for every soldier; but he knew of only four among the crowd, and there were no religious meetings of any kind held for them. We have been reading in the REVIVALIST since we left, of the effort made of putting the paper into the hands of soldiers, and felt that here is one of the best of opportunities. We talked to him of Jesus and what salvation could do, and feel the seed has fallen into good ground. Pray for this soldier boy, and the other two hundred. We have his name and address and expect to send literature to them.

Mr. Stevenson, of the London Missionary Society, stationed in the South Sea Islands, is on board, and by accident discovered us. His pleasure was real on meeting other missionaries. He had felt so alone and the meeting of someone

of like faith was a source of mutual joy. He is filled with a longing for the Lord's return and is daily looking for Him. We have had some pleasant interviews.

BARBADOS, *Wednesday, May 8*

We reached here in safety yesterday afternoon, but were held for an hour or more after we were anchored. Thirteen "Stowaways" were in the hold who were trying to get to Canada, but were discovered and brought back. Only ten could be found at first and until they all were, no one was allowed to leave. After a long search one more was found, and the other confessed that two had sneaked off at the last stop. These eleven were lined up before the harbor master, doctor and captain. Passengers crowded to see them, and were an unwilling spectacle, guilty, captured and condemned. It made us think of the judgment when all must give an account. They are to be locked up in prison.

Brother and Sister Slater, with Sister Finch, came out to get us and we were soon at home with a joyous, hilarious welcome from the children. We had looked for mail, but not one letter had come. This is another taste of missionary life. There are so few vessels and so much uncertainty we could not tell when we could get to New York.

FRIDAY, *May 10*

Brother Slater had booked us, conditionally, on a Brazilian boat leaving the 20th, but on looking into it, Brother Finch found not a soul on board who would be able to speak English, and refused to have us go on that. We heard the *Guiana* was booked full, but on her arrival into port yesterday, he secured passage, sailing the 14th. Our hearts are now homeward bound.

## SATURDAY, May 11

Yesterday afternoon we all went to see a good brother in the country who has a circuit of three churches. The story of his conversion is remarkable. He was a worldly church-member and a business man, a successful planter, and was called "The Sugar King" of Barbados. One day a native lad came to see him for a subscription, and before leaving said he could not go without saying something about his soul, and quoted to him, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." He was insulted and ordered him out, but he could not get rid of the Holy Spirit so easily, for in this case, the Word of God was "quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He was so convicted and pierced that for three days he could do nothing but weep and pray in great anguish of spirit. He told God he knew he was not holy, and if without holiness no man could see God, then he was on the way to hell, but he must see Him. The struggle went on. One day, in great desperation, he locked himself in his room and prayed until God wonderfully saved him.

Inside of two months he saw his great need of a clean heart, and sought help from his pastor and others, but no one could help him. Again, with his whole heart, he went straight to God, the safest, surest and most direct way for any soul, for, "If ye seek me, ye shall find me, when ye search for me with all your heart." He was a large man of powerful physique and the enemy told him he was too strong, that he would have to be made weak or sick. In great distress he told the Lord that he *must* be holy and if necessary to strike him white with leprosy, to make him holy at any cost. And with such a prayer and consecration the marvelous, blessed work was done in his soul. His wife followed him. They

immediately left all, and have fully walked with God from that day to this. He has taught them to trust Him for their health, and neither has touched medicine since. What a joy to hear this testimony. This is another answer to the question, "Do Missions pay?" He exhorted Brothers Finch and Slater to enter every open door, that the Gospel we are preaching is just what this island is needing. Do you say Amen? There are so many of them that we are almost bewildered because of the lack of money and missionaries. "Pray ye that the Lord of the harvest may send more laborers into his harvest."

We spent the night at Brother Slater's enjoying their hospitality. In the morning he took us to "Lazaretta," the leper asylum here, especially to see one of the members of the city church. She is thirty-three years of age and has had a crippled hand from childhood, also spots on her face. As they have always remained the same the inspectors never reported the case. Quite recently a new inspector came and reported her, and she was sent as a leper case. Instead of repining, she accepted the decision as God's appointment for her and feels she is as clearly led there as any minister to his charge. She has organized a Sunday-school of thirty-three members, three lepers have been converted, and the superintendent and keepers are rejoicing over her work. She is so full of triumph that we said on leaving, "That woman has the blessing." Have you such grace as that? Do some still ask, "Do missions pay?" Here is the answer. (A full account of this leper will be put into tract form.)

MONDAY, May 13

We attended church yesterday both morning and evening. Brother Finch preached at both services, with much power and blessing. In the evening we bade the people farewell.

We came to this church first, and bade them "Goodby" last. Many came to shake hands, assuring us of their prayers, and wishing us a "Safe voyage." Our heart was full of tender memories, thinking of the love and kindness of the missionaries and the people we have met in the past four months, knowing that most of them we shall never see again here below. They have found a warm place in our hearts, and we love to carry them to a throne of grace.

We came, deeply interested in missions, but we go away burdened with the needs of this portion of a whitened harvest field. We have poured out our hearts to you on paper, and we leave the results with God. We are more and more forcibly impressed that missions do pay and will in the years to come, if Jesus tarries.

It has been good to have a few days' rest after the past strenuous weeks. Trunks, suitcases and grips are packed, ready for the last voyage.

#### ON BOARD GUIANA, *Wednesday, May 15*

We left yesterday at 4:30 P. M. We were tenderly committed to God at family prayers, by the Finch family, with every need spread before Him. The last hours flew swiftly by. Brother and Sister Finch with Brother and Sister Slater saw us safely on board. We had to leave them and go on a long journey alone for the first time. For five months we have been with some of the missionaries continually. It was a new and peculiar experience and we had to choke back some tears, but after the little boat (with waving hats and handkerchiefs), taking them to shore had disappeared, and the land was fast receding from sight, the Holy Spirit was singing in our heart:

"There's a secret, precious secret,  
God has whispered in my soul,  
'Tis that He will ever keep me,  
While eternal ages roll."

"I will compass him about with songs of deliverance." We drew nigh to Him and He drew nigh to us.

We are having an uneventful voyage, stopping an hour or so at each island until we came here today expecting to remain two days taking on a heavy cargo of sugar for the States. As this is an American island, all passengers were called on deck, lined up, and inspected and counted by the doctor from shore. This is done for protection in New York. The Police Commissioner, examining my passport for permission to land, noticed my birth place, looked up to tell me that he was from the same city in Michigan. The pleasure was mutual.

Brother Finch and some of the others feel that the Diary Letters should be put into book form, and scattered in the interest of the West India work, so we have been busy correcting and preparing all we have seen of them in print. The book will be well illustrated and some extra matter added. We will be pleased for every reader who has helped and followed us with his prayers to secure a copy. Price and announcement of its being ready for circulation will follow later. We promised the children a letter about the cocoanut and its uses, but this will appear in the book, with a photograph of the tree full of nuts, with Brother Finch and myself under them.

The sunset last evening was indescribably glorious. We thought of the city of Gold and the New Jerusalem. "And the city was pure gold like unto clear glass."

"Oh, those beautiful streets of gold,  
All its glories I shall behold;  
How my heart will rejoice tomorrow,  
When I walk up those streets of gold."

SATURDAY, May 18, St. Croix.

We spent a few hours on shore yesterday calling on Sister Armstrong. Sister Hunt, the English missionary, came to see us on board. They gave me a cake, fruit and shells. They have carried on a cargo of 12,000 bags of sugar, each bag containing 270 pounds. It is a relief to have the song of the derrick cease. We took a peep into the hold, and the bags were packed in like peas in a pod. Prof. Holborn, of Oxford College, England, is on board. He is one of the survivors of the Lusitania and gave the story last night to the passengers, of his own rescue and that of a little girl he was instrumental in saving. It was thrilling.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, May 20

We came here yesterday morning for an extra cargo of sugar, and have taken on altogether 33,000 bags, each containing 270 pounds. Children, how many pounds does that make? The U. S. will surely be a bit sweeter now. We have come out of our regular course to get this. This is an American city of 6,000. The harbor and buildings present quite an American aspect. The land is low, with the hills in the distance. It is one of the largest islands, and is beautiful in appearance. Cocoanut and other trees line the shore, while the rows of low, red-roofed Spanish houses stand out in bold relief. The old Spanish fort is an interesting feature, now flying the American flag. While there are a few thousand Americans here, the majority are Spanish, and one feels as if he is in a foreign land as much as in Port of Spain. Since the U. S. has taken possession, it is open to the Gospel and the strength of Catholicism has weakened. The Methodists, Presbyterians, and Christian Missionary Alliance have work here. We tried to find the church of the latter, but were unsuccessful, so attended the Methodist Church. In the

afternoon we had a most interesting interview with a Jew and a Spaniard, both friendly to the Christ, and we believe the seed fell on good ground.

We are now off for the last run for New York (five days' voyage), and have been given tickets for the lifeboats, in the case of need.

MAY 25

We expect to reach New York tonight. Everyone is expectant. We have left the tropics, and it is cold. We encountered a gale after leaving Porto Rico, and were in it for sixty hours, and the sea was very rough for two days. The waves came over the upper deck and the lower was under water most of the time. The dishes were strapped on the tables and many of the passengers were sick. We went to the table three times a day, and were told that we were a good sailor. We also saw a school of dolphin. They leaped and gamboled in the water like young colts in a pasture.

NEW YORK, *May 26*

Another promise has been verified: "He shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." Hallelujah! "Praise ye the Lord." Last evening at 8 o'clock we went to the bow of the boat to watch for land. About twenty miles in the distance we could see two lights. Later the lights on the New Jersey shore beamed on us and a strong, double-cross flashlight sent its rays across the waters. We walked the deck watching for more.

ABOUT 9:30

We are getting close to shore, and the lights are on every side. What a beautiful sight in the darkness! and what a welcome to the traveler! We cannot help but contrast it

with the case of a saint whose race is nearly run; whose gaze is so centered on that heavenly City that it does not let go until the gates open wide to receive him.

“I hear the golden harps of God,  
The land appears in view;  
The land from which I never more shall roam;  
I see the King of glory,  
Whose grace has brought me through;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Almost home.

“And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.”

We anchored outside at the quarantine station for the night, and in the morning every passenger passed before the doctor for inspection. The harbor is full of interesting craft, warships, transports, etc., flyng the flag of their respective country. After numerous delays, we finally dock about 10 o'clock. Our coming was so uncertain, there was no one among the crowd on shore to meet us, although we intently scanned the faces to see if there might be a famliar one. We think of the Other Shore, and remember:

“There'll be music, there'll be singing,  
And throughout all Heaven ringing,  
There'll be shouts of alleluias o'er and o'er;  
But I know the first to meet me,  
And with welcome smiles to greet me,  
Will be Jesus, when I reach that blissful shore.”

MONDAY, May 27

We secured a room at the Alliance Home, and late in the afternoon our mail was brought to us, and we learned that our dear mother is lingering on the borderland, held back by prayer, waiting to see us. We wire them and Cincnnati of our safe arrival. We will be off at 2 P. M.

We have felt out of the world for months. The news has been so meager that now, hearing so much of the world's

events, our brain hurts. New York is full of excitement, and we are glad to be off.

TUESDAY, May 28

We are within four hours of home. Delightful prospect! How good to see our native land! How we have feasted on the beautiful, green fields, plowed ground, bountiful gardens, etc. How God has blessed our country! As we have looked out over the great acres of green, we have almost longed to get out, lay our face on the grass and love it. Can anyone understand our joy? Not unless you, too, have been away in another land, and returned home to appreciate it.

“My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
LIKE THAT ABOVE.”

We are on the “last mile of the way” of our journey, and our heart is singing:

“When I’ve gone the last mile of the way,  
I shall rest at the close of the day;  
And I know there are joys that await me,  
When I’ve gone the last mile of the way.”

CINCINNATI, May 30

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble,  
There’s no place like home.”

Prayer has been answered and we have been brought home in safety. We were met at the station by Brother and Sister Standley, and it seemed but a few moments until we were at the School. The welcome from family, teachers, students and workers was all that mortal could wish. As we entered the dining room the following day, the students sang:

“There’s a welcome home, a welcome home,  
A Christian’s welcome home, hallelujah!  
A welcome home, a welcome home,  
A welcome home for you.”

We are filled with gratitude for the gracious privilege of visiting these mission fields, hearing and seeing for ourself, meeting with the hundreds who have been redeemed, and inspecting the great work that has been accomplished through the devotion and self-sacrifice and arduous labors of the precious missionaries who have and are giving their best to Him there. In God we have reason to be proud of the young men and women who have been His ambassadors in that part of His needy vineyard. We bespeak for Brother Finch, the able superintendent, whose burdens are many, and the band of missionaries, the earnest, united, continuous prayers of His people with their hearty co-operation. Then, together all will share in the reward.

And now, dear friends, the time has come to say “Goodby” for this time. We have enjoyed writing for you, and did not dream of the delight and appreciation these letters afforded, until we have been almost overcome with the expressions of genuine pleasure with which they have been received. This has blessed us beyond expression. God prompted the thought, guided our pen, and to Him be the praise. We thank the great Family for their prayers. How keenly sensitive our spirit was to them. We *felt* the answer. As we stated in the first Diary Letter, we felt that we walked out on a plank of prayer, and now we can say it extended clear to the West Indies and back. We felt enveloped, folded and wrapped in a mantle of prayer. You carried the burden, and we were free. God clearly guided, even to the last voyage, and we have a fresh proof of His care, for the day we reached New York, five vessels went down and the one following us was torpedoed and sunk. We came in *just in time*. We call on

the whole Family to help us praise Him. Sometimes when we cannot find words to express our thanks, we ask David to help us out, and as we were reading the 150th Psalm, we felt we wanted him to bring out the trumpet, the psaltery and harp, the stringed instruments and organs, the timbrel, the cymbal and the high-sounding cymbals, and with all the stops and swells out, let one mighty chorus of praise burst forth. “*Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!*” Hallelujah to our God, who doeth wondrous things.”

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.”

## “STIR INTO A FLAME”

(2 Tim. 1:6—R. V. Margin.)

“Stir me, oh, stir me, Lord—I care not how,  
But stir my heart in passion for the world;  
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray,  
Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled  
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie  
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

Stir me, oh, stir me, Lord, till all my heart  
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;  
Till Thy compelling “must” drives me to pray,  
Till Thy constraining love reach to the poles.  
Far north and south, in burning deep desires,  
Till east and west are caught in love’s great fire.

Stir me, oh, stir me, Lord, till prayer is pain,  
Till prayer is joy—till prayer turns into praise;  
Stir me till heart and will and mind—yea, all  
Is wholly thine to use through all the days;  
Stir till I learn to pray “exceedingly,”  
Stir till I learn to wait expectantly.

Stir me, oh, stir me, Lord; Thy heart was stirred  
By love’s intensest fire, till Thou didst give  
Thine only Son, Thy best beloved One,  
E’en to the dreadful cross, that I might live.  
Stir me to give myself so back to thee,  
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me.

Stir me, oh, stir me, Lord; for I can see  
Thy glorious triumph day begin to break;  
The dawn already gilds the eastern sky;  
Oh, Church of Christ, awake! awake!  
Oh, stir us, Lord, as herald of that day,  
For night is past—our King is on His way.

—Selected.



“WAITING FOR THE LIGHT”



## CHAPTER 17

### THE CRY FROM ACROSS THE SEA

REV. R. G. FINCH

In Ps. 60:12 we read, "Through God we shall do valiantly: for He it is that shall tread down our enemies."

Whether in Africa, South America, or the United States, we will have enemies to tread us down.

But God says, "He" will tread them down, so why do you ask about the *climate*, *fever*, and the *people*, and then shake your head if to say, "Not I!" Let's not go where needed, but where needed *most*, and trust the *promises which fail not*. While praying and meditating lately, I thought much of what a leading evangelist said last year. He said he would like to get into an unworked field and give his life developing same, growing right with it. We believe God is back of such thought, in this case, especially, and at once our mind carried us to the great neglected colonies and islands and republics of South America.

Take the island of Trinidad, with 100,000 souls, just waiting for a Spirit-filled man (with a consecrated life) to work.

First, in order to meet the needs, he must go to say, the same as the French priests and nuns have. He must have the field on his heart and mind, and pray, plan and do everything in his power to establish Holiness meetings in every village and city. This will take time, workers and money.

Second, a good main station must be established in the principal city, with a reliable, sanctified congregation. From this congregation God will call workers; so, with a good assistant to help at the main station, the pastor will now begin opening up stations in nearby cities and placing native workers in charge. To properly do this he must have a good riding horse, a motorcycle or auto (according to roads, etc.). This man, with his consecrated life, wisdom, faith, and the homeland saints backing him, will slowly but surely spread holiness until the 120,000 Hindus, thousands of Chinese, Portuguese, French and Spanish will hear the truth right in their own villages.

But, here is the staggering question: "Where are the men?" The fields are there, filled with hungry, starving souls. The printing presses are there to print papers and tracts. The horses, mules, motorcycles and autos are there, to carry the men with their messages to the lanes, highways, hedges, street corners, villages and great cities. Ships loaded with machinery and food visit every seaport city in the great neglected Southlands, to carry the necessities of life. Business men go and stay, live and get rich; but—but—where are the shepherds, the heralds of Light and Life? A leading daily recently stated that, "This is the Golden Age for the Youth." It told of the pressing demand for stenographers, etc., and how scarce messenger boys are. Good pay? Never better. Is this so, and therefore so many caught by "A Golden Age," that God's call is unheard and unheeded?

And if so many have such good positions and this is the "Youths' Golden Age," surely the tithes and free-will offering should send out an army of missionaries and support them there. It reminds us a bit of the following:

Near a cold, rough shore a ship is wrecked. The passengers and crew flounder in the waves, screaming for help, amid

floating wreckage, foam and cold wind, a mile from shore. Upon the shore a woman falls and is rendered unconscious. Fifteen strong, healthy, willing folks rush and hurry to help her back to life. Some get cold water, some bring a stretcher, some telephone the doctor, others shed a few tears of pity. All at once it is announced, a ship has been wrecked and two hundred lives are perishing, but not one of the fifteen is *called* to help at the ship; they must first recover and make safe and secure the poor woman. However, by this time one man is halfway to the ship with his little boat, which carries half a dozen. Oh, if he only had just one to steer, if nothing else, while he rows! But not so; he battles the waves alone, hears the cries of two hundred drowning victims, although he can save but six. Perhaps any one of the fifteen was more able to row the boat than the lonely oarsman, *but he got up and went*. Just so in the home and foreign Gospel work. Evangelists and pastors, counting converts in their meetings that have been counted by several preachers in previous revivals and campmeetings, while unevangelized millions are floundering and perishing in the seas of Romanism, Hinduism and idolatry within one week's sail from our shore. A little handful of missionaries are facing facts, gripping the oars and with faces set like flint, are pulling for the struggling millions. They realize it is but few they can reach; the number is too great; however, they will do their best, even if there is not a helper to steer the boat while they row.

Dear reader, do you hear the cry from the lost across the seas? Are you among the fifteen working to revive one, or are you helping the one oarsman face the waves, storm and wind, to rescue the two hundred? Are you consecrated for God's vineyard? Have you *told God so*? Have you waited

to hear from Him about your going and giving? Are you making a sacrifice? Are you making your plans, or is God doing it?

### *LET THERE BE LIGHT*

*Thou, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
"Let there be light."*

*Thou, who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing,*

*Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind;  
O now, to all mankind,  
"Let there be light."*

*Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,*

*Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move o'er the waters' face  
By Thine almighty grace;  
And in earth's darkest place,  
"Let there be light."*

*Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,*

*Wisdom, Love, Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
O'er the world far and wide,  
"Let there be light."*

—John Marriott.



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